A Catholic Looks At Life

James J. Walsh

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A CATHOLIC LOOKS AT LIFE

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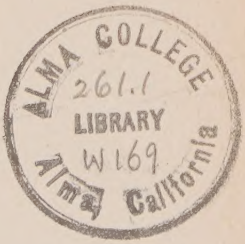

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Preface

THIS book is written because after many years' experience of meeting many people in many different places, for I have lectured in nearly every state in the Union and in every important city, nothing is more surprising to me than the lack of knowledge of the Catholic Church on the part of even educated men and women. Most of them have never read a Catholic book. Very few of them have ever gone for any information which they may think that they possess about the Catholic Church to a Catholic source. That is not so surprising when the confession made by a distinguished professor in Germany some years ago is recalled. He had been for a score of years professor ordinary and extraordinary of history at the University of Halle-Wittenburg —Luther's old university now transferred to Halle— when to the very great surprise of the academic world of the time he became a convert to the Catholic Church. He confessed that during all the period of his professorship until about a year before, he had never read a Catholic book. He was quite sure that he knew all about the Catholic Church and yet he had never consulted a single original source. He had written several historical works considered to be important contributions to historical knowledge and had almost necessarily touched upon problems related to the Church yet had always avoided books written by Catholics.

In our day, when historians rather pride themselves on getting first-hand information no matter how much trouble it may take, and above all when they realize how fallacious second-hand knowledge may be and refuse to have anything to do with it, that is a very surprising, indeed almost astounding admission, but there are a great many others who in all candor would be compelled to make the same admission. They are thoroughly persuaded that there is nothing in the Catholic position and that is all about it. The Church is the oldest form of Christianity embracing many more members than all the other forms of Christianity put together, and yet people who pride themselves on education and reasonably exact knowledge, are willing to learn about it at second-hand, mainly from those who confess that they are hostile to it for one reason or another, or at least are not in sympathy with it. It is surprising to the last degree to have called to one's attention the sort of information that those not of the Church, and I mean even educated men and women, are willing to be satisfied with in what concerns the religious institution that comes down to us in an unbroken line from Christ's time and must have the traditions of Christianity if they are to be found anywhere in the world.

Second-hand information, especially in history, is no longer acceptable. Like everything else that is second-hand it may be all right to outward seeming but there is something radically the matter with it or it would not be peddled as cheaply as it is. It may have been furbished up to look all right but it will go to pieces under any special strain that may be put upon it. It

does not wear well. As the editors of the "Cambridge Modern History" declared, "It has become impossible for an historical writer of the present day to trust without reserve even to the most respected secondary authorities. The honest student finds himself continually deserted, retarded, misled, by the classics of historical literature."

The one object of this book is to supply first-hand information with regard to the Catholic Church and her attitude toward many of the problems of the modern time. It would take an encyclopedia to supply all the information that is needed to understand the Church thoroughly, but here in all too brief form is what is most needed for current problems.

The results of twentieth century historical research make it very clear not only that the Church has not been opposed to genuine education or to real science or philosophy—scholastic philosophy is coming into favor all over the world of education once more. On the contrary, the Church has been the beneficent patron of science and scientists as well as of education and has done quite as much for them as for art and music and architecture and all the other phases of the artistic life which everyone recognizes to have been greatly developed because of the Church patronage which they have enjoyed.

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Introduction

THERE are two major words in this title, "A Catholic Looks at Life," and curiously enough both of them have changed very much in meaning during the course of the past generation. Both the word "Catholic" and the word "life" now signify something quite different from what they did fifty years ago or more. Indeed, there are probably no two words in English that have altered their ordinarily accepted significance so much as these two. It is because of that very great change in the meaning of the words, all of which has taken place almost unconsciously so far as a great many people are concerned, that the present work seems called for. Among English speaking people at least a Catholic is now a very different individual from what he was considered to be in 1850. Life, on the other hand, is a very different subject from what it was set down by the scientists, even fifty years ago.

I.

A Catholic Then and Now

A CATHOLIC, as that term is ordinarily accepted by educated people in our day is a member of the body of Christians who acknowledge the authority of the pope of Rome as the head of the Church. The change that has come over the meaning of that word in the last hundred years, above all in the English speaking countries, is very striking. Until somewhat more than a generation ago, most of those who did not themselves belong to the Catholic Church were quite sure that what they called the Roman Church was not really Christian but was the representative of Anti-Christ on earth. Some of them went much farther and declared quite emphatically that the pope of Rome was the Scarlet Woman of Babylon and the subject of the deprecatory revelations of the prophetic books of Scripture and especially of the Apocalypse or Book of Revelations.

These contemptuous designations of the Church of Rome and of the pope were applied not only by the ignorant but also by the supposedly well informed. During the second quarter of the nineteenth century and just before it, most of the Anglican bishops, that is the bishops of the Church of England, are on record with declarations which show that they were quite convinced that the Roman Catholic Church was Anti-

Christ and that the pope of Rome was the Scarlet Woman of Babylon. All of these English clerics were almost without exception university men, thoroughly educated so far as education at that time went, and they were very definitely representative of the intellect of the England of their day. By every presumption they were completely aware of the awful meaning of their words. There is no doubt in the world that they were quite convinced that they knew what they were talking about and they employed these very strong expressions even on the most solemn occasions, very frequently in the midst of their instructions to their flocks, because they felt the necessity of condemning whole-heartedly and condignly a great evil and the evil-doers connected with it. They did so because they felt themselves under the obligation to protect the members of their own churches from the deadly virus of false religion which emanated from the perverted Catholic Church and they were quite sure that the only way to do this was to be very plain spoken as to what the Catholic Church represented. It was Anti-Christ on earth and nothing else. No wonder all their zeal against this pernicious institution was roused to the very highest degree.

Here are some typical examples of expressions with regard to the Catholic Church that were used by these thoroughly sincere and zealous men. To avoid invidious distinction, it seems better to omit mentioning names, but every one of these quotations comes from some formal document issued in connection with the writer's episcopal jurisdiction. A good Anglican bishop, a man noted for his kind-hearted tenderness toward

those in need, just about a hundred years ago declared very emphatically in a pastoral charge that the "Catholic Church stands convicted of idolatry, blasphemy and sacrilege." Another even more distinguished English bishop, well known for the breadth and depth of his education, one of the best Greek scholars of his generation, declared about that same time at a synod of the Anglican Church, to the members of the national clergy assembled, that, "Catholics are enemies of all law, human and divine." Still a third well-known Anglican prelate maintained very emphatically and strenuously the thesis that "Catholicity is a religion fit only for persons weak in body and mind."

The favorite epithets applied to the Catholic Church and to Catholics generally by distinguished members of the English hierarchy at that time, and among them there were many widely and favorably known theological writers intent upon supporting and diffusing the kingdom of Christ on earth, were such words as "superstitious," "idolatrous," "impious," "disloyal," "perfidious," "sanguinary" and the like. The vocabulary of derogatory adjectives in English, so far as personalities were concerned, was nearly exhausted in the effort made to characterize appropriately their English fellow countrymen who chose to think on religious matters for themselves and belong to the Catholic Church.

For it must be well understood that the Catholics who were thus contumeliously characterized were not foreigners by birth who by some chance had found their way into England and were living there more or less on sufferance. They were all of them Englishmen born and

bred, there was not a drop of foreign blood in their veins as a rule. Many of them indeed belonged to the oldest and noblest English families, well known throughout the land, and they could trace their family history on English soil for many generations. Some of them were actually sprung from the oldest racial stocks among the English people. More than that, not a few of them had furnished supreme manifestations of their loyalty to king and country and their ancestors had shed their blood and not a few of them had laid down their lives for their native land.

In spite of all this, the fact that they were Catholics put them entirely outside the pale of favorable consideration by their brother Englishmen. As a consequence of their adhesion to the Roman Catholic Church there were no words in the English language too contemptuous or too condemnatory for use by Christian bishops who wanted to stigmatize properly these lamentable adherents of the oldest Christian Church, because they disagreed with the religious ideas and ideals of these bishops in the Anglican Church.

I am not blaming the bishops. On the contrary, I want to insist that they were in the best of good faith. They were persuaded that they were engaged in the pursuit of a holy crusade against the representative of Satan upon earth. They were completely convinced that under the circumstances, in the fulfillment of their sacred obligation to the great cause of Christianity, they could do nothing else than condemn utterly, and in the most damnatory terms, this perversion of Christianity which recognized the pope of Rome as its head

and which was trying to win the people of England back to adherence to the reign of Satan upon earth. With such ideas in their minds, no wonder that they were so ready to condemn so heartily and in such strong terms.

Given the conditions, it is not surprising that some of the expressions that were used were even stronger than any of those I have quoted. For instance, one distinguished Anglican bishop in the fervor of his no-popery zeal, exalted his tone to the pitch of complaining that "the Catholic religion is calculated for the meridian of hell." No wonder that believing as they did some of these good bishops united in the vehement proclamation that "popery is not to be tolerated either in public or in private, and counsel must be taken how to remove it and hinder the growth thereof." It was the highest of Christian virtues to hate Catholicity. It was a meritorious action to do everything possible to remove Catholics root and branch from any country where they dwelt. Fellow citizens had no duties in their regard except that of helping to get rid of them as soon as possible and as thoroughly as possible, so that there might be no chance of the detested Church, the representative of Satan on earth, ever coming to life again.

I need scarcely say that these vehement expressions of the Anglican bishops were the fruit of an inheritance from an earlier time. The reformers, so called, that is, the group of men who were brought into prominence by the religious revolution in Germany in the sixteenth century, set up the bogy of the pope as Anti-Christ and dilated on idolatry in the Church as their best means

of winning people away from Catholicity. They maintained that pictures and statues and symbols and ceremonies were all idolatrous in tendency at least if not in actuality. The Mass above all was the very quintessence of idolatry. Almost needless to say they do so no longer. Stained glass and pictures have come back into most of the churches and they are no longer building the meeting houses, stark and cold, that they felt must be the only assembling places for Christians. The greatest objection against the Catholic Church was the presence and worship of images, but now that constitutes the greatest interest that our Protestant friends have in Catholic churches. They have changed their views on this subject completely because they know more about such things and have acquired a new tolerance with regard to them.

It is surprising, however, to what an extent educated intelligent people can go in their condemnation of the Catholic Church for its indulgence in ceremonials and its loving development of art of all kinds in connection with religion. Milton, for instance,about the middle of the seventeenth century, declared: "What more blasphemous whole religion than popery plunged into idolatrous and ceremonial superstition, the very death of all true religion; figured to us by the Scripture itself in the shape of that beast full of the names of blasphemy? . . . All men who are true Protestants," Milton continues, "know not a more immediate and more killing perverter of all true religion than Anti-Christ whom they generally (and by this word Milton meant

universally, according to the usage of his time) believe to be the pope and Church of Rome."

Newton even more than Milton was responsible for perpetuating the traditions that the Catholic Church was Anti-Christ and the pope the Scarlet Woman of Babylon. The great mathematician and astronomer liked to dabble in elucubrations of obscure passages of Scripture. His "Observations on the Prophecies of Daniel and the Apocalypse of St. John" came to be quite a popular book among educated Englishmen interested in religion and it was full of the idea that the Church was Anti-Christ. The reading of this volume of Newton affected Newman very deeply and he himself says, that though by the time he was twenty-five years of age he had intellectually given up these ideas, they still continued, subconsciously, as we would say at the present time, to affect his attitude toward the Church for some twenty years.

This is true of a great many Protestants at the present time. They no longer believe in any such interpretation of the Biblical prophecies but the ideas connected with the old commentaries on the Bible in this regard still sway their feelings. It is quite certain that more of the prejudice against the Catholic Church is founded on some such curious intellectual phenomenon as this than on any real evidence against the Church. No educated man now thinks of the Catholic Church as Anti-Christ and no one with any experience of things spiritual considers the Mass as idolatrous, and yet these were the principal reasons that kept the English forefathers from seeing anything good in the Church. Even at the pres-

ent time, whenever you meet anyone who is particularly bitter against the Catholic Church, it is almost a foregone conclusion that it will be some conscious or subconscious retention of this old-fashioned tradition now outworn that haunts his mind still and keeps him from seeing anything good in the Church.*

Newman in his *Apologia* told the story of what kept him out of the Catholic Church. Perhaps nothing illustrates how deeply the ideas with regard to the relationship of the Catholic Church to Anti-Christ were ingrained in the minds of English speaking people than Newman's confession that these ideas influenced even his well-balanced mind very deeply and continued to sway him in a way that we would call sub-consciously even after he had become intellectually persuaded that

*About the middle of the second quarter of the nineteenth century just when the Oxford movement in England was getting under way and the revulsion of feeling with regard to the Catholic Church as Christian and not the representative of Anti-Christ was making itself felt in England, Protestant prejudice here in America fed itself on the lurid stories of Maria Monk. She declared that she was a nun who had "escaped" from the Hotel Dieu, the great hospital in Montreal. She told a story of awful abominations as constantly occurring in that hospital which the people of Montreal, Protestant as well as Catholic, looked up to as their most beneficent institution for the care of the ailing poor. Her story just tickled the fancy of a large number of Protestants. The Hotel Dieu was "revealed" as just a chamber of horrors, the home of the lust of priests and nuns. Murder was so common as to be quite negligible; abortion so frequent as to be quite disregarded. Here was "the Mother of harlots" of the prophecies exemplified in actual life.

The Sisters of the Hotel Dieu were really doing some of the best hospital work to be found anywhere on this continent, ever so much better than was done in our hospitals of the United States, which were most of them a disgrace to humanity, one of the ugliest smirches on our social life in a great republic founded on the declaration that all men were free and equal. Nevertheless, when the Hotel Dieu was described as only a mask for the sinful lives of priests and nuns who pretended to be caring for the ailing in order to divert attention from their nefarious practices, educated men and women greedily drank it in. The story came from a woman whose reputation was utterly unknown at first and proved to be very shady on investigation but it was accepted by Protestants in the United States almost as if it were gospel truth. They were convinced that this is the sort of thing that might be expected and their prejudices being confirmed, the character of the witness meant nothing.

Many of the men who were taken in were graduates of our universities, clergymen of the utmost sincerity in their devotion to religion. Under the influence of Protestant traditions that the Church was Anti-Christ and the pope the Scarlet

they were utterly false. He declared in the *Apologia* that after reading Newton on the prophecies he became most firmly convinced that the pope was the Anti-Christ depicted by Daniel, St. Paul and St. John. He adds: "My imagination was strained by the effect of this doctrine up to the year 1843; it had been obliterated from my reason and judgment at an earlier date but the thought remained upon me as a sort of false consciousness."

It may be recalled that it was in 1843 that Newman resigned his living as an Anglican clergyman. From his own confession we learn that he actually did not take that step until he had overcome the prejudice pro-

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Woman of Babylon, they were ready to believe anything no matter how awful or incredible. It is like the tradition that used to exist among Protestants in the smaller towns particularly when Catholic churches first began to be built. A great many Protestants were convinced that rifles and other firearms were hidden in the basement of the Church and that Catholics were secretly drilling in the use of them so that at a given signal they might rise in their might and destroy all their Protestant neighbors.

Belief in such a tradition with regard to neighbors with whom one is associated on friendly terms from day to day seems impossible, but any number of Protestant friends have told me that they firmly believed something of this kind in their younger years. That would seem surely to be a thing of the past, but only the other day the story turned up again and a Catholic pastor had to give permission to have all the space beneath his church thoroughly searched. The report was that rifles were being gathered to arm the Knights of Columbus for a foray upon all Protestants. When the origin of the story was finally traced, it was found to have come from a man who heard the Catholic pastor talk of the canon of the Mass (I suppose I need not explain that this is a particularly solemn part of the Mass) and the eavesdropper had concluded that if there were cannon there must be every other sort of firearms in the church somewhere.

After a while the Protestants in Montreal resented bitterly and emphatically the blot on the fair name of the city that came from such supposed revelations. They sent a committee to report on the matter which investigated the whole subject and showed that the calumnies were absolutely groundless. Maria Monk had never been a nun in the Hotel Dieu but had been an inmate of the house of correction for abandoned females. Her utter lack of character was completely revealed and yet she had been welcomed into the homes of many extremely proper people down in the States because she had such a delicious story of Catholic sinfulness to tell. Some of our "best" people had permitted themselves to be taken in and not only ministers but lawyers and judges, professors at universities, teachers of all kinds, were all devoted believers in Maria Monk's story. Morse, the artist and inventor of the telegraph, was one of her most ardent devotees. The tale had proved a delicious tidbit of scandal. All this because of that Protestant tradition which simply took away from people their power of reasoning. The will to believe led them to accept any story with regard to the Catholic Church however impossible it might be to any serious consideration or any even minimal critical investigation.

duced in him in his earlier years by his Protestant reading and the insistent traditions, drunk in from early years, that the Catholic Church was Anti-Christ. It took two years to orient himself in the new background that he had created for the Catholic Church in his mind, by the obliteration of the effects produced upon his subconscious, before he was able to turn with any confidence to the Catholic Church.

After he became a Catholic, Newman realized that the main reason why a great many Protestants refused even to try to learn anything about the Catholic Church was that they were firmly convinced, from the traditions in which they were brought up and from the prejudices that were graven deeply on their minds in their earlier years, that not only there was nothing in the Catholic position worth consideration but that the Church surely represented the power of evil here on earth. Newman said: "The palmary argument of the reformers without which they would never have made head was that Rome is Anti-Christ."

He knew from his own experience that even after men had given up this prejudice as an intellectual conviction, it still continued to influence their judgment from their subconscious minds so that they simply could not face unbiasedly any examination in serious fashion of the Church as a religious institution. As the result of this they utterly refused to learn anything about the Church from any except those who confess to be its enemies, or who at best have whatever information they may possess at second-hand, that is from outside the Church itself. As a result even educated Protestants

never read Catholic books, that is, books written by Catholics, except those of apostates, which they seem to be very ready and willing to take at their face value.

The beginning of the change of this state of mind with regard to the Catholic Church came with the Oxford Movement. A number of young men among the most highly esteemed fellows and students of the university took up the study of primitive Christianity. To their surprise they found that practically everything which they had been accustomed to set down as innovations in religion introduced by the popes and medieval churchmen, came down from the earliest Christian times and could be traced even in the catacombs. It was not long before a number of conversions to the Church were announced and a large group of English families came to realize that some of the brightest minds and most sterling characters among their young men relatives and friends, had not only become converts to Rome, but had found in that despised Church, a religious home, with a spiritual satisfaction far surpassing anything they had experienced in the Anglican Church. That, more than anything else, awakened educated people from the nightmare of delusion with regard to the Catholic Church as Anti-Christ and the pope as the Scarlet Woman of Babylon, under which they had been laboring.

As time has gone on, the number of Catholics have increased in England and the conversions among the educated people and from among the better classes have still further eradicated these foolish old notions as to the Catholic Church. The Church has its appeal par-

ticularly to the intelligent and not to the ignorant. As has been pointed out, the descendants of distinguished literary families gravitate back to the Church. All the blood of Scott now flows in Catholic veins, Dickens' and Thackeray's living relatives are in the Church. Strange as it may seem, so are Kingsley's and Gladstone's relatives among the converts. Hawthorne's daughter, Rose, and her husband, George Parsons Lathrop, both became Catholics. Franklin's direct descendants are Catholics and so are some of the old Dwight family and some of the Danas. Among the old New England families who have given converts to the Church are the Welshes, the Shaws, the Heckers, the Walworths, the Searles, the Tillotsons, the Bodfishes, the Brownsons, Crawfords, Ripleys, Averys, Stoddards, Merrills, Swifts, Robinsons, Warrens and others that might be mentioned.

The change that has come over the attitude of educated Protestants toward the Church is very well illustrated by the difference in public sentiment outside of the Church that manifested itself on the deaths of Pope Pius IX and of Pope Leo XIII. When Pope Pius IX died, he had been for some years a voluntary prisoner in the Vatican, whose temporal sovereignty had been taken from him. Italy was a united country deeply intent on enriching itself at the expense of the religious orders in whose hands were the accumulated endowments for charity and education, and by the confiscation or so-called nationalization of Church property, which belonged to the people but not to the Government. It looked, at least in the eyes of those who were desirous of that sort of consummation, as though the pope

would never again occupy anything more than a very subsidiary place in the minds of mankind. Not a few people were quite sure that Pope Pius IX's death represented the beginning of the end of papal influence in Europe and that it would be only a question of a comparatively brief time before the Roman Catholic Church would disintegrate, because it would fail to pay that reverence to the now insignificant occupant of the papal see which had held it together so marvelously before.

When twenty-five years later Leo XIII came to die, what an immense change had come over the feeling of those outside the Church. Pope Leo had proved himself a great spiritual leader, a scholarly man whose ideas on all the important problems of humanity, from the wages of workmen to the dangers of socialism and the teaching of philosophy and theology, had come to be thoroughly respected. He had been chosen by Bismarck as the arbitrator between Germany and Spain in the dispute over the Caroline Islands. He had come to be looked upon as a distinguished ruler of men even in the seclusion of the Vatican. Governments were appointing ambassadors to the Roman *Curia* because this was "the listening post" of Europe where freer expression with regard to the policies of nations were to be heard than anywhere else on the continent.

Pope Leo XIII had impressed himself on the world as a great saintly man. As a result, scarcely an important pulpit in Christendom, no matter what the church or sect to which it belonged, failed to mention him with reverence or pay some sincere tribute to him the Sunday after his death. Those outside of the Church who knew

enough to have a right to judge in the matter, were quite ready to confess that a great spiritual minded personality, all of whose activities had been directed for the benefit of mankind and whose every thought had been for the reign of Christ on earth, had passed away. The contrast with the feelings that were invoked by the death of Pope Pius IX a quarter of a century before and those at the death of Leo XIII were so striking as to make it very clear that a great change had come over the feelings of the English speaking people everywhere throughout the world with regard to the pope and the Catholic Church.

That change has gone progressively on until now among educated people at least the Roman Catholic Church is considered to be the oldest of the Christian Churches and is spoken of as the elder sister of the other Christian communities. When in 1927 the World Conference on Faith and Order was summoned to meet at Lausanne, the pope was invited to come to it or to send a representative. As Reverend Herbert Parrish, rector of Christ Church, New Brunswick, N. J., said,* "The pope refused to go." . . . "Why in the world it should have been expected that he would attend passes understanding. At Lausanne the meetings were held in a cathedral despoiled by Protestants at the Reformation, the Cathedral of Notre Dame consecrated in 1275 by Pope Gregory X, a place of papal memories. And who could expect the head of the greatest body of Christians in the world, outnumbering all the others put together, to heed the call to unity in an assembly ar-

*Harper's, November, 1927.

ranged by the Protestant Episcopal bishop of New York and presided over by the bishop of western New York? If the commission had had the tact to ask the pope to call such a meeting and to preside over it, the outcome might have been different. Certainly the world would have sat up and taken notice."

This is the new Protestant attitude of mind toward the Catholic Church. The Church is no longer Anti-Christ and the pope is no longer the Scarlet Woman of Babylon. It is true that in certain of the back districts of the South and a few of the sparsely settled country places in the North this old-time prejudice exists. It must not be forgotten that the words pagan and heathen have no religious significance but refer to the fact that Christianity spread in the cities while the people of the smaller towns *pagani,* in Latin, and the dwellers on the heath or country-side, continued to practice their old mythological rites because they knew no better, Christianity had not come to them yet. The newer interpretation of Catholicity as the oldest and the largest of Christian churches, has not yet reached the country places. They are behind the age in this as in nearly everything else. Hence the possibility of anti-Catholic organizations spreading among them because they actually believe that they are crusaders for the right against the visible power of Satan on earth.

Protestant clergymen who have been educated apart from their own narrow sectarian institutions or who have been brought in contact with genuine historical knowledge, no longer hold these prejudices. They are not only willing to associate with Catholics on a basis of

Christian equality, but they are rather inclined to be more than a little resentful of the fact that the pope, after having been for so long in Protestant minds the Scarlet Woman of Babylon, refuses now to accept invitations to take part in conferences and congresses of various kinds in which he would be expected to treat on a basis of equality with members of all sorts of curious sects. For after all the Protestant principle of personal interpretation of Scripture makes for constant change and the lack of any stabilizing authority makes it impossible to know the religious status of any group or the position that may be taken at any time with regard to the mysteries of religion.

It is easy to gather from this the newer meaning of the word Catholic in the English speaking countries. When a Catholic looks at life he is no longer in the eyes of non-Catholics the conscious or unconscious devotee of the power of Satan on earth but a Christian seeking to apply Christian principles to the problems of life. It is easy to imagine what an astounding thing this would seem to an Anglican bishop of the first half of the nineteenth century if transcending from space and time he would find himself in America in our day. The hub-bub that has been raised over the proposed change in the prayer book in England shows that he would have much more sympathy in the English hierarchy than he would find here in America, but for him to think of inviting the pope to take part in conferences looking to Christian unity, would be just like inviting the representative of Satan on earth to a congress of Christians

gathered for the purpose of discussing ways and means of overcoming Satan with all his wiles.

The world is moving. History is changing. It is no longer "the conspiracy against the truth" which the editors of the "Cambridge Modern History" declared it to be. Catholics are not minions of the devil but humble followers of Christ. Fair play suggests that they should be known at first hand and from within and not at second hand and from without.

II.

"Life" Old and New in Science

THE change that has come over the meaning of the word "life" among scientists during the twentieth century is at least as striking as that which has come over the word "Catholic" during the past hundred years. Toward the end of the nineteenth century many prominent biologists were persuaded that life represented nothing more than a special combination and coördination of the physical and chemical forces inherent in matter. Life was contained, to use Tyndall's phrase, in the "promise and potency of matter." Professor Huxley, as the last quarter of the nineteenth century was about to begin, declared that "the whole world, living and not living, is the result of a mutual interaction according to definite laws of the forces possessed by the molecules of which the primitive nebulosity of the universe is composed." In a word, life was just matter expressing itself in a particular way. As one scientist suggested, "Life is an accidental, entirely fortuitous combination that has taken place in the carbon compounds on one of the minor planets."

Just at the beginning of the twentieth century a great change came over the biological scene. Professor Haldane, the distinguished English physiologist and professor in physiology at one of the English universities, did not hesitate to declare very emphatically, "In the living

organism there is a specific influence at work which so controls all the movements of the body and the material entering it and leaving it, that the structure peculiar to the organism is developed and maintained." Further studies have confirmed the position thus taken by Professor Haldane, and above all have served conspicuously to make it very clear how little we know about living things. The mystery of life so far from being solved is deeper now than before. The physical and physiological scientists of the end of the nineteenth century were deceiving themselves with the idea that they knew ever so much more about life than they really did.

There is no doubt at all that we know ever so much more about life than we used to know, but this added knowledge has only emphasized how much there is that we do not know as yet but would like to know. As we have climbed up the mountain of knowledge, the horizon of the unknown has spread out farther and farther away from us, so that now there is ever so much more that we know that we do not know and would like to know than that we *know* and *know* that we know. This is not a mere concatenation of similar words, expressing a paradox, but it is a very literal statement of our present state of mind with regard to the mystery of life, which so far from being solved in any sense is constantly deepening.

What is true with regard to life, is true with regard to ever so many other things in science. Most people are prone to think that in the progress of science mysteries are being solved, but the scientists themselves, especially those who by their original research are mapping out

paths into the hitherto unknown, are laboring under no such delusions. They know that they are solving a few problems and are learning a little something about the "how" and the "why" of things but almost nothing about the "what" of things. Some fifteen years ago, Ambassador Bryce, invited to talk before *Phi Beta Kappa* at Harvard, took as his subject, "Progress." Discussing the question of the progress of science, he did not hesitate to say that the mists which hang around man's origin and man's destiny are just as deep as ever. He might have said that this same thing is true so far as origins are concerned for all living things. We know that life comes from preceding life of the same kind, but where life came from originally is just as much a mystery as it ever was. We know that just as soon as life begins, death processes also begin and the one thing that we are sure of once life manifests itself is that death will inevitably close the scene.

In spite of the promising title of his book, "The Origin of Species," Darwin did not write about origins at all but about preservations. He supposed a number of living things in existence and in them a principle of variation causing a tendency to vary and then disappear through the sieve of natural selection, leaving the living species we have around us as a result. Darwin wanted to call his work by its secondary title, which is really descriptive of the contents, "The Preservation of Favored Races in the Struggle for Existence," but was persuaded, because of its popular appeal, to leave the title, "The Origin of Species."

One supreme truth has now emerged from all our

consideration of living things and that is that life comes from preceding life of the same kind and never by any chance in any other way. Spontaneous generation is as extinct as the dodo. All our sanitary laws are founded on its absolute negation. Even the smallest living things, those which we can see only with very high powers of the microscope or even the ultra-microscopic germs, which we never hope to be able to see with the highest theoretic powers of our microscopes, never come into existence of themselves but always from preceding life of the same kind. What was the origin of them *originally* remains as deep a mystery as ever and indeed seems deeper now that we know ever so much more about life.

At the beginning of the second quarter of the nineteenth century, Schwann's discoveries that all living things are composed of cells, promised to simplify the mystery of life. It was realized at once that the mystery was all in the microscopic bit of protoplasm. Surely it seemed as though it would not be long before all possible knowledge with regard to so small an object as this would be exhausted. When the intensive study of the ultimate constituent of all living things in the cell was taken up, it was found that the more we knew, the more there was to know. As a matter of fact, the cell has grown progressively more mysterious as time has gone on and research has proceeded, in spite of all the accumulation of information that has taken place.

We are now practically at the hundredth anniversary of the announcement of the cell doctrine but we feel that we are only beginning to know something about it. Above all the intensive study of the cell has only served

more and more to emphasize the radical difference between living and non-living things. Professor Edmund Wilson of Columbia University, New York, looked upon as very probably the greatest living authority on the cell, did not hesitate to say in the most recent edition of his book on the subject—which is considered the standard authority in this department of knowledge; "The study of the cell has on the whole seemed to widen rather than to narrow the enormous gap that separates even the lowest forms of life from the inorganic world." Is there anything that could emphasize for us the mystery of life like this declaration?

The latest public announcements on the subject of life have come from Professor Hill, the distinguished Foulerton Research Professor of the Royal Society, London, who in the last of his Lowell lectures on "Living Machinery" delivered in the spring of 1927, discussed "The Philosophy of the Biologist." He does not hesitate to say, "Only a madman would attribute a telephone system purely to the laws of chance and the principles of natural selection: and only ignorance or fanaticism could attribute a living cell" [to the laws of chance and the principles of natural selection]. He had said in a preceding sentence, "There are 'intelligence' and 'design' behind it [the living cell]: to recognize these is the province of the biologist—the student of life: there is mechanism inside it—to investigate that is the duty of the chemist or physicist or engineer."

Professor Hill is looked upon as one of the most distinguished of living biologists and the success of his original researches in this field was rewarded by the

grant of the Nobel prize in medicine a few years ago so that there can be no doubt that his conclusions are looked upon by the world of science of our day as representing very important advances. His discussion of the problem of life in its relation to science is then very interesting. He said:

"A distinguished English chemist of my acquaintance maintains, in his innocence, that biochemistry is only ordinary chemistry carried on by appropriate ferments. It is like any skilled job—all so simple if you have only the requisite skill (or ferments). Equally it might be maintained that a painting is only paint and canvas: every molecule, every atom, in the picture is—or will be some day—intelligible: take any physical property you like of the paint and canvas and you can push its analysis back: the picture is impossible without the paint and canvas: and it can be destroyed in a few moments by simple physical or chemical means. Materialism is so easy and clear if one accepts its prejudices, and denies the existence of obvious facts: almost as easy—if not so consoling—as theological dogmatism.* Most people, however, are not really deceived by either. Most rational folk can be trusted to steer a safe middle course. The fundamental thing is the picture itself, the organization of the paint, the adjustment of the colours, the purpose of its several parts. We may agree that, to become the complete artist, to reflect on the nature of colour, light, and shade, to observe the behaviour of material things: equally to become the complete biologist it is necessary to study the physics and chemistry of the events and materials which make up life. There is no limit to the physics and chemistry, no new and supernatural agency

*The connotation of the word dogmatism is now very different from what it used to be. It was a Catholic theologian, I believe, who first used the punning expression, "Dogmatism is puppyism grown up." Christianity must be dogmatic or fail of its purpose, but dogmatism now means over-meticulous attention to literal interpretations of Scripture.

will appear: but all the time we shall find organization, adjustment, purposeful response, adaptation, intelligence and persistence: and to refuse to recognize these things is to deny those very experimental facts of which, as observers of Nature, we are really certain."

Some idea of the way in which the mystery of life has grown deeper on investigation and its complexity been revealed by further study is very well illustrated by the summary of the subject made by Professor J. Arthur Thompson, Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen. He takes for instance that commonest expression of life, motion, and shows how hard it is to understand it. This is true not only in the complex animal body but even in the single cell animal like the amœba. This is usually regarded as one of the simplest of animals and yet it "glides along," "flows along," "rolls along" (see various textbooks on zoölogy), "and yet we do not understand how it progresses in its orderly, wavy path."

It used to be said that it projected a pseudo-pod or false foot, that is pushed out a projection of itself and then gradually moved into the projection. That sounds very simple but how it is accomplished remains a mystery. The general conclusion of biologists at the present time is that probably the whole creature is in a sort of streaming movement. That movement has been compared with that of a caterpillar tractor or an armored tank as they were used during the war. Particles are observed traveling along the upper surface in the direction in which the amœba is moving; they disappear over the front and reappear at the hind end. As Professor

Thompson continues, "It looks almost as if the device of the tank had been anticipated by the amœba."

The tank was looked upon as a very important invention during the war and came as a very great surprise. It is set down as one of the factors that helped to win the war. It was considered a distinct triumph of modern engineering. Yet here is the most simple animal that we know, composed of but a single cell, making use of the device that made the motion of the tank possible. One is tempted to ask, where do such inventions come from? They surely were not invented by the little creatures who use them.

Ever so many of our war-time devices of which we were proud, proved on a little consideration to have been anticipated by insects and other animals low in the scale of being. Camouflage was looked upon as a distinct advance in securing concealment from the enemy, but almost needleess to say there are a number of animals that have used this means from time immemorial. Certain sea-going animals conceal themselves in a cloud of inky blackness when they want to escape from their enemies—the smoke screen of the battle cruiser was long anticipated. Poison gas and other phases of modern warfare can also be traced among the animals long before man got round to their use. Almost needless to say there are ever so many other inventions of which we men are proud, yet in principle at least they were in common use by the animal world long ago. Aviation is a triumph but as the etymology of the word indicates the birds achieved it ages ago, and the insects before them.

Cell life looks simple enough in itself though it proves to be profoundly mysterious, but when the active relations of cells to one another in the body are studied and their coördination appreciated, the mystery deepens ever so much more. It is all right to talk about our knowledge of brain anatomy and how much its advance has meant in enabling us to understand something of mental operations, but the mystery of brain activity has been multiplied about in proportion to the number of cells that we now know to exist in the brain cortex. Though the cortex weighs probably less than an ounce, the number of cells in it has been estimated as about ten billion. How do we ever manage to run that very complex mechanism? Is it any wonder that sometimes it gets out of hand? Is it any wonder that sometimes we find it rather hard to go on with it? And yet it is the simplest thing in the world to use it very successfully and without trouble of any kind if only we do not get overconscious of the effort required.

There is puzzle enough in the brain as a mere material mechanism to keep men occupied with learning the ultimate details of it for a century. It is manifestly a very complex mechanism, but what it has to do with original thought is the question, and machines usually do only what the designer has put into them. How different the situation at the present moment is from that which existed when Cabanis, the French anatomist, one hundred years ago said: "Just as the kidneys secrete urine, the brain secretes thought. When we know as much about the brain as we do about the kidneys we shall understand thought." We know almost infinitely

more about the brain now than in Cabanis' time, hundreds of times as much as he ever dreamt of, for he knew nothing of cells, but the mystery of thought has only deepened. All that we have learned is how little we know about it and how impossible it is to think that brain work does poetry or art or any other phase of original thought, though it may serve a number of mechanical processes that because of its complexity may be utterly beyond our understanding as yet.

It is easy to understand that it may serve for memory and association and for inference. It may enable one to apply the method of trial and error as even the animals do and get results. The brain might very well be the organ that enables scientists to make observations, but not to draw those conclusions which go wider than their observations and which carry us off into the domain of the hitherto unknown. The brain may very well represent talent, but what is it that represents genius, that is, the power to make new ideas? Now that problems which were formerly worked by what was known as mental arithmetic can be even better and more surely worked out by means of a machine, we begin to understand that this may be due merely to the memory associated with the mechanism of the nervous system. No wonder that Raymond Lullius during the Middle Ages suggested that he thought that he could make a logic machine. Anyone who has seen the calculating machines accomplish their purpose so well will be likely to feel that very probably the old medieval metaphysician was on the right road toward an important demonstration or invention. With regard to the significance of brain

cells of which Lullius knew nothing, we can only conjecture and perhaps not quite so genially as he did.

As we begin the second quarter of the twentieth century, then, it is evident that the biological scientists have a very different viewpoint with regard to life from that which they took at the end of the nineteenth. The old argument from design for the existence of God has come back in another but a very striking form. Professor Hill, for instance, in his last of the Lowell lectures has this to say of the sea urchin and of the difficulty there is of understanding why the Creator should have given such a marvelously complex mechanism to a creature of this kind for which it is extremely difficult to find any specific usefulness or reason for existence. Its very presence however is of itself a tribute to the designing power of the Creator and at the same time a definite argument for the existence of some Being of supreme power, with rationality like our own only ever so much higher, behind this universe of ours. Only Professor Hill's own words and his reference to Aristotle's very similar tribute to the sea urchin will make clear this newer mode of thought—so far as the biological scientists are concerned —in looking at the living world around us and trying to discover its meaning.

"It is not easy to see why God wanted to create a sea-urchin, to crawl about on its quaint spikes on the bottom of the ocean: it does not seem to have any particular high function in His universe: it does not represent a step, so far as we can ascertain, to anything better: perhaps indeed it was just an amusing experiment. Granting, however, that He did want to make it —*as indeed He obviously did* (italics ours)—the design

is wonderful and entrancing. That amazing organ, the Lantern of Aristotle, with its wonderful system of levers and muscles, would be a work of genius even if erected from performed parts: how much more when it developed by a process of growth, with all the rest of the animal, from a single cell! Its 'water-vascular system,' and the thousands of spikes on which it walks about, are scarcely less amazing."

Professor Hill goes so far as to say that the two modes of explaining life and the universe,—the religious and the scientific,—have their origin in very similar powers of mind only applied in different directions. Rationalistic scientists have been inclined to think—and more than one of them has not hesitated to say—that only those not possessed of a genuine thinking apparatus of normal quality could continue to accept religious truth. They were quite sure that minds like theirs could not possibly be carried away by reasonings and considerations such as satisfied the intelligence, or at least the mental capacity such as it was, of religious minded individuals. It will be somewhat of a shock to them then to find that Professor Hill does not hesitate to say that the qualities of mind in the two cases of the religious and scientific explanation of the universe, and especially of biological questions, are very much alike and that there is as it were only the accidental circumstance of special quest that differentiates them one from the other. Professor Hill said:

"The instinct which sees the human qualities of purpose, goodness and intelligence in all natural phenomena, living and non-living, and projects them into some supernatural being whom it calls God, is not in its na-

ture far removed from the spirit which recognises function and adaptability as properties of all life; while the mysticism which views the material world as a manifestation of some deeper underlying reality is not unlike some of the developments of modern, theoretical physics. Truth can be pursued by many means, and if we are right in our belief that a reasonable, consistent view of the world is possible, even though we ourselves may never conceive it, then there can be no ultimate conflict between those who pursue the truth, from whatever aspect, critically and carefully, without prejudice and with sufficient patience, reverence and imagination."

The biologists are now engaged in making declarations which the physicists made rather emphatically at the beginning of the century and sometimes earlier than that. The first question of friction between science and religion came in the physical sciences, and so it is interesting to see that it was the physicists who first recognized that the real difficulty was not with religion but with science. Back in the nineteenth century Clerk Maxwell, possessed of one of the most penetrating intellects of that time, whose work did so much to initiate the present vogue of electricity in all its developments, especially as regards radio transmission, was an ardent believer in Christianity at the same time that he occupied a primacy of position in the scientific world.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century Lord Kelvin, the dean of the physical scientists of that time, did not hesitate to declare at a meeting of the Royal Society (the representative English scientific organization) that "science demonstrates the existence of a Creator." How similar that sounds to some of the

expressions that I have just quoted from Professor Hill! In the course of a quarter of a century biologists and physicists have come to see eye to eye in this matter.

Our own Nobel prize man in physics, Professor Millikan, formerly of the University of Chicago and now engaged in special research work in California, said very emphatically that the worst stupidity of science is the "assumption of unpossessed knowledge, the dogmatic assertiveness sometimes negative, sometimes positive, about matters concerning which we have no knowledge." Very appropriately he joins philosophy and religion in his aspersion of dogmatic assertiveness. The trouble of course has been, that men have been inclined to think that they knew ever so much more than they really did about many things that were actually the deepest mysteries. As Josh Billings said a generation ago, "It isn't so much the ignorance of mankind that makes them ridiculous as the knowing so many things that ain't so."

Professor Millikan says: "Physics has recently learned its lesson and it has at the present moment something to teach to both philosophy and religion, namely, the lesson of not taking itself too seriously, not imagining that the human mind yet understands or has made more than the barest beginning toward understanding the universe." Professor Millikan proclaims that "the God of science is the Spirit of rational order and of orderly development. Atheism as I understand it is the denial of the existence of this spirit. Nothing could therefore be more antagonistic to the whole spirit of science."

It used to be the theologians and the religiously in-

clined who were insistent on the thought that there was no incompatibility between science and faith, but it is now our most distinguished scientists who are emphatically insisting on this. I have just quoted Professor Hill of London and Professor Millikan of California, but in his most recent book "The New Reformation"* which bears the sub-title "From Physical to Spiritual Realities," Professor Michael Pupin, who is not only a distinguished scientist but a great practical inventor, has dwelt on the intimate relations between science and faith. A paragraph or two from the Epilogue of that book (pp. 266-7) bring this out very well:

"Observation, experiment, and calculation led science to the revelation of new physical realities. This method of inquiry constructed the firm foundation of these realities, a foundation laid deeply in the solid ground of human experience. In a similar way, human experience, derived from contemplation and analysis of the creative power of the human soul, led human reason to the belief in God, the fountainhead of all spiritual realities. The values of these realities fortified this belief. Their values in every action of human life are felt daily even more deeply than the values of physical realities. All human experience testifies that they are not mere shadows which mislead the untrained imagination. Newton, Faraday, Maxwell, Ampère, and many other great scientists believed strongly in spiritual realities. Have they been led astray on account of untrained imagination? The highest value of the spiritual realities is revealed in the longing of the human soul to rescue the life of humanity from a threatening chaos and transform it into a cosmos, a humanity of simple law and beautiful order, the nearest approach to what we Christians call

*New York, 1927.

the Kingdom of God. This longing for the cosmos of simple law and beautiful order in the life of humanity was undoubtedly planted in the human soul by its contemplation of the beautiful cosmos revealed by the realities of the physical world. The mighty oak, for instance, with its millions of leaves inhaling the life-giving energy of the golden sunshine, and with its millions of tiny roots exploring the nourishing wealth of the soil, all co-operating for one common end, is a beautiful physical illustration of the cosmos in the life of humanity. Such are the points of contact between physical and spiritual realities which lead us to the recognition of striking resemblances between these realities."

As the conclusion of his volume Professor Pupin quotes St. Paul's well known words addressed to the Romans:

"For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead":

and then adds as his commentary on them:

"Yes, God's spiritual realities are invisible, but they are illustrated and made intelligible by the physical realities revealed in the physical things which are made. According to this interpretation of the Apostle's words the physical and the spiritual realities supplement each other. They are the two terminals of the same realities; one terminal residing in the human soul, and the other in the things of the external world. Here is one of the fundamental reasons why Science and Religion supplement each other. They are the two pillars of the portal through which the human soul enters the world where the divinity resides. This is the mental attitude which dictated these narratives. If the signs of the times do not

deceive then there is a universal drift toward this mental attitude."

Atheism in science has gone the way of materialism in biology. We are in the face of two mysteries, the microcosm, life, and the macrocosm, the universe. They are both insoluble. It is very probable that there will always be a mystery about them. Dubois Reymond, the distinguished German physiologist, just as the nineteenth century was closing, in his presidential address as the president of the German Society of Naturalists and Physicians, declared that there were seven world riddles. He named these more or less as follows: matter, motion, law, life, sensation, consciousness and free will. He declared that we might know something with regard to the first three sometime, though as yet they were riddles, but he felt that the last four might always remain mysteries. Life continues to be, a generation after his time, not only as mysterious as he thought it but if possible even more so.

With mysteries all around us this way it will not be surprising if man should need religion which is also full of mysteries to help him to explain the meaning of the mysteries of nature which maintain their inscrutability in spite of scientific advance. The Catholic Church has never blinked mysteries but has faced them straightforwardly and insists on religious belief as the only solution of them. Men of course are impatient and they want to have an explanation of everything and they want to have it at once, but we must be satisfied with mysteries. Dubois Reymond said of life, *non solum ignoramus sed*

ignorabimus, not only we do not know but we shall never know the heart of the mystery.

The wise old Greeks, the wisest people that ever lived, had a religion, the old Olympic mythology, which was full of absurdities. Why is it, John Boyle O'Reilly asked, that when men make their gods they make them worse than themselves? The Greeks attributed to their deities all the evil passions of mankind to an exaggerated degree. The stories of the doings of their gods are as scandalous as anything in literature. If the wise old Greeks could do no better than this in making a religion for themselves, it is evident that man needed a revelation to help him understand the meaning of his relations to the universe and its Creator.

According to Christianity, that revelation came through Christ, and one thing is certain,—that the religion which He taught contains no absurdities but is highly amenable to reason. The effort of the Catholic Church down the centuries has been to safeguard Christ's revelations from deteriorating influences, to spread it among men and to continue its teaching until men would understand and live up to it. The great mystery of life itself, now deeper than ever before, needs the mysteries of religion to enable us to understand it. When a Catholic looks at life he sees a meaning in it far more than comes to those who lack the revelation preserved in Catholicity.

CHAPTER I.

A Catholic Looks at Biology

A GOOD many people will probably be inclined to say, "But what is the use of a Catholic looking at life if he cannot face candidly and straightforwardly the recent developments with regard to the science of life itself, that is, our advance in modern biology and its inferences, and inevitable conclusions? Has not the development of biology during the past two or three generations made it quite impossible for a man to be a Christian? Is it not particularly with regard to the biological sciences that the expression has been used, if a man has science and faith in his mind, he had better keep them in watertight compartments because if by any chance they should mingle, faith will inevitably disappear in the reaction that will take place." This sounds almost like the description of a demonstration in chemistry, and a great many young folks particularly have been caught by its smartness of expression and have concluded that it represents a great truth in the intellectual order that has come to be recognized in recent years.

There is only one effective answer to this question, and that is to point out the number of distinguished workers in science and particularly in the science of biology who were not only good Catholics but a number

of them Catholic priests, or even occupying higher places in the hierarchy, who not only knew science very well but had themselves made some of the most important advances in science. This is particularly true for the science of biology in which the names of a number of distinguished priests are enshrined because of their original work which led to very important conclusions. As we shall see in the next chapter, the same thing is true with regard to the science of anthropology which is so closely related to all the problems with regard to humanity that modern science has been raising in recent years. Even more important progress in anthropology has been made by priests than in biology. The science of life, however, owes some of its greatest modern advances to clergymen who in the quiet of monastic retreats devoted themselves to the study of biological problems and came to conclusions that have proved far-reaching in their effects and some of which have absolutely revolutionized our biological knowledge.

The man whose name has been most mentioned in strictly scientific biological circles during the twentieth century, so much so that there has been scarcely a single issue of a biological journal for the past twenty-five years that has not mentioned his name very frequently and sometimes a dozen or more of times, was an Augustinian monk. His brother monks in the monastery at Brünn in Moravia thought so much of him as a religious that they elected him their abbot. This was Father Mendel, afterwards Abbot Mendel, who discovered the laws of heredity that are known by his name.

He made a series of observations on the pea plants in

his monastery garden, though that was scarcely larger than a good-sized city lot, and deduced the laws which have done more to solve the all-important problems of heredity than all the preceding work on the subject put together. Professor Bateson, while president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, declared that if Darwin had known of Mendel's work he would have modified many of the ideas that he presented. Mendel remained unknown in his own time because it was literally true that he was too far ahead of the rest of the scientists for his work to be appreciated. But biologists since and especially during the past twenty-five years have more than made up for that neglect by the immense amount of appreciation that has come to him and the widespread intense attention that has been given to developing and applying his laws of heredity.

No one of our generation is considered a greater biologist than this simple modest monk whose intent labor in his little monastery garden set him on the road to make the observations that enabled him to solve biology's most significant and complex problem. Almost needless to say, he continued not only to be a good Catholic but a very faithful priest noted for his unselfish devotion to his religious duties so that his brother monks elected him their superior. Though he would have been only too glad to go on with his biological work, his new obligations kept him from continuing his observations. Many a modern scientist has thus been taken from original work by executive duties. While Mendel himself was perfectly sure that his laws meant

much for biology, his abbatial duties were imperative and so he went on with them, though it is easy to understand how much of a sacrifice it must have meant to give up his scientific research. Had earlier recognition of the surprising worth of his work but come from brother scientists, he would doubtless have been encouraged to make the opportunity for further research in science, for the work was all laid out and even certain of the duties of a superior could readily have been transferred to other shoulders.

It might possibly be thought that Mendel's success as an investigating biologist was due to a certain narrowness of scientific vision, a strict specialization and preoccupation of mind with a single problem, and that he was not familiar enough with the general course of biology and with the deeper questions involved in it to be disturbed at all by its friction with religious principles. Abbot Mendel's recent biographer, however, himself not a Catholic, has called attention to what seems to him the very surprising fact that the good priest had in his library the various volumes of Darwin, issued while his own work was in process of elaboration, and is known to have read them, for he expressed disagreement with certain of Darwin's conclusions and was critical of some of his philosophic principles particularly, though he appreciated very much Darwin's power of observation. It was not ignorance then of the current of scientific thought that kept Father Mendel faithful to his Church and his priestly state, but it was that knowing very well the details of contemporary biological science, he found no incompatibility between biology and

his Catholic belief. That his mind ran along no narrow intellectual groove which limited its interests and obscured its power of vision may be seen from the fact that sixty and more years ago, when the question of the science of the weather seemed so intricate a problem as to be hopeless of solution, Abbot Mendel, while fulfilling his abbatial duties, was making and having made scientific observations of various kinds of weather phenomena in the hope of finding their laws.

A second distinguished clergyman who has done wonderfully good work in the biological sciences in our own day is Father Wasmann, S.J., who has described over a thousand new species of ants and their hosts and parasites. As a young man he suffered from tuberculosis and was required by his physician to spend much of his time in the open air. While doing so he became interested in the ants in the college garden and devoted himself to the study of them. He is now looked upon as one of the most distinguished of living entomologists and has issued many hundreds of papers representing original research of great value in this department. He has not been narrowly occupied with ants, however, but has also devoted himself to the philosophic problems connected with biology and the questions relating to evolution. He is definitely of the opinion that he has traced something like evolution among the ants and that there is evidence for the presence of links between the species such as are not found in most other lines of work connected with biology. He occupies in this indeed a rather advanced position among biologists generally, most of whom are inclined to emphasize

rather strongly the fact that there is almost no evidence for the links, though we ought to have an immense amount of such evidence lying all around us if there had actually been the transformation of one species into another.

Just before the war there was a public debate between prominent scientists in Berlin with regard to the questions directly associated with evolution. Father Wasmann was selected to represent the conservative side. The German newspapers gave a good deal of space to the discussion and the editorial comments in a number of them was that this Jesuit was not only thoroughly capable of discussing the scientific principles of modern biology, but manifestly possessed a trained mind so capable of reasoning on the philosophic aspects of the subject as to quite overshadow some of the most distinguished of German scientists. Father Wasmann is an evolutionist in the sense of being a believer in creative evolution. He has continued to be looked up to not only by the Catholics who happen to be interested in science, but by his own brother members of the Jesuits and by all those Catholics who recognize that it is an important matter to have the professors of Catholic colleges representative men among the scientists of the day. For educated Catholics realize very clearly that increase in scientific knowledge is sure to continue and feel that there should be Catholic thinkers and original observers, ready to help in this great scientific movement, and yet at the same time influence it conservatively so that it shall not be run away with by radicals, nor by those who because they happen to know a little more

than men of the preceding generation, are very much inclined to think that they know all there is to know and that their thought about any matter is ultimate.

What is thus true of Mendel and Wasmann is true of ever so many others. One of the most distinguished biologists of the later eighteenth century was Abbé Spallanzani, who has come to be looked upon as probably the most acute of biological observers in his time. He made some very careful studies of regeneration, that is, of the power that a number of the lower animals possess of renewing by natural growth limbs and even portions of their bodies that have been removed. Spallanzani's studies have been recalled to memory in our time because regeneration is one of the unsolved problems of biology. The power of regeneration has no relationship to natural selection or the survival of the fittest that would furnish an explanation for it. Professor Thomas Hunt Morgan of Columbia University in his volume "Regeneration" called particular attention to the importance of the problem of regeneration and to Abbé Spallanzani's very significant work on it one hundred and fifty years ago.

When we turn to the seventeenth century we find that one of the greatest of the biologists and undoubtedly one of the most penetrating minds of that period was Steno or Stensen, the Dane. His life story is very interesting. He came down from Denmark to study anatomy and physiology, and while doing dissections of animals under Silvius he discovered the duct of the parotid gland through which the saliva empties into the mouth and demonstrated its occurrence also in men.

He wanted to get material for human dissection which was unavailable at Louvain or in Paris and so he went down to Italy where human anatomy was developing very rapidly as the result of the freedom to make dissections under the patronage of the Church. Down there Steno discovered the fact that the heart was a muscle and thus completed the knowledge necessary to understand Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood.

While deeply engaged in scientific research not only in anatomy but also in what we call geology, Steno became very much interested also in the Catholic Church. After a while he became a convert to the Church and a little later was ordained priest. He continued his scientific studies, however, and particularly the study of geology and laid the foundation of that science. When the International Congress of Geologists met at Bologna in 1881, they prorogued the last session of the Congress and assembled at Steno's tomb in Florence in order to do him honor. They erected a tablet to his memory with the following very interesting description:

"You behold here, traveler, the bust of Nicholas Steno as it was set up by more than a thousand scientists from all over the world as a memorial to him on the fourth of the Kalends of October, 1881. The geologists of the world after their meeting in Bologna under the presidency of John Capellini, made a pilgrimage to his tomb and in the presence of the chosen representatives of the municipality and of the learned professors of the university, honored the mortal ashes of this man illustrious among geologists and anatomists."

Steno and Galileo are buried not far away from each

other. One is prone to ask the question, why do we hear so much about Galileo and almost nothing about Steno whose discoveries were ever so much more important for the problems connected with man than those of Galileo? Of course the answer to that question is too obvious to need to be made. So far from Steno being interfered with in any way in his scientific work, he was encouraged to go on with it, and though it was manifest that his researches with regard to fossils were quite sure to modify materially much of what had been held as to the distribution of the remains of living things by the flood, Steno was in honor and not at all in disgrace or even under suspicion.

After a time he came to have the feeling that he ought to do something for the conversion of his countrymen. He was quite convinced after his own experience that all that is necessary to attract a person to the Catholic Church is to know about her doctrines at first hand, and to put off prejudices. He offered therefore to the ecclesiastical authorities at Rome to go to Denmark on apostolic mission for the enlightenment of his countrymen. So as to give his mission more weight and formal recognition he was consecrated a bishop. This is the reason why among the portraits of the professors of anatomy at the University of Copenhagen, one of them is represented in the robes of a Catholic bishop.

Steno's compatriots, however, were not yet ready to put off prejudices with regard to the Church and to learn about her as Steno himself had done from those who were sympathetic toward her doctrines. His mission was a failure but it manifested not only his supreme

good will toward the Church but his readiness to make sacrifices for her extension. After all it is easy to understand that a man who is deeply interested in scientific research as was Steno felt it a distinct deprivation to give up the time that he might have devoted to scientific work to missionary labors.

Those who might think that perhaps Steno's discoveries in anatomy and in geology were more or less accidental and perhaps due more to good luck than to any special penetrating power of intelligence, should read some of the compliments that have been paid to Steno for the work that he did in geology. Hoffman said that after carefully studying the work that had been done by Steno, he was forced to the conclusion that of the successors of Steno, no student of the mountains down to Werner's day,—that would be in the nineteenth century,—succeeded in comprehending so many fruitful points of view in geology. He was two hundred years ahead of his time. None of his great successors in geology succeeded in introducing so many new ideas into the science as this first great investigator. For about three centuries most of his successors in geology remained far behind him in creative genius.

Leibnitz, the great philosopher scientist, regretted very much that Steno did not complete his work in geology as he originally intended. This was part of the sacrifice which Steno made for the sake of the Church. Leibnitz did not hesitate to say, however, that he considered that it took more than a century for geological science to reach the point at which it had been left by Steno's work and which he had reached at a single

bound. No wonder that the geologists ever since have practically all of them paid a high tribute to Steno's great basic discoveries in the science and it is easy to understand how it came that the International Congress of Geologists honored him enthusiastically as the father of their science.

The second half of the seventeenth century in which Steno's work was done, was a very stirring time and some great men were alive. Steno was in active epistolary relations with Spinoza, had a controversy with Leibnitz and was brought into intimate relation with Descartes. In fact, Descartes' system of thought influenced Steno not a little, and he felt when describing the heart as a muscle that the mechanical notions which were thus introduced into anatomy were confirmatory of Descartes' philosophic explanations.

The end of his life was passed as a missionary bishop, in the duchy of Mecklenberg-Schwerin where in the midst of the hardest kind of labor as a missionary and poverty that was truly apostolic, Steno, or Stenson, worked out what was left of life. At his death he was looked upon by those who had known him, as a saint, in the sense of a man who had forgotten about himself in order to devote himself to the benefit of others. Notwithstanding his close relationship with two leading princes who had requested him to come to their dominions, for missionary labors, he did not leave enough personal effects to defray the expenses of the funeral. He was one of the greatest scientists of that day but he was a model bishop in every way and his years in the Church brought him ever closer and closer to the spirit of faith.

Besides these clergymen biologists whose number might be added to very easily, there is a very important group of laymen who were leaders in biology and who yet retained all the pristine vigor of their faith. The earliest of these was Lamarck, the French zoölogist, to whom we owe the origin of the idea of evolution. His field was invertebrate zoölogy and he undoubtedly accomplished wonderful work. He was quite sure two generations before Darwin that animals evolved from lower forms and that there was a definite process of evolution. He attributed this to successful efforts on the part of the individual to make himself more capable than before, which resulted in an increase of organic potency. This development produced through effort was transmitted to the next generation which in turn strove so hard that it still further added to the heritage of the race. The little horse of the earlier time made such strenuous efforts to run fast that it was literally "on its toes" all the time and finally got to running on the nail of its middle toe which now represents the horse's hoof. In the same way the giraffe in time of famine stretched itself so strenuously in order to reach its food supply, the tender green shoots at the tops of trees, that finally after many successive generations the present long necked and long front legged animal developed.

The trouble about this Lamarckian explanation of evolution is that acquired characters are not transmitted. That fact is becoming clearer and clearer every day. There are very good biologists, however, who realize that there is no potency in natural selection to originate anything and that it represents only a negative factor in

biology, and who because of that are very much inclined to appeal to the Lamarckian factors in evolution. There is a growing Neo-Lamarckian school of biology.

Lamarck knew his biology very well, surely no one in his time better, he lived to be a very old man, he went through the stormy times of the French Revolution and yet he faithfully retained his religion. He was buried from his parish church in Paris with all the rites of the Church as they are accorded to one who has fulfilled his religious duties. Few men have been more acute observers than Lamarck and few men have done more to enlarge the field of knowledge in biology. When he took up the subject of invertebrate zoölogy, it was because no one else would take it. It was considered to be such a vast field comprising a heterogeneous collection of chaotic elements that no one could hope to bring order out of it. By the time Lamarck had finished his academic career, however, invertebrate zoölogy had become one of the most promising fields in biological science.

Another of the great pioneers for nineteenth century biology was Theodor Schwann, who is usually spoken of as the father of the cell doctrine. He was the first to point out that all living things, plants and animals, are composed of cells. His discovery attracted a great deal of attention and he came to be looked upon as one of the most prominent biologists in the Europe of his day. No less than three German universities invited him to occupy chairs in their biological departments, but Schwann, who was a Catholic, preferred to stay with his Catholic fellow countrymen in Belgium where he occupied the chair of biology at the universities of Liege

and of Louvain. He did other important work in biology, including an investigation of the process of digestion, and all of his work had the stamp of high talent if not genius on it. He was so faithful a Catholic that his original book on the cell doctrine, in which the teaching that all beings are composed of cells was first proclaimed, was submitted to the Archbishop of Malines for his approval and for permission to print it. Schwann found his religion a great source of consolation to him in the trials of life and especially at the end of it.

Virchow said toward the end of his life that he thought that the greatest teacher of physiology who ever lived was Johannes Müller. Professor Müller, while teaching at the University of Berlin, had a group of men in his class who have never been surpassed in their successful devotion to biological research. They included such men as Helmholtz and Brücke, Virchow and Remak, Claparéde and Reichert, as well as Schwann and Hæckel not to mention others. All of them agreed with Virchow that they owed the inspiration for their devotion to physiology—the biological science of that day—and their incentive to do the original work to which they gave themselves, to the teaching of Müller and the training which they received at his hands. He was not a great teacher for smaller minds, but he succeeded marvelously in stimulating the minds of those who possessed more than ordinary intelligence. Müller, born in the Rhineland, was a faithful Catholic all his life and there is even a tradition that during the years he was teaching in Berlin he had to walk a considerable

distance in order to get to Mass at the little chapel in the suburbs. His text book of physiology continued to be the basis of most text books of physiology written until the twentieth century. No one who knows the clarity and sincerity of intellect that characterized all of Müller's scientific work could possibly think that his retention of his Catholic faith through a long life-time was due to failure to think out his mental position or inadvertence to its problems.

Any Catholic may very well agree with that famous last sentence of Darwin's "Origin of Species," which so few people who are constantly talking about Darwinism seem to know anything about. It represented Darwin's view as to creation at the height of his career, when he was finishing his great book that was destined to revolutionize human thinking in so many ways. Some of Darwin's opinions are said to have changed later on in life, but this sentence continued to be published without any change in all the subsequent editions of the "Origin of Species." Manifestly Darwin felt that the conclusion which he reached expressed his thought as to the world of living things better than any he framed later on. Darwin said:

"There is grandeur in this view of life with its several powers having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that, while this planet has gone circling on according to the fixed law of gravity from so simple a beginning, endless forms, most beautiful and most wonderful, have been and are being evolved."

The really great thinkers and workers in biology even of the mid-nineteenth century, men like Darwin and Alfred Russell Wallace, the co-discoverers of the principle of natural selection, are both on record with similar expressions of reverence for the Creator as the result of their contemplation of the universe around them. Darwin, standing in the tropic forests with all their teeming life and beauty, amid all the emotion that is inevitably aroused in a sensitive spirit by the view of so much that bears the impress of the mystery of life around him, proclaimed that he was inevitably raised to an attitude of reverence that is of itself a recognition of the meaning of life higher than any that can be reached by merely scientific study. He wrote: "No man can stand in the tropic forests without feeling that they are temples filled with the various productions of the God of nature and that there is more in man than the breath of his body." Alfred Russell Wallace in his volume, "Man's Place in the Universe," says: "All nature tells us the same strange mysterious story of the exuberance of life, of endless variety, of unimaginable quantity. All this life upon our earth has led up to and culminated in that of man. It has been I believe a common and not unpopular idea that during the whole process of the rise and growth and extinction of past forms the earth has been preparing for the ultimate—man."

It is sometimes said that Darwin in after years made use of expressions which differ notably from the concluding words of the "Origin of Species" and there is a feeling among certain scientists that his use of them had been in deference to popular sentiments with regard

to religion and creation rather than to any sincere conviction of their truth, but it must not be forgotten that he allowed them to remain unmodified, though as this was the concluding sentence of the book it would have been extremely easy to have introduced a change without disturbance of the text. Later on in life, in a letter sent to Lord Farrar which may be seen in "More Letters of Charles Darwin" (volume 1, page 395), Darwin wrote: "If you consider the whole universe, the mind refuses to look at it as the outcome of chance—that is, without design or purpose." If the universe implies design and purpose, that can be only divine purpose and that at once introduces the spiritual agency into the world, that is, the presence of some eternal self-existent Being. This presupposes the existence of Will or as most of us would say very simply, of God.

How free Catholics are in the acceptance of evolution as it is ordinarily taught in biology except in so far as man himself is concerned, may readily be demonstrated by the expressions of distinguished Catholic teachers on this subject. For instance, Father Knabenbauer, a well-known Jesuit teacher, thoroughly representative of the attitude of the Church, says:

"Considered in connection with the entire account of creation the words of Genesis maintain nothing else than that the earth with all it contains and bears together with the plant and animal kingdom has not produced itself nor been the work of chance, but owes its existence to the power of God. In what particular manner the plant and animal kingdoms received their existence—whether all species were created simultaneously or only a few which were destined to give life to others;

whether only one fruitful seed was placed in mother earth which under the influence of natural causes developed into the first plant and another infused into the waters to give birth to the first animals . . . all this the book of Genesis leaves to our own investigation and to the discoveries of science."

These sentences from Father Knabenhauer, if placed beside those of Darwin at the conclusion of the "Origin of Species," will be found to parallel in every way the expressions of the distinguished founder of evolution. At least a dozen of prominent Catholic theologians from various countries might be quoted to this same effect and were referred to by Father Edmund de la Peza, S.J., in an address on "The Attitude of the Catholic Church Toward Evolution," written down in Australia whence appropriately enough some seventy years ago came the letter from Alfred Russell Wallace to Darwin on this subject that led to the publication of Darwin's volume the "Origin of Species." The Australian Jesuit has a number of quotations that illustrate the freedom of mind that is permitted on this subject. For instance, Father Corluy, S.J., is quoted as saying, "The Scripture does not say in what way the earth produced all that variety of species, whether at once, simultaneously, or in the course of time; whether as species absolutely permanent or as only relatively permanent."

Most people need to be reminded of the actual wording of Genesis on this subject. The eleventh verse of the first chapter of Genesis reads: "And God said, let the *earth* bring forth the green herb and such as may seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after its kind, which

may have seed in itself upon the earth. And it was so done." The next verse reads: "And the *earth* brought forth the green herb," that is, to the earth itself is attributed through the power given it, the capacity to bring forth the plants. In the same way, in the twentieth verse, the expression is, "Let the waters bring forth the creeping creatures having life and the fowl that may fly over the earth under the firmament of heaven." The twenty-first verse reasserts that all this is due to the Creator and yet suggests that the power of giving forth living things was in the waters. "And God created the great whales and every living and moving creature which the waters brought forth according to their kind and every winged fowl according to its kind."

In recent years the first chapters of Genesis became the sources of the opposition supposed to exist between theology and science. It is rather difficult, then, for most scholars in our time to realize that this portion of Genesis stimulated many of the early Christian scholars to a thoughtful attitude of mind toward nature and led to the publication of a series of books with regard to what we would call natural history or physical science. Many of these books were called "The Six Days" and the first of them was written by that very practical yet profound scholar, St. Basil, the great Greek Father of the Church. He was thought so much of by his contemporaries and those who came after him that it was no wonder that his example brought emulation and that a number of books of more or less similar title and tenor were written. Passages of Scriptures which seem to a great many in our time to discourage speculation with

regard to natural science, proved during the Middle Ages to have exactly the opposite effect and to stimulate attention to the problems of nature as men saw them all around them. Times change and men change with them, but it is well to realize just what the course of events has been that has brought about the change, for it enables us to understand how suggestively valuable for the stimulation of nature study were passages of Holy Writ which to some of our generation would seem to negative research. But it must be recalled that "the heavens and the earth proclaim His glory" and that the Church teaching has always been that men should have the reason for the faith that is in them.

CHAPTER II.

A Catholic Looks at Anthropology

THE progress of the science of anthropology, that is the gradual but continuous growth of knowledge with regard to man, his origin and his development as a human being here on earth, has seemed to a great many people to furnish a whole series of contradictions of the Biblical account of the creation of man. It appears quite impossible to them in the present state of our knowledge for reasonably intelligent men to harmonize in any way the Scriptural account of the origin of man with the modern scientific conclusions as to the place that human beings hold in the universe.

Anthropology more than any other of the sciences would seem to the minds at least of those from whom we have been quoting to have rendered old-fashioned religious faith impossible. "If anthropology is to be accepted," they say, "then Scripture must be rejected and old-fashioned faith cannot be retained." In recent years the physical scientists have been withdrawing their opposition to religious beliefs, or rather proclaiming that there was no incompatibility between faith and science, but all this time anthropology has been so strengthening her position as to make Christian faith more and more difficult. Man is of extremely ancient origin, he is animal

and nothing more—so say the radicals at least—he must be considered as just the highest among living beings, a tool-making and a tool-using animal.

In anthropology, however, as in every other phase of science, one of the most interesting features in the history of the science is to be found in the fact that a number of the men who did most for the development of the science itself and for the excavation and description of the material which shows beyond all doubt that man is not of recent origin, were not only Catholics but actually Catholic priests, thoroughly and devotedly attached to the Church and at the same time devoted to the practice of their religious duties. They saw absolutely nothing that was incompatible between their faith and the science that they were thus making for the benefit of the scientific world. Only a little knowledge of the great epoch-making discoveries in anthropology is needed to illustrate this. If these original geniuses were not disturbed in their faith by their discoveries, why should any of the rest of us?

Sir Arthur Keith of London, now President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, called particular attention, in an article in the *New York Times Sunday Magazine* (April 25, 1926), to the fact that just a hundred years ago a young Catholic priest, Reverend John MacEnery, "turned the searchlight of science upon man's remote and varied past." Father MacEnery was the chaplain of the Carey family who lived not far from Kent's Cavern in Devon, and as the duties of his chaplaincy left him with leisure on his hands he devoted himself to the study or rather the

initial development of anthropology, for as a science it could scarcely be said to be in existence.

He took up the arduous task, which could also be very dangerous at times, of obtaining specimens of various kinds of objects which were buried beneath the thick stratum of dense limestone rock or stalagmite on the floor of this cave. Many before him had noted these specimens and some had gathered them as mere curiosities, but Father MacEnery took up the task of classifying them and working out their meaning and their relation to each other and to the environment in which they were found. Sir Arthur Keith says:

"The chaplain by deft use of pick, hammer and chisel forced his way through this barrier into the thick stratum of red earth which lay beneath; in the stalagmite itself he found fossil teeth and bones, but it was the red earth beneath which yielded him the richest rewards. Deep in this virgin red earth, lying side by side with the bones of prediluvian animals, he found, with a shock of surprise, stone implements bearing unmistakable marks of human workmanship; this observation he confirmed again and again; the young priest had made a momentous discovery; he had proved the existence of man in antediluvian times."

Father MacEnery did not confine his researches to Kent's Hole or Cavern but he visited a whole series of fossil bearing limestone caves as they are to be found in South Devon. He succeeded in collecting an immense number of specimens. These he studied very carefully, labelled them very accurately, made notes of the conditions under which they had been discovered and the exact position in which they had been lying when

found, and in general gathered a series of exact details of scientific information. He was the first to discover in the British Isles the terrible sabre-toothed tiger and recognized it as the *machairodus latidens* that had already been described over on the continent. It was no wonder then that he has been hailed in England as one of the founders of its Pleistocene paleontology.

The men whom he was studying through their remains which he found in association with these long extinct animals were in his opinion "mere savage nomads in the very infancy of a renewed race to whom life was as yet little removed from the condition of the beasts they pursued." Other scientists, and especially Dean Buckland in England and Cuvier in France, refused to follow Father MacEnery's conclusions as to the existence of man at the same time with these extinct animals and the Dean insisted that "if the implements were found with the bones of extinct animals that some unlucky accident had mixed the handiwork of man with the bones of prediluvian beasts." The Dean, though a distinguished scientist, still clung to the idea of a universal deluge as accounting for a great many discoveries that had been made in connection with fossils. In spite of the discouragement thus afforded Father MacEnery, for Dean Buckland was at that time one of the representative English scientists, the young Irish priest continued to insist on the literal significance of the specimens which he had found.*

*He continued his work even though there were very serious risks connected with it. He described one of his expeditions in which he says, "I had only gone about a hundred paces (into a sewer-like tunnel beneath the stalagmite) when, owing to foul air, my light was extinguished and I was deprived of my senses. My friends supposed me lost and despaired of drawing me out. I was however extricated by

Over in France the now well known Boucher de Perthes, beginning some twenty years later, occupied himself with similar problems to those which Father MacEnery had taken up. He visited the gravel pits which had been opened near Abbeville almost directly across the Channel from where Father MacEnery had done his work in England. These gravel pits contained fossil bones and remains of long extinct animals associated with curiously shaped stones which Boucher de Perthes faithfully gathered, labelled carefully as to the location where they were found and kept them for future reference. The laborers in the pits are said to have regarded his work with good natured amusement. As Sir Arthur Keith says, "At that time France, like England, was convinced that man was a recent creation and treated her archeological excise man (Boucher de Perthes) with the same skepticism and scorn as England had meted out to her Catholic priest." He adds, "Science had to labor sixty years before the discoveries of the Reverend John MacEnery and of Boucher de Perthes fell into their just perspective."

Fortunately, as we have said, Father MacEnery gathered together a number of his most significant specimens and presented them to the museum of Torquay and later other collections of specimens to other museums in England as well as to Cuvier, and some of the museums in France. These were studied carefully later and demonstrated beyond all doubt that Father

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my faithful fellow laborer, Walsh, to whom I am indebted for my life. I was drawn out in a state of insensibility and it was not until after some hours of exposure to the air that I recovered. I suffered for some weeks from the consequence of this imprudence and it was some time before I was able to revisit the cave."

MacEnery's claims as to their significance were entirely justified.

So far from Father MacEnery being the only one among the Catholic priests who occupied themselves with the task of laying the foundations of archeological anthropology, he was but one of a series of men who did excellent pioneer work during the nineteenth century. Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn of the American Museum of Natural History, in *The Forum* (New York, June, 1926) names a group of distinguished anthropologists, pioneers in the science, most of them priests. He mentions the Abbé Louis Bourgeois, rector of the seminary of Pontlevoy *(Loire-et-Cher)*, who was the first to present and develop the problem of the eoliths or flints shaped by human agency that were found under such circumstances as indicated an origin for man very long ago. Father Bourgeois was assisted by a brother priest, the Abbé Delaunay. The Abbé Ducrost made a series of investigations of tombs from very early times and wrote papers with regard to them in the early seventies. As Professor Osborn says:

"It required the coöperation of three enlightened French priests to reëstablish and complete our knowledge of the Neanderthal race, namely, the two brothers, the Abbé A. Bouyssonie and the Abbé J. Bouyssonie, and their friend, the Abbé Bardon. These three friends discovered on August 3, 1908, in the small low cave of La Bouffis, Bonneval, near La Chapelle-aux-Saints, the most perfect skeleton known of the Neanderthaloid race, excavating it from an undisturbed deposit containing Mousterian flint implements, shells, and remains of woolly rhinoceros, horse, reindeer, and bison. In the

published account of their discovery they attributed the human skeleton to the Neanderthal race, which judgment was later confirmed by Dr. Marcelin Boule after exhaustive study of the specimen."

The two most distinguished anthropological archeologists of our day, well recognized as such by the leading scientists interested in the subject, are priests. They have devoted themselves for many years to the investigation of the caves in France and Spain, where the discoveries with regard to the cave man have told us so much more about the man of pre-history than we had any hint of before. Professor Osborn has told the story of these two men briefly and authoritatively, as well as that of other priest archeologists who have created the most recent phase of human pre-history by tracing man back to his ancient home in northern China or Mongolia:

"We now reach the names of the two most distinguished men today in the prehistoric archeology of Europe, the Abbé Henri Breuil, assistant director of the great *Institut de Paléontologie Humaine* in Paris, and Father Hugo Obermaier, professor of human pre-history in the University of Madrid. To the former we chiefly owe the masterly volumes covering the industries, paintings, and sculptures of the upper paleolithic period in France, culminating in the zenith of Magdalenian art; to the latter we owe the most extensive explorations in Spain and in France of the whole period of human occupation, which culminated in his volume, 'Fossil Man in Spain,' published in Madrid and translated by the Hispanic Society of America, and in the second edition (in Spanish) of *'El Hombre Fosil'* (1925)."

American scientists who have been in intimate touch

with these distinguished archeologists have been enthusiastic over their single-hearted devotion to science, but have also emphasized their open-hearted devotion to their religion. I have had a professor of anthropology at one of our oldest American universities who made a professional visit to Abbé Breuil tell me how the good French priest says Mass for the villagers near where his excavations are being made, hears their confessions and administers the sacraments, occupies himself at certain times every day with the recital of the Divine Office and while he doffs his cassock to don his explorer's working suit when he goes into the cave, just as soon as his day's work is over he gets into his cassock once more and is the Catholic clergyman. Of Father Obermaier I have heard similar reports from those who know him personally.*

Both of these men are high in honor among Catholics and yet they do not hesitate to teach that there is proof for man's existence twenty-five or thirty thousand or even forty thousand years ago. Abbé Breuil thinks that the caves he has been studying date from twenty-five to thirty thousand years ago and Father Obermaier has suggested even a longer period, and as his studies have

*Professor Osborn in his article in *The Forum* has dwelt particularly on his observation of the faithful exercise of their religious duties by these distinguished French and German scientists who have accomplished so much for extending the knowledge of prehistoric man. His is only another testimony added to those that we have already had from visiting American scientists who were surprised and edified at the simple faith and religious practice of these distinguished scientists. Professor Osborn said:

"The writer has had the privilege of personal association with several of these distinguished French archeologists of the Catholic faith; with the Abbé Hugo Obermaier in an ever memorable journey through the prehistoric monuments of northern Spain; with the Abbé Henri Breuil into the recesses of all the principal prehistoric caverns of France,—the archeologist who begins his day in his abbé's dress in religious devotions and then dons his rude miner's costume and lamp for descent into the often perilous recesses of the caverns."

particularly involved chronology his opinion must be considered to carry weight.

These are not the only priests to reach distinction in the prehistoric archeology of Europe, and Professor Osborn has mentioned Padre Lorenzo Sierra, the distinguished Spanish archeologist, noted for his discoveries of paleolithic caves in the Cantabrian Mountains of northern Spain, the study of which has added materially to our knowledge of cave dwelling man and his ways.

There is another and even more recent phase of human history which has in the last few years attracted attention. This consists of the discoveries which trace man back to his ancient home not in Mesopotamia or near Mt. Ararat, but in the high central plateaus of northern China and Mongolia. This scientific development promises to be of as great significance for anthropology and archeology as the opening of the caves in France and Spain has been in our time. The first step taken in this new scientific direction was made by Father Licent, a French Jesuit missionary who discovered the flints of Ordos which aroused the attention of the scientific world to the fact that here was indeed a new departure in science. The next step was taken by Père Teilhard de Chardain, professor of geology in the *Institut Catholique de Paris,* who in 1923 discovered at sites in China and Mongolia human industrial remains together with fossilized bones of animals many of which are extinct.

It might have been expected that a great new movement of this kind would have come from professors at the University of Paris or some of the other great secular

institutions in France. The *Institut Catholique de Paris* is an educational institution founded by Catholics in order that education might be provided for young Frenchmen that would preserve them as far as possible during their plastic years from contact with the pagan spirit which prevails at the French secular universities. Such an institute, without state appropriation, laboring inevitably under difficulties of development due to lack of funds, might scarcely be expected to be prominent in the initiation of a great new development of science, but for centuries Catholic institutes of similar nature, supported by donations from the members of the Church and under the patronage of the Catholic hierarchy who shared with them some of the funds that came to them for Church purposes, have been doing excellent original scientific work. After all it must not be forgotten that the supremely great work accomplished by Abbot Mendel was done in a monastery garden with the full approbation and help of his superiors.

Most of the striking pioneer developments in the history of anthropology have been made by priests. The attitude of the Church toward the science can be readily appreciated as favorable. Churchmen have been quite as open-minded in their recognition of the possible place of the theory of evolution in its application to man as their clerical colleagues just mentioned have been in the work of securing information as to the date and place of man's origin in pre-history.

Even this brief account of the history of the development of the science of anthropology down to our own day, shows very clearly that most of the basic and

pioneer steps in the evolution of the science had been made by Catholic priests. The attitude of the Church toward the science can be readily appreciated from these facts. It must have been constantly favorable and altogether liberal since so many clergymen have continued their work in this department of science not only without let or hindrance but actually with every encouragement afforded them to go on with their labors. The actual problems of the science relating to man have received their most important contributions from these clergymen who have continued to enjoy the most absolute freedom in their work and have faithfully kept up their duties as priests while engaged in it. Present day interests in the science have sometimes gone beyond the facts discovered by these clergymen and the theories and hypotheses which have been advanced have sometimes proved less acceptable to ecclesiastical authorities because they represented over-hasty generalizations founded on insufficient scientific data. As man's place in the universe is extremely important and as he is surely something much more than an animal, though he is also an animal, Church authorities have emphasized the necessity for going slow in this matter in order to be sure rather than sorry with regard to applications of supposed new knowledge to human conduct and human affairs generally.

Zoölogists for instance have suggested, considering only, or too exclusively, the animal side of man, that the best definition of man that we have is that he is a tool-making and a tool-using animal. Now there is no doubt that man is the only animal that makes and uses tools.

A monkey may sometimes pick up a stick to do something with it but he never by any chance keeps the stick to do that same action again and never by any remotest chance does he fashion the stick so that he can accomplish his purpose better with it. That is reserved for man. Almost needless to say some of the smaller animals, especially the insects, pick up objects and use them as if they were tools, showing that it is not because the monkey is so near man anatomically and physiologically that he comes near using tools.

Man is the only tool-making and tool-using animal, but he is ever so much more. The zoölogists and sometimes even psychologists suggest that it is the development of man's hand and especially his opposable thumb that has lifted him above the mere animal. But it is not what man does with his hands but what he does with his mind that counts. Man is ever so much more than a tool-making and a tool-using animal, he is an idea-making animal,—that is to say, ideas come to him he knows not whence and they constitute his differentiation from the animal and lift him up to a plane so far above the other animals that there is no comparison between them. Men are not interested particularly in the men who make and use tools but in those whose minds produce ideas. We know next to nothing of the men who with trowel and pick-axe and other tools built St. Peter's, and we care almost less for them, but we are very much interested in the man who planned St. Peter's. We do not care very much for the man who made the stylus that enabled Virgil to write his epic, but the poet himself is a triumph for the race forever.

Homer is said not to have used any pen. He composed his verses and committed them to memory. He recited them for others and they became so much interested in them that even two hundred years after his death, when they were to be written down, Pisistratus and his assistants succeeded in gathering the nearly thirty thousand lines which constitute for us the text of Homer. Who cares who made the brushes and mixed the paints and stretched the canvases for Raphael, but we are very much interested in the pictures that were painted by this young man, because he had visions through the eye of his mind more beautiful than anyone else and he could reproduce them. We are glad that the man who mixed his paints used enduring materials because as the result of that we have the pictures almost in their original state some four hundred years after they were painted, but even the color mixer has no place in our estimation beside that of the artist himself.

We must distinguish man from the animal because that is what gives him his moral and religious value. Man was made like unto God and the Church wants to emphasize this. It is his intelligence, his idea-making power and his artistic ability that reveal his likeness to the divinity. Men actually use the word creation or creative power for the faculty which enables men,—unfortunately only a few of them,—to make great poetry or great art, to conceive great architecture, to evoke great music. The word creation is used equivocally in the matter and yet it represents man's striving to express the feelings of fervent admiration that he cannot help but have for the evocation out of nothing of the beau-

tiful things that come to us from great artists, great poets, great musicians. These "creators" in the arts are not aware themselves whence their ideas come. Homer and the classic poets attributed their poetry to the help of the muse because they felt their own inadequacy to accomplish what they aspired to. They began their great poems with an invocation of the muse of poetry. Modern poets talk of inspiration as if their "thoughts that breathe in words that burn," represented an in-breathing from outside of them. These "creations" in art and poetry bear testimony to the spirit of man and make one feel when one has the power of proper critical appreciation that man veritably has been made like unto God. It is the definite recognition of this that the Church asks for.

With regard to the question of the origin of man's body, there is a very similar state of affairs at the present time so far as Catholic teaching is concerned to that which existed in Galileo's time as regards the movement of the earth. A Roman congregation at that time thought that to teach the movement of the earth around the sun because it seemed to contradict certain passages of Scripture—*yet had not itself been proved,* for none of the reasons given by Galileo proved to be genuinely scientific —carried with it a certain peril of making men think that Scripture was in error. This teaching was forbidden then until further information could be secured with regard to the question. Copernicus' book one hundred years after its publication was put on the Index of Prohibited Books *donec corrigatur,* until it should be corrected, that is, until what was only theoretic in it

should be stated as theory and not fact. Something very like that has taken place with regard to the question of the origin of man's body by a process of evolution from the animal. This has not been declared incompatible with Catholic faith, but the Biblical Commission for the Interpretation of Holy Scripture affirmed the non-evolution of man's body so far as our present knowledge goes, and as long as that decree of the Biblical Commission stands Catholics are required not to teach the evolution of man's body from the lower animals. In the present state of our knowledge of evolution, that is surely a safe position to take.

There is at the present time the very great danger that the acceptance of the belief—proofs are lacking as yet—that man's body has come from the animals may lead those who know no better to the conclusion that man himself is an animal *and nothing more.* This would take away all the foundation of morality, would make man a mere creature of his environment, would do away with his free will, but above all would contradict that instinct for religion which exists in every man's heart and whose presence can only be explained on the principle that somehow the idea of it was implanted in the human mind and represents an unmistakable manifestation of the Creator to his creature.

It is perfectly possible, as a number of Catholic scientists have held even as a probable opinion, that man's body came into existence through a process of evolution and when this had reached a stage that fitted it to be the recipient of the human soul, that soul was given it by creation. At present, however, Catholics are not allowed

to teach that, not from any hostility to science nor any opposition to evolution, but because it seems better for the time, at least, to emphasize the spiritual side of man and his immense distinction from the animals rather than his similarity to them. In Galileo's time the Congregation of the Index intervened *to protect science* from being carried away prematurely by a startling hypothesis which had not yet been proved, for none of the reasons advanced by Galileo for the movement of the earth around the sun is now accepted and the doctrine as we teach it is based on other reasons since elaborated. So now, when men are likely to be carried away by this startling teaching of man's being only an animal and nothing more, and having developed as it were by chance from the lower animals, the stand of the Catholic Church is to make people look before they leap into a radical doctrine and in the meantime science can go on accumulating its facts and the interpretation of Scripture will follow the facts but not the hypotheses of science.

In matters of this kind, haste makes for waste of effort and disturbance of the mind of a great many people while patience only secures the truth and makes that truth absolutely assured.

After all, the important problem in anthropology is, where did man come from? His body resembles that of the ape as a sort of caricature. His mind is as far away from anything that is ape-like when he is really possessed of one of the distinctive minds of humanity, as heaven from earth. Think for a moment of the supreme incompatibility of the thought of an ape writing not merely verses but poetry. Think of the highest of the

apes inspired to formulate such a succession of sounds as are to be found in one of Beethoven's Sonatas. Think of the animal forest dweller in spite of the vistas that he sees in the trees quite as well as man, since his eyes are just the same as man's, lifting up the nave of a cathedral and you can understand how absurd are such thoughts. It is not the lowest men that must be compared with the higher apes but some of the geniuses,—the glory of our race,—and then the utter impossibility of the relationship of fortuitous descent from the monkey is clear. It is not the idea of an ape man but of an ape Homer, an ape Dante or Michelangelo, which shows us that the zoölogical tendencies in anthropology have been allowed to run away with the significance of the real character of the *animal rationale* who not only reads and appreciates but who *creates* beautiful things. Ape chatter may be considered to have some relationship to the twaddle of ignorant men, though even then they are poles apart, but think of the word "creation" being used with regard to any utterance of the ape in the way that it is properly applied to man's words when genius guides them.

The whole question of man's descent from the animals was put very well in a cartoon which appeared in *Simplicissimus,* the comic journal that for years has been published in Munich. *Simplicissimus* by the way has real art in its drawings and real thought in its wit and humor and is so different from our comic strips and most of our comic papers as to make any comparison with them ludicrous. Our American papers are often said to represent wonderful modern progress! In a car-

toon published some years ago, there was a monkey, old and wise-looking,—if you want to translate human expressions into the animal's ways,—and he was engaged in looking down on the world around him. There all the men and women were dead. The last war was over. That is how you knew it was the last war,—because all the men and women were dead. As the monkey looks down reflectively on all the havoc that has been wrought and the fact that the human race has been destroyed, his chin sinks reflectively down into his paw or his hand or whatever you want to call it, and he says with an air of finality, "Now we've got to begin this thing all over again."

There is the solution of the vexed problem: "Where did man come from?" "Why, the monkey made him," that is, I suppose, some struggling monkey striving to be better, at last found himself a man and then came the human race. Surely we have not come to this in logic yet.

Catholic teaching, however, has never insisted on the taking of the meaning of Scriptures as the French say at the foot of the letter. From the very earliest times the Fathers of the Church have interpreted the meaning of Scriptures according to the knowledge and ways of men. St. Augustine in his time warned against the possibility of making religion ridiculous by setting up the Scripture as a test of scientific truth. He characterized the idea of God's making man as the potter fashions clay as too puerile to be thought of. The teaching of Catholic theologians down the centuries has been that science would enable us to understand the meaning of Scripture and not

Scripture dictate the limitations of science. Within the bounds of reasonable conservatism, there is a very great amount of freedom of interpretation and the Church has always proclaimed this. Science always has a tendency to think that it has uttered the last word on a particular subject when there is really as yet only a beginning of knowledge in the matter and the Church has always been conservative and emphasized the necessity for waiting until there would be positive confirmation of scientific ideas, but has allowed the greatest liberty as regards genuine scientific research—Galileo worked on a pension from the pope. Even the open teaching of theories, so long as they were frankly declared to be theories and not absolute proclamations of fact, until the demonstration of their truth had come, was not discouraged by the Church authorities. There has been need of such a conservative mentor in science and this the Church has proved to be.

CHAPTER III.

A Catholic Looks at Education

WHATEVER may be said in extenuation of the Catholic Church's attitude toward science in the modern time, the great majority of people outside of the Church are quite convinced that there surely can be no doubt that the Church has been constantly and consistently opposed to education or at least to liberal education down the centuries. Of course they are ready to admit that churchmen have had good reasons for their policy of opposition to education. They were persuaded that ignorant people got to heaven much more readily than those who were learned and therefore were anxious to keep people so far as possible in ignorance. It was quite impossible to maintain such a policy absolutely, because the more intellectual among mankind would insist on securing education, so for these the Church organized a method of education under her own patronage in order to direct and regulate it in such a way as to prevent it from rendering people really learned and liberal minded. The one great purpose of education in the Church was to keep people to as great an extent as possible from inquiring into truth for themselves so that they might be willing to accept the teachings of the Church unquestioningly.

I.

Mexico: Pioneer in American Education

"A TYPICAL example of what happens under the influence of the Catholic Church, above all in so far as education is concerned, can be noted," these critics say, "in Mexico. During the three hundred years of Spanish domination, that is, until the revolution toward the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century set Mexico free, the Catholic Church was unfortunately for the Mexicans in a position to exert the fullest influence in education. The result is to be seen in the present intellectual condition of the nation. Eighty-five per cent of the people are said to be illiterate." No wonder then, they would argue, that the Mexicans generally are quite incapable of self-government, or at least the great majority of them are utterly unsuited for democratic government. They have not received education enough to make them a self-governing people. Mexico has lagged behind the United States until the distance between them is so great as to be almost incommensurable.

On the other hand, these good folk would point out, the people of the United States under Protestant influences, thoroughly jealous of the encroachment of Romish obscurantism, organized and provided public schools until every citizen can be depended on to vote intelligently for the benefit of the community, and as

a result we have that choicest of blessings, government of the people and by the people and for the people. We may be quite ready to criticize our people at election time because scarcely half of them go to the polls, and we may bewail the utter ignorance and moronic judgment of the ordinary voter, but when it comes to comparing the United States with any other country, and above all any other country on this continent, the complacency that settles over us is amusing to the last degree. Good Americans insist that if the Catholic Church had been able to exert its influence in English speaking America as it did in Spanish America, we might expect a similar state of affairs in the United States today to that which has existed in the Spanish American countries and particularly Mexico during the past hundred years.

I think that very probably those paragraphs state the convictions of most non-Catholics in the United States, even including those who pride themselves on being educated and knowing what they are talking about, so far as regards comparative education in English and Spanish America. The one thing that is noteworthy is the contrast. It is almost the difference between black and white. The reason for the contrast is of course the Catholic Church, though Spain is responsible for it because the Spanish government permitted the Catholic Church to work its own way in Mexico, encouraged the friars in the policy of keeping the Indians occupied with superstitions of various kinds which would prevent them from going back to their idolatry, but which would also prevent them from securing such education as might make them intelligent enough to be unwilling to

submit to Church discipline and refuse to accept the teachings of the friars as if they were gospel truth. The Mexicans had to be diverted from anything like real education in order to keep them properly under subjection to the Church authorities and to the Spanish government.

Until the beginning of the twentieth century the views that I have expressed in the preceding paragraphs represented those that were held with regard to Mexico even by educated people—including university professors and not excluding professors of history unless they had devoted themselves particularly to this subject of education in the Spanish American countries. Just at the beginning of the twentieth century the editors of the "Cambridge Modern History" in the Preface to their great work said: "The long conspiracy against the revelation of truth has gradually given way." Nowhere is this expression of the distinguished board of editors more emphatically exemplified than in what concerns education in the Spanish American countries and especially in Mexico. The newer twentieth century history of education in the English and Spanish colonies has been a revelation but also a revolution with regard to long established views on the subject which now prove to have been just a series of self-complacent delusions on the part of the English Americans.

Nowhere in the whole domain of history are these strong expressions of condemnation of older historical views so true as with regard to the history of Mexico and above all the history of education in Mexico. Quite literally a new day is breaking in historical research so

far as the Spanish American countries are concerned. We have now come to realize, or at least the professors of history who have given any special attention to the subject have come to declare, that Mexico for three hundred years under Spanish domination was far ahead of the United States in the provision of opportunities for education but also in the way that those opportunities were taken advantage of. Spain, instead of being in any sense of the word obscurantist, was a real transmitter of culture and the intellectual life to this continent. The Catholic Church, instead of being the great foe of education, as she is represented, determined that people should not receive it lest it should disturb their faith, was really the magnificent successful promoter of education of all kinds from the schools among the Indians up to a series of colleges and universities. The religious orders were the great successful teachers, the bishops of Mexico were the heartiest promoters of every form of education, elementary, higher, collegiate and graduate, long before education was developed to anything like the same degree in the English colonies or even in the United States itself for fifty years after we achieved our independence.

Of course it would be very hard for most people in the United States to accept anything like that. Above all, think of what a jolt it is to be told that Mexico was far ahead of the English speaking colonies in education and culture. This is such a contradiction of ordinarily accepted impression as to seem quite impossible and surely incredible. Yet there are the best historical authorities that we have in the United States among the professors of our oldest universities for such expressions.

Nearly twenty-five years ago just at the beginning of the twentieth century when, as the Cambridge Modern History pointed out, the great change was coming over the face of history, Professor Bourne of Yale wrote:

"Not all the institutions of learning founded in Mexico in the sixteenth century can be enumerated here [he is summing up the transmission of culture to this continent in a final chapter and has not room to mention all the institutions of learning—and besides they have been mentioned before] but it is not too much to say that in number, range of studies and standard of attainment by the officers they surpassed anything existing in English America until the nineteenth century." In a word, Bourne declares that Mexico was three hundred years ahead of English America in the matter of education.

Bourne made this declaration in his volume "Spain in America," which is the third volume of The American Nation, a History, edited by Professor Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard. Professor Hart had chosen Professor Bourne to write this volume because the Yale professor was looked upon as the authority on this subject in the United States. Bourne had issued and edited a series of works in the history of the colonial days that gave him definite right to that reputation. Professor Hart read the manuscript of the volume before it went to the printer and in his editorial introduction he says: "The place of the volume in the series is to emphasize the importance of the Spanish discovery and colonization, both as showing extraordinary skill and pertinacity of exploration and *in serving as the medium for the transmission of Euro-*

pean culture to America" (italics ours). He had said in a previous sentence: "The result of Professor Bourne's investigation, a result which seems supported by his references, is to establish the existence of a Spanish culture in the colonies of an extent and degree not realized by previous writers."

Professor Bourne at the end of the author's preface acknowledges gratefully the value of Professor Hart's editorial suggestions which "have improved the form of the book without imposing irksome restraints upon the writer." In a word Professor Hart of Harvard and Professor Bourne of Yale seem to have been in thorough harmony with regard to this volume on the influence of Spain in America, so that it is only proper to say that our two oldest universities, Yale and Harvard, are behind Bourne's expression when he declares so definitely and straightforwardly that Mexico was in culture and education three hundred years ahead of the English speaking colonies.

Many other expressions of Bourne might be quoted. For instance he says:* "Both the crown and the Church were solicitous for education in the colonies and provisions were made for its promotion on a far greater scale than was possible or even attempted in the English colonies." Bourne realizes very clearly how much the Catholic Church stood for and he says at the very beginning of his chapter on the transmission of European culture, "The transmission of the heritage of European culture to the new world and its inhabitants, the great work of the colonial epoch, was the task undertaken by

*Op citat. p. 308.

the Church." Bourne gives the details of the organization of education from the Indian schools through the colleges up to the University of Mexico. That university was founded in 1551, almost a hundred years before Harvard, our first higher institution of learning in English America; and the University of Mexico proceeded to develop as a real university with graduate departments in theology, medicine and law before the end of the sixteenth century, though Harvard did not become a university in anything like the same sense until well on in the nineteenth century.

Twenty years after Bourne wrote his volume "Spain in America," Professor Herbert Priestley, Associate Professor of Mexican history in the University of California, wrote his volume,* "The Mexican Nation, a History." At the beginning of his chapter "The Refinements of Colonial Life" (p. 150), Priestley pokes a little fun at the self-complacency which has made English Americans assume that of course they were far ahead of the Spanish Americans in all that relates to education and culture and suggests that it is all due to a "superiority complex." We have heard so much about the inferiority complex, that it is well to realize that there is such a thing as a superiority complex, by which people are prone to think themselves ever so much more important than they really are. It is just a case of a little high-blown conceit, but it can make people very ridiculous. Manifestly it is time for us now to realize that we have been allowing ourselves to float out on a sea of complete complacency supported by bubbles of conceit and that

*New York, Macmillan, 1924.

the serious historians are engaged in pricking those bubbles and that it will not be long before we find ourselves at the bottom unless we strike out bravely and get some real knowledge of history for ourselves.

Professor Priestley said: "It is an Anglo-Saxon tradition that the Spanish occupation of America was one long nightmare of swashbuckling conquest, ruthless destruction of barbarous aborigines, and religious fanaticism and bickerings. The 'superiority complex' of the English-speaking peoples as above the Spanish-speaking nations had its beginnings in the national jealousies which accompanied the Elizabethan tradition. It was perpetuated by the commercial rivalry and the friction incident to the colonial expansion of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries." Professor Priestley goes even farther than Professor Bourne in praising the work of Spain in the transmission of culture to America. He had the advantage of twenty years of added historical research in this subject of Mexican culture and education. He does not hesitate to say that the Spanish colonies actually came to rival in a certain way the mother country and the other civilized countries of Europe in education and in culture. He said:

"For three hundred years Spain was the chief agency in the transmission to America of European culture. Her work in that field deserves warm praise for its depth, breadth, and permanency. The refinements of colonial life which accompanied the conquest were inferior to those of no other colonial agency, they approached closely the excellencies then manifested in European culture itself. They were visible in the developments of education, literature, painting and sculpture, music and

the drama, in architecture, and in social amenities which continue today the happy characteristics of the nations politically descended from the second greatest American colonial power."

It must not be forgotten that during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Spain was the leading nation of Europe, not only in a political but in an artistic sense. The Spanish king was the German emperor and the ruler of vast dominions beyond the sea, but the Spanish mind dominated the mental life of the times. During these centuries the Spaniards created a magnificent literature. Their dramatic writers were only rivaled but probably not excelled even by those of the Elizabethan period in England. Our own Lowell, whose long years of experience as minister to Spain together with his own critical and poetical facility gave him a right to an opinion, is the authority for this. Their universities and especially the University of Salamanca, were considered the most learned in the educational world of that day. Their artists were not only the greatest of their own period but some of the greatest of all time. They include such men as Murillo, Velasquez, Ribera, Zurbaran and El Greco. The pictures of these men command such high prices in the auction rooms today that only governments or important municipalities or multi-millionaires can purchase them. When the Metropolitan Museum in New York gathered a group of Spanish pictures for exhibition this spring, though only a single room was occupied by them, more than five million dollars' worth of paintings were on exhibition.

Besides their poets and painters, the Spaniards devel-

oped at this time a series of great prose writers. Mariana, the historian, a pioneer in modern historical methods, and Cervantes who wrote what Lord Macaulay declared "incomparably the greatest novel ever written" but who also was the author of what must very probably be considered the greatest short stories ever written, represent two striking instances of Spanish greatness in literature, in the sixteenth century. Then there were the mystical writers whose works are still issued in many languages and St. Teresa whose Spanish prose is some of the best ever written. She attracts so much interest now, some three hundred and fifty years after her death, that a dozen of lives of her have been written during our generation in many countries and editions of her works have been issued in nearly every generation since her death, so that she is more of a living influence now than she was during her lifetime. There are many who know her works well who insist that this Spanish Carmelite though a cloistered nun of the sixteenth century must be considered the greatest intellectual woman who ever lived.

Spain during these centuries, when gold was flowing in from America, rebuilt her churches and refurnished them, making for them beautiful altar vessels of various kinds, wonderful tapestries and vestments, fine hammered iron work,—the admiration and the despair of the world,—charming carved wooden ceilings, with other decorative additions that are now making the churches of Spain even in the small towns the wonder of travelers who at last are getting off the beaten track of travel in the peninsula and are finding how wonder-

fully these Spaniards rebuilt and redecorated churches even in the small towns and hamlets. There are precious treasures worthy of a place in museums to be found in little Spanish towns of a few hundred inhabitants. The spirit that made all this possible, the sense of beauty that impelled to it, the impulse to create things of beauty that would be joys forever, so emphatically expressed in Spain, was felt also in Mexico, so it is no wonder to find that there are beautiful churches and public buildings of all kinds, monasteries and convents, schools and colleges that express the sense of beauty of the people. Spain was indeed creating a culture in America that is wonderful to contemplate and grows in wonder by the contrast with the sordid accomplishments along the same line that are to be found in English America during the colonial period.

Even before the sixteenth century had closed Champlain, the great French explorer, visited Mexico City and was charmed with it. He had been delighted with the scenery of Mexico but he writes:

"But all the contentment I felt at the sight of things so agreeable (the beautiful natural scenery) was but little in comparison with that which I experienced when I beheld the beautiful City of Mexico, which I did not suppose had such superb buildings with splendid ample palaces and fine houses and the streets well laid and where are seen the large and handsome shops of the merchants full of all sorts of every kind of merchandise."

Humboldt, the distinguished German traveler and scientist who afterwards became the Prime Minister of Prussia and who was one of the most widely traveled

men of his time and of the broadest intellectual sympathies, gave a description in his *Essai Politique* of the city of Mexico at the beginning of the nineteenth century. He found it a city of palaces. It was by far the handsomest capital on the American continent. He described a number of the public buildings and emphatically brings out how the Mexicans have cultivated the idea of the city beautiful. He praises the way that the Spaniards have dealt with the Indians and declares that the native workers in the mines and on the farms of Mexico,—this was not long before the revolution which gave Mexico her freedom,—were getting better wages and were working under better conditions than the peasants at least of the northern countries of Europe. When the wages paid in Mexico are compared with those paid the farm laborer or the municipal working man in Ireland at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the comparison is immensely in favor of the native workman in Mexico.

The contrast between the educational institutions of Mexico and those of the English speaking people down to the end of the colonial period for both the Spaniards and the English, is very interesting but very disturbing for those who are prone to think that the British Americans must be far ahead of their Spanish American neighbors in this matter. Down to 1750 there were three colleges in what is now the United States, Harvard, founded in 1638; William and Mary in Virginia in 1693, and Yale in New Haven in 1701. Shortly before the Revolutionary War, a group of three more colleges, Princeton, the University of Pennsylvania and King's

College, New York, afterwards Columbia, came into existence. All of these were small institutions. It is doubtful whether any of them had more than one hundred students. The roster of William and Mary was lost in a fire, but President Thwing considers that it had about the same number as Harvard, and as the average number of graduates per year at Harvard was less than fifteen down to 1775, the attendance could not have been much above a hundred students. Down in Mexico, the University had a thousand students before 1650. The University of Lima in Peru at the end of the seventeenth century had two thousand students. There were probably some forty colleges in Mexico before the middle of the eighteenth century, when the English colonies had but three or four.

The Jesuits alone had twenty-three colleges, and none of them contained less than a hundred students and some of them contained five hundred students or more. The Jesuits were the best educators in Europe. Lord Bacon did not hesitate to say that they were by far the best teachers and he added that since they were so good he was very sorry that they were not on his side. Professor Boyd of the University of Edinburgh, in his recent volume on "The History of Western Education" (Edinburgh, 1921), does not hesitate to say that no one doubts that the Jesuits were the best teachers in Europe and even those who distrusted them for religious reasons were ready to concede their ability as teachers. Professor Paul Van Dyke of Princeton, who has written a life of St. Ignatius Loyola (New York, 1927), in which he eliminates all of the aspersions which have been cast on

the character of Ignatius, has some fine words of praise for the Jesuits and their education. He says, as the conclusion of his life of Ignatius, "Who of all those who have confessed themselves followers of Christ has been more faithful than Ignatius Loyola to the ideal which seemed to him true?" What he has done for the founder, he has done also for the Jesuits and he insists that they were the best teachers, for otherwise kings and princes and the nobility would not have been so eager to have them as tutors for their children.

Up to 1775 the University of Mexico, according to Professor Priestley of the University of California, in his volume "The Mexican Nation," had conferred some thirty thousand degrees of bachelor of arts. Up to this same time Harvard had conferred altogether 2,507, and all our colleges taken together less than five thousand degrees. Priestley says that there were a number of masters' degrees conferred in the University of Mexico and about a thousand doctors' degrees. Harvard, according to her Quinquennial Catalogue, did not confer the first master's degree until 1870 nor the first doctor's degree until 1873. Graduate education in this country did not come seriously into existence until the foundation of Johns Hopkins at the beginning of the fourth quarter of the nineteenth century.

In the meantime they were doing excellent work down in Mexico and a number of the professors were deeply intent on scholarly research, and above all on scientific investigation. Bourne in his chapter on "The Transmission of Culture," which is the concluding chapter of his volume, "Spain in America," says that Mexican

scholars "made distinguished achievements in some branches of science, particularly medicine and surgery but preëminently in linguistics, history and anthropology. Dictionaries and grammars of the native languages and history of the Mexican institutions are imposing proofs of their scholarly devotion and intellectual activity." Only that we have the books that were published by these men, no one would believe that in Mexico in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries they were doing scholarly work at their institutions of the higher learning that we would have been proud to do in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Practically we did not begin to do such original work until after the middle of the nineteenth century.

I can give but this brief summary of authoritative information on the history of education in Mexico in this chapter. It would take a volume to discuss the subject in the way that it deserves. We need to have such a volume on Mexico under the title "Mexico: Pioneer of American Education," but no one knows better than I do how difficult would be the writing of a work that would be adequate to the subject.

What is important for us here is that for three hundred years, that is until the Revolution, Mexico possessed a system of education thoroughly on a par and indeed always in touch with the European universities. Our colleges in this country which did not take on anything like university status until well on in the latter half of the nineteenth century, had such standards of education in the graduate departments particularly, that American degrees were not considered to be of any real academic

significance in Europe. After all, when it is recalled that in medicine until less than fifty years ago the education for the degree of doctor in medicine consisted of two terms of four months each, during which the lectures heard were ungraded, that is, consisted of the exact same material in each of the years, with the hope that a man would get more out of it the second year than he did the first, it is easy to understand how low our standards of education were in the United States.

The degree of doctor of medicine from any medical college, no matter what its character or standard, was a license to practice medicine in any state in the union. Our state laws regulating the practice of medicine date from the later '80's of the nineteenth century. As has been so well said, this doctor's degree was a license, not to practice medicine but to practice on patients until one learned some medicine. The requirements for the study of medicine were so low as to be absurd. A man might come from the farm or the mines or before the mast or have been a clerk in a store or anything else, requiring only a modicum of intelligence, and provided he could read and write, and he did not have to write any too well, he could take up the study of medicine.

The laws for the regulation of medicine in the Middle Ages under the approval and patronage of the Church, required three years of preliminary study at the University and then four years of the study of medicine and a year of practice with a physician before a man was allowed to practice. That is the standard to which medical education has climbed back in our day. The condition of medical education in the United States until a generation

ago was a disgrace. Mexico followed the old medieval laws and customs in the matter and did excellent work in the training of men who did original research in medicine and we have some of their books.

Even this very brief and compressed chapter makes it clear that instead of there being any need to apologize for Spain or the Catholic Church in the matter of education in Mexico, we Catholics have every right to be proud of both. The Church, particularly through the religious orders, had charge of education in Mexico and it is to her that all the credit for the development of education far beyond what it was in the English speaking countries must be accorded. Above all it was the Church, through the missionaries, that uplifted the Indians, taught them the trades and crafts and arts, built the lovely missions in California, but the lovelier missions of Texas, and the even lovelier mission buildings of Arizona. It was the religious orders who opened colleges here and there in Mexico and accomplished wonders in the education of those who had the talent to take advantage of it. As the material for this newer history of education on this continent has accumulated, it has become more and more clear that we have been absurdly self-complacent as to the significance of education in the English American colonies, while all the time Mexico and the Spanish American countries were doing ever so much better work for the development of the intellectual and the artistic life among their people.*

*The real reasons for the present condition in Mexico are two: first, the Spaniard did not eliminate the Indian as did the English and as a result there are many more Indians alive in Spanish America now, but above all in Mexico, than at the time of Columbus' discovery. More than three-fourths of the Mexicans have a large infusion of Indian blood. Probably more than one-half are full-blooded Indians.

There are traditions among those outside of the Catholic Church that the church and the churchmen have been opposed to education. Those traditions when investigated in the light of the realities of history, prove to be baseless. The Church has been just as much of a patron of education as she has been of art and architecture and the arts and crafts and as she is acknowledged to be the greatest patron for all history of the æsthetic accomplishments. From the days when in the midst of the degeneracy of the Roman Empire, civilization and education nearly disappeared, the Church has been the great torch bearer of education. The Irish monks brought back civilization and culture to Europe. The Benedictines in their monasteries preserved the old classics by copying them. The monasteries maintained the schools of the time. Charlemagne in France and Alfred the Great in England did everything they possibly could to encourage monastic education because it meant so much to their people. There are those who think of the thirteenth as the greatest of centuries because of its supreme intellectual and artistic triumphs. That was the period when the Church was at the height of its power. When the

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Mexico is an Indian civilization with but four centuries of culture behind it. The United States is a white civilization with nearly fifteen hundred years of Christianity as a background.

The second reason is that with the revolution which separated Mexico from Spain educational institutions dependent on Spanish administration, were rudely and seriously disturbed and above all the religious and church schools were sadly hampered. Unfortunately the Spanish government expelled the Jesuits for merely political reasons and the result had been a diminution by more than one-half of the teaching organization in Mexico. Since the revolution, that is for more than the past one hundred years, the disturbed state of the country, which except for dictatorships lasting nearly fifty years has thrust a new president or a pretender into the rulership of Mexico oftener than every twelve months, has made education largely impossible and permitted the Indians to drop back into almost pristine barbarism. After all, that is a matter of three generations during which, except for the dictatorship, the political conditions have been most unstable and have often approached anarchy.

Renaissance came with the New Learning, the Jesuits took that up and taught the world and became the greatest teachers of the time. They did their work in Mexico as well as in all the countries of Europe.

May a Catholic look at education then without feeling ashamed? It is easy to see now how absurd the question is. The Church has done more for education all down the centuries than all the other influences at work. After all it must not be forgotten that education has become a matter of state care only during this past century. It was the Church, and after the religious revolution in Germany in the sixteenth century, the churches, who had most to do with the foundation of educational institutions. In this country our earliest educational institutions were colleges founded by various denominations, Harvard, William and Mary, Yale, Princeton, Brown, King's College in New York now Columbia, were all foundations made under church auspices. It was not until well on in the second half of the nineteenth century that secular schools were thought of. The first president of a college in this country who was not a clergyman was President White of Cornell less than fifty years ago. That will serve to show how near we are to the era when church influence dominated education. We have had only one generation of secular control of universities. There never was a time when there was so much complaint of lack of success in education. One might be tempted to wonder whether the two facts have any connection.

II.

A Typical Catholic University

PROBABLY the easiest way to enable a modern student of education to understand the attitude of the Catholic Church toward education for the past five centuries without going into the impossibly cumbersome historical details that would be necessary if a whole series of universities and their relations to the Church were to be considered, is to take the story of a single typical university like that of Louvain. This Belgian university, which came so prominently before the world in our day not only for what it suffered during the war but because of the prestige lent to it by its great alumnus and professor, Cardinal Mercier, was founded by a pope and has always been in intimate relationship with the papacy. To trace its history even briefly and fragmentarily is to demonstrate the freedom of mind and opportunity to develop intelligence that Catholic university students enjoyed at any time for the past five hundred years. There were literally scores of universities established under Catholic auspices and many of them would serve the purpose of presenting the type as well as Louvain. Just at the present moment Louvain seems to be particularly appropriate for the purpose because it has been celebrating during the past year its five hundredth anniversary and distinguished representatives from all

over the academic world have taken part in that celebration.

Louvain was founded by a Bull of Pope Martin V in 1425, but the celebration of the quinquecentennial was postponed until June, 1927, in order to allow time for the completion of the splendid new library building of the university "made possible by American donations" in which non-Catholics had a very large share. This library replaces the one burned down during the early days of the war and serves as a perpetual memorial of the prestige that the university of Louvain secured by its brave stand against its country's foe, and the place that it came to occupy in the heart of the world as the result of the bold defiance of injustice taken by those who were responsible for the university. I have said that this celebration drew scholars from many countries of Europe and I must not omit to say that among them were many representative German university men who have contributed notably under the circumstances to repair the cruel loss inflicted by their soldiers.

With the exception of one period of about a generation within the last hundred years when it was a victim of the tyranny of Napoleon, the University of Louvain has been in existence for these more than five hundred years as a Catholic centre of higher learning. During the stormy days of the Reformation as emphasized by Monsignor Culemanns, himself an alumnus of Louvain, in his article "Five Centuries of Louvain University":*

"The university was unswerving in its fidelity to the Church and the staunch adherence of the theological

*Ave Maria, Notre Dame, Indiana, vol. 26, new series, no. 4.

faculty to the old faith saved the Low Countries from the mad onrush of heresy. At the same time it conferred the very great benefit on the nation of securing it to a great extent from the lamentable conditions of civil dissension that developed in the Teutonic countries at this time."

The old university had the four usual faculties to be found in the medieval universities generally, arts, theology, law and medicine. In connection with them some forty colleges sprang up, a number of them founded by religious orders, others by national groups. These afforded shelter and opportunities for the social life to students. During the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries Louvain came to be looked upon as one of the most important universities in Europe. Among its distinguished professors recognized as such by all the world of his time was the famous Justus Lipsius who was one of the greatest classical scholars of the Renaissance period when knowledge of the classics was the supreme ambition of most university men. What Justus Lipsius accomplished for the elucidation of the text of Tacitus and for the understanding of many details of Roman life and manners will be recalled with gratitude by the world of scholarship at least as long as this stage of our civilization lasts.

Justus Lipsius was extremely brilliant of intellect but like many of his contemporaries inclined to be rather erratic in his religious views. As a result of this for some years he was outside the fold of the Catholic Church while teaching at Jena and at Leyden, but in the maturity of his powers he returned to the Church and spent

the years of his productive scholarship in the fold. Louvain furnished a refuge for a time to Sir Thomas More, the English scholar, and afterwards Lord Chancellor of England, when his refusal as a member of the English Parliament to yield gracefully to some of the attempted impositions of Henry VII on his people made it advisable that the young man should absent himself from England for a while. Erasmus taught at Louvain and it was there that he and Sir Thomas More met and cemented that friendship which was to mean so much for both of them. It was at Louvain that Sir Thomas More conceived the idea of Utopia. At Louvain also Vives, the great classical scholar, taught for a while, and last but not least Father Lessius, classical scholar and theologian, who came to be looked up to as one of the authorities in Europe on the subject of justice between men and whose opinions on ethical subjects are still quoted with reverence, was an honored member of the faculty.

M. Joseph Bedier who represented the French Academy at the five hundredth anniversary of the university, June, 1927, called attention to the fact that the famous *Collège de France,* which has been such a home of fruitful scholarship, owed its foundation to the example set by a college of the same kind which had been founded in Louvain and which was attracting world-wide attention. M. Bedier, who is himself a distinguished authority on old texts and one of the best known and most influential among contemporary humanists, told the story in his address, of the fact that about four hundred years ago "Erasmus and Vives were living at the *Collège de*

Trois Langues which a rich burgher had established at Louvain and at which the seeds of the Renaissance were germinating rapidly. His attention having been called to the foundation at Louvain, (of this college of the New Learning) the French king, Francis I., resolved to follow the example of the Belgian citizen; and, guided by the model which was already accomplishing so much at Louvain, he founded the *Collège de France* saying magniloquently that it was to be built not of stones but of men. Among the seven humanists who became the foundation pillars of this distinguished educational foundation one, Barthelemy Masson, came from Louvain."

Louvain continued to hold her place as one of the most important universities of Europe until 1797, when the university was closed by the French revolutionists in the name of "liberty, equality, fraternity." No one can be so intolerant of the opinions of others as those who complacently claim for themselves the name of liberals, and no one is willing to grant so little freedom of thought for others as those who proclaim themselves freethinkers. Nearly a generation was to pass before the university was to reopen in 1834, but the hiatus in its history taken with the reason for its closure had conferred new prestige on the old Catholic university.

During the twentieth century Louvain has continued to grow in importance, so that the present university has some thirty-five buildings where teaching and research go hand in hand. Louvain has been recognized as particularly forward-looking in its attitude

toward science. Its first great natural scientist was Vesalius, the father of anatomy, who began the modern development of anatomical science by his careful study of the skeleton of a criminal hanged in chains. After Vesalius had spent a year in graduate work in the study of anatomy in Paris, he was invited to make a public dissection at the university of Louvain and this was attended by many besides the medical students and was a notable university event.

Unable to secure opportunities for deeper study of anatomy in Paris, Vesalius went down to Italy where such studies were pursued very zealously. Italy was for many centuries, that is, from the twelfth to the nineteenth, the home of graduate teaching departments. It is not surprising, then, that Vesalius should find his way down there nor that he should be tempted to stay there for the opportunities afforded him in anatomical studies. There was no spirit of chauvinism among the Italians, so this graduate of Louvain became professor of anatomy at Padua and continued his original researches until the publication of his great textbook, *De fabrica humani corporis,* which is one of the bibliographic treasures of medicine. The incentive afforded by Vesalius' early work and his reputation in Italy made Louvain always open minded toward the sciences. The refounded Louvain of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries has had such distinguished successors to him as Theodor Schwann, the father of the cell doctrine, as well as Carnoy in biology, and Van Gehuchten in neurology.

One incident with regard to the open-mindedness of the faculty of Louvain in the matter of science in our

own generation is worth recalling here. When the distinguished Spanish anatomist, Ramon y Cajal, made his ground breaking discoveries as to the discontinuity of the central nervous system, there was a great deal of doubt expressed and skepticism indulged in especially by German medical and biological scientists with regard to the worth of his work. He was the first man ever to use a microscope in a Spanish university (1880), and yet he succeeded in demonstrating, by means of various stains that he invented, that the cells of the brain were all quite independent of each other and that the terminal dendrites made contacts with each other and not anastomoses. In this way they made such connections as would permit the passage of nervous impulses and perhaps got out of touch when impulses were not permitted to pass.

Ramon y Cajal submitted his paper on the subject to a series of biological journals in Europe and his work was so revolutionary of current ideas that the editors refused to publish it. The feeling in the minds of most of these men at the time was undoubtedly, "Can anything good and especially as good as this would be if true, come out of Spain?" Finally the Spanish professor submitted his paper to the editors of *La Cellule,* the biological journal published at the University of Louvain. They accepted it without hesitation and placed it before the men of science among whom it at once attracted a great deal of attention. It was not until Ramon y Cajal brought his specimens with him to the International Medical Congress in Berlin in 1891 that such men as Virchow and Koelliker recognized that here was

a great new discovery and Ramon y Cajal received his due meed of recognition. Meantime Louvain had been the patron of his work and had given him the opportunity to get it before the scientific world.

During the World War Louvain suffered severely not only from the destruction of its buildings at the beginning of the war but also from the long dreary days of occupation by the Germans. Cardinal Mercier, who for many years had been a professor of psychology and of scholastic philosophy at the university, stood out as one of the greatest men of his time and his university shared in the glory of his greatness. As a result the name of the university came to be known throughout the academic world. No wonder there came the recognition of the fact that Louvain stands for the study of science for its own sake with a disinterestedness that leaves no room for doubt as to open-mindedness. Here in the United States we have benefited very much by the scholarship of Louvain, for no less than twenty-five archbishops and bishops and nearly one thousand priests who were trained at the American College connected with the University of Louvain worked faithfully in the American Catholic Church, among the most useful of our citizens.

The position of Cardinal Mercier in our own time makes very clear what the position of the Church in our day is, and yet the great Belgian cardinal, instead of being different from his great predecessors in the hierarchy, was rather a typical example of what was best among them at all times. M. Bedier, the representative of the French Academy, at the five hundredth anniver-

sary of the foundation of Louvain (June, 1927) described Cardinal Mercier's position succinctly and clearly. He said:

"Having accepted as his mission 'to prove that virtual harmony exists between the Catholic faith and the conclusions established by science, the Cardinal welcomed all the sincere efforts of reason and did not fear the risks which it necessarily incurred. He knew well that wherever there is no personal investigation and willingness to discover the new, science has not even begun to exist and that the man of science should bring to the task of verifying an hypothesis a prudence comparable with nothing except the courage which he devoted to the work of forming the hypothesis. Therefore Cardinal Mercier loved to say over and over again that 'the first condition of fruitful research is scientific liberty.' 'It is necessary,' he further declared, 'to foster science for its own sake without seeking to promote any apologetic purpose.' He advised his students to entertain 'respect for scientific truth from whatever source it might come and whatever it might be'; and almost every year he began his course in psychology with a lecture in which his text was this aphorism of Herbert Spencer: 'In every error there is the soul of truth.' "

He had a power of aphoristic diction that made his teaching most impressive. There are many expressions of his that deserve to be recalled. He said that there were just three things that his teachers had taught him and he could recall just from whom the lessons came. Those lessons were "to do and to dare and to doubt." When he was asked during the war if in his first contacts with the conquering Germans fear had come to him he quoted the expression of St. Teresa: "There is only one thing to fear in the crises of life and that is fear."

One of Cardinal Mercier's favorite expressions was, "Let us be modest. Let us know what we do not know." M. Bedier of the French Academy in his address at the Louvain anniversary, June, 1927, declared that this creed of all genuine men of science as to their realization of their lack of knowledge was never stated with an accent more lofty than by Cardinal Mercier. He was the soul of Louvain in the modern time, he had studied at Louvain and he had taught there for many years. He is the great representative of its spirit both as pupil and teacher and there is no university in the world that would not be proud to hail him as an alumnus. When he was in this country during the war, many of our universities were glad to take the opportunity to confer honorary degrees on him. He himself was naturally and very properly proud of their recognition and he appreciated very much—for he had an abiding sense of humor —the quip of an American newspaper reporter that they were making him "an American by degrees." I believe that when he was consulted about it he suggested that he would rather not have the degree of D.D. conferred on him by any of the sectarian institutions because he preferred to take his divinity straight from the pope. In so far as the academic world owes him to Louvain, that university stands out as one of the finely productive universities of the world, which after five hundred years of conservative teaching is still ready to pass on the torch of science but also of wisdom to the generations to come. *Scientia et sapientia,* how much the combination is needed in our day; science *and* wisdom, for it

must not be forgotten that knowledge comes but wisdom lingers.

So far from Louvain being in any sense of the word unique, it was only one of literally hundreds of universities with papal charters doing excellent educational work down the ages. During the fifty years before the Reformation, more than twice as many universities were founded in Europe as during the hundred years afterwards. Professor Paulson, professor of philosophy at the University of Berlin, and looked upon as one of the great educators of the beginning of the twentieth century, declared that there was much more freedom of teaching in the Catholic universities than in the Protestant universities after the Reformation. Catholic faculties were much broader in their intellectual sympathies than those of the universities in reform countries.

At the present time, when the universities of Europe are largely in the hands of the governments, there is a group of Catholic Institutes, really deserving the name of universities, in various parts of Europe, who are opposed to the radicalism and materialistic tendencies of the state universities and are maintaining a conservative element in education. Some of these, as for instance the Catholic Institute of Paris, are doing excellent work in science. As we saw in the chapter on "A Catholic Looks at Anthropology," the scientific expeditions from the Catholic Institute of Paris have recalled attention to Central Asia as very probably the home of the origin of man. One of these Catholic institutes, the University of Milan, is one of the most interesting foci of the higher learning anywhere in Europe and its director,

Father Gemelli, a man who has had the most varied experiences in life and finally came round to the Catholic tradition, is one of the most interesting educators in our time.

Here in the United States our Catholic colleges and universities have labored under the burden of lack of funds for scientific work, and yet some of the men in them have done striking work in science. Father Secchi, for instance, who taught astronomy and mathematics at Georgetown University, afterwards as the papal astronomer, came to be looked up to as one of the most distinguished men in that science in the world. He was succeeded in the papal astronomership by Father Hagen, who had been also for years professor at Georgetown. Father Algue, S.J., meteorologist for years at the University of Manila, solved the problem of tornadoes in the Philippine Islands and the United States government adopted his conclusions and sends out storm warnings that mean much for the saving of life and of property. The United States invited Father Algue to make similar observations for the West Indies. In a dozen of places in the United States the Jesuits are doing some of the best seismological work in the world. Whenever there is an earthquake tremor, our newspapers always carry the discussion of its significance as obtained from a Jesuit seismologist. The Church and the religious orders are as ever encouraging education and the development of science.

CHAPTER IV.

A Catholic Looks at the Arts of Life

THE Catholic's supreme source of pride in his Church, apart from his appreciation of its cultivation of the spirit of worship which constitutes the essential function of its existence, comes from his recognition of the encouragement and stimulation of art that has been afforded by the Church. A distinguished critic once said, "Art sees as God sees." Undoubtedly art has done more to make life under the trying conditions in which it must be lived not only possible but happy than any other single feature of existence. It has often been said that the Church occupied men's minds too much with the thought of happiness hereafter, for them to achieve eminent success in life as it is, but her encouragement and stimulation of art provided the greatest possible amount of happiness here on earth. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," the English poet said, and the Church's encouragement and patronage of the creation of things of beauty has accomplished an immense amount for the happiness of mankind.

It would be quite impossible within the compass of a brief chapter like this to give any adequate idea of all that the Church has accomplished for art. It would take a huge encyclopedia or even a series of encyclopedias to

do that, for when it is recalled how much the Church has done for the inspiration of painters and the subjects afforded them; and how much in the same way for sculpture and how much she has done in very similar fashion for architecture and then for music and for poetry, it can be readily understood that an adequate presentation of all the Church's achievements in collaboration with genius along these lines could not be told in a great many volumes.

After all, the Church has been the principal factor in the patronage of painting, sculpture, architecture, music and poetry so far as setting the great examples of these modes of art is concerned. Each one of these modes of art not only deserves, but actually has, an encyclopedia of its own which strives to tell, however ineffectively it may be, the story of the individual art. Something like a similar series of encyclopedias would have to be written to tell the whole story of Church influence on the arts, but at least I may mention the headings of some of the chapters and the titles of some of the articles as well as the names of some of the men that owe their principal inspiration to the Church. In my volume "The World's Debt to the Catholic Church" I have tried to tell the story a little more completely, though almost needless to say with a necessitated compression which makes the account all too fragmentary.

Think for a moment what a sad lacuna there would be in the art of the world of our day if everything artistic that had been done under the influence and patronage of the Church were to be eliminated from our present day existence. What a maimed remnant of all the

glory of the art of the world would be left. What an immense reduction in the monetary value of our art collections would occur as a consequence.

The great paintings of the world, those that command six figure prices in the auction rooms and would command even higher figures if certain of them could be released from the bonds in which they are so firmly held because they are looked upon as national treasures, are all of them, almost without exception, religious in subject. There are artistic fads and fancies that come and go, especially in artistic circles, but the enduring quality of art began to develop when the ages of faith fostered in the minds of artists devotion to religious subjects. If the Madonnas alone that have been painted were to be removed from our collections, what a serious impairment of values would take place. One of Raphael's smaller Madonnas sold not long ago for nearly a million of dollars. It is only a question of time until a million will probably be a comparatively common figure in the auction rooms for some of the great religious paintings of the olden time. If some were to be released now they would command much more than that. The Metropolitan Museum this spring had on exhibition Spanish paintings that were nearly all religious in subject. They were worth five millions of dollars.

Some of the most beautiful sculpture in the world has for subject the figure of Christ or of the Blessed Virgin, especially in the combination of Mother and Child. The statue of Christ over the main door of the Cathedral of Amiens, finished about 1250, is probably the most beautiful representation of the human form divine that

has ever been made. There are figures of the Madonna and Child in many places here and there throughout France that come from about the same time which are rare works of art. Some of them are among the most exquisite expressions of what is supremely beautiful in the human and divine of maternity and the mother's relation to her child that have ever been made. Every century ever since has seen further additions to this religious sculpture. Other religious characters inspired sculptors to marvelous expression of what is most beautiful in human nature. Curiously enough, the personage of whom more equestrian statues than any other have been made is a woman—Joan of Arc. Our own here in New York in its commanding position along Riverside Drive gives the best idea of the way many other monuments of similar kind throughout the world afford pleasure and inspiration in life to beholders. The human being most figured after the Madonna is a little girl of our time who died in her early twenties scarcely more than twenty-five years ago. She is affectionately known as the Little St. Theresa or the Little Flower. Most churches have a statue of her because of the appeal of her youthful present day sanctity. Ever so many people all over the world have a figure of her near them to which they turn at times for inspiration to the accomplishment of the ideal in their natures.

The Church's contributions to architecture are if possible greater than those to painting and sculpture. Just as soon as the Church was made free by the edict of Constantine to take up her public life, she began to build the beautiful basilicas, the remains of which show

some exquisite architecture. Then there came the marvelous edifice of Santa Sophia in Constantinople under Justinian, the dome of which is so gracefully poised above the great pillars of the church that no wonder the tradition arose that it was suspended from heaven by invisible chains of gold. Then came the beautifully decorated interiors in mosaic at Ravenna and the culmination of oriental influence in architecture in St. Mark's at Venice. Under Church inspiration, the barbarians of the north, brought to civilization, developed first the Romanesque and then the Gothic architecture, and when the period that has been called the Renaissance came there was a fine adaptation and adoption of classical ideas for the churches. St. Peter's at Rome is only a typical example of how far the artistic mind can be stimulated to creative achievement by religious impulses.

Since then there have been no new ideas introduced into architecture. The nearest thing to a new idea in architecture is the Spanish American or Mission style of architecture which developed under the influence of the friars among the Mexican Indians. We have heard much of the missions in California, but in recent years we have come to appreciate that the missions in Texas were even more beautiful and now have come to appreciate that some of the missions in Arizona were most beautiful of all. We have learned to use that mission style of architecture originated by the friars and first built by Indians, for great railroad stations and great hotels and it is growing to be a typically American achitecture.

When it is realized how deeply Gothic influenced the thoughts of men during the twelfth and thirteenth

centuries, we can appreciate better than in any other way how much Church influence meant for the uplift of humanity and for the development of the idea of the city beautiful. Now that a new era of building has come with the skyscraper as the type, some of the old Gothic ideas are making themselves felt and as a consequence we have a combination of utility and beauty in these huge buildings that, in Horace's phrase, carries off every point. Just at the beginning of the twentieth century, the architect of the *New York Times* building realized that he could not do better than imitate Giotto's tower; and so, down the long vista of Broadway and Seventh Avenue one can see the beautiful campanile, the bell tower of the old cathedral that dominated artistic Florence seven centuries ago.

The Church's influence on the development of music can be traced in very much the same way as its influence on architecture or on painting or on sculpture. We know nothing about ancient music, and the beginnings of modern music are represented by the Plain Chant which is usually spoken of as the Gregorian, because invented or arranged out of preceding musical elements by St. Gregory the Great, that is Pope Gregory I. Plain Chant has come back in our own time and its cultivation has demonstrated what a wonderful mode of music this is for the wedding of harmonious sound to deep devotion. The effects that are secured with a simple succession of single notes is supremely surprising. No wonder that Mr. Rockstro, in his article on "Plain Chant" in Grove's "Dictionary of Music," goes so far as to say that probably no more beautiful expression of grief in single notes

in succession has ever been written than the chant used by the Church in the services of the *Tenebrae,* the Lamentations for Holy Week; and no more joyous succession of single notes has ever been arranged than that of the chant for the *Exultet* on Holy Saturday,—the Church's notes of rejoicing over the Risen Lord.

In the first century of the second Christian millennium, Guy of Arezzo or Guido Aretino or Fra Guittone as he is variously called, reformed musical notation. He was a teacher of music among his religious brethren, the Benedictines, at the monastery of Pomposa in Ferrara. The Benedictines chanted the office; they wanted to make it as worthy an expression of worship as possible, and by the time this great Benedictine musician finished his modification of musical modes as they had existed before his time, modern music was born. The next great development came in the Netherlands in the fifteenth century and was enthusiastically encouraged by the Church. Claude Goudimel, the great Flemish master musician, was invited to Rome because ecclesiastics wanted to have the advantage of the best teaching there was. He probably had Palestrina, the supreme master of modern Church music, as his pupil. After Palestrina there was nothing to be added to the effectiveness of modern music. In Palestrina's lifetime came the development of the oratorio. It was the dear St. Philip Neri who brought about its development for the young men who assembled in his oratory—hence the name. Opera developed out of oratorio. What the Church has done for Italian music is of course very clear and Italian music has repaid the debt by its arrangements of music for Church purposes.

It might possibly be expected that since German music developed after the religious revolution in Germany of the sixteenth century, the Church would have very little influence over it. The great German musicians, however, proceeded to write oratorios and Masses and found particularly in the inspiration of the Mass a magnificently worthy subject for great music. Many of them were Catholics, like Haydn and Mozart and Beethoven, but even those who were not Catholics like Bach or Mendelssohn, wrote Masses or oratorios and found their highest inspiration in the religious ideas and ideals of the old Church. The debt of music to the Church is as great as that of any of the other arts. The most marvelous thing about it is that churchmen down the ages should have had the good taste to preserve for us the wonderful music that came to be used for the Church liturgy. It now remains as a demonstration of how effectively and charmingly music was cultivated at a time when we would scarcely think that such exquisite cultivation could in any wise have been possible.

And what shall we say of the Church's influence on poetry? Religion has always been a source of poetic inspiration, and Christianity has proved a veritable fountainhead of the sublimest poetry. This has been a consolation and satisfaction to man in the trying conditions of human existence that is greater very probably than anything else which the race has accomplished. Bailey in the Proem of Festus said,

> "Poetry is itself a thing of God;
> He made his prophets poets."

If the Church had not proved the foster mother of great poetry, if there had not been an immense wealth of poetic material created under Church inspiration and the stimulus of the feelings inspired by her services, that would of itself have been almost a demonstration, humanly speaking, of the lack of anything divine in the Church's constitution. For great poetry lifts the human mind nearer to divinity than anything else we possess except religion itself. Indeed religion and poetry are very intimately related.

All down the centuries the Catholic Church has been the foster mother of great poetry. The very beginning of Christianity had a great poem in its story. The little Hebrew maiden who had just received Gabriel's announcement that she was to be the Mother of God, visited her cousin Elizabeth who was in her old age, to have her son and found that her cousin, divinely inspired, knew the secret of her own maternity. Here was the proof of the angelic message so she burst forth into the first great Christian poem, one of the sublimest hymns of all literature, the Magnificat: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior."

With freedom of worship came the Latin hymns beginning with the Fathers of the Church down to the climax in this mode of literature which was reached in the *Dies Irae* and the *Stabat Mater* and the *Pange Lingua* written by the great Franciscan and Dominican poets of the thirteenth century. If the Catholic Church had done nothing else but foster hymnody so effectively that these great Latin hymns were written for her services,

she must be considered the greatest foster mother of poetry in all world history.

This was, however, only one feature of the Church's inspiration of poetry. The subject of Dante's great poem is just Catholic Christianity. It is probably the highest tribute ever paid to Christianity from a natural standpoint that when a supremely great poet took it for subject, he created a poem which is the greatest in its interest for critical and intellectual mankind that has ever been written. Dante himself, in Ruskin's expressive phrase, is "the central man of all the world, possessing in the highest degree the intellectual and moral faculties of the race." Chaucer's "Canterbury Pilgrims" is just a religious poem and Thomas à Kempis' "Imitation of Christ" is free verse, and the greatest poets of France and Spain and Italy owe their inspiration to the Church. When England fell away from the Church the poets particularly had a definite tendency to come back into the fold or to remain there. A very good case can be made out for the Catholicity of Shakespeare, and Archdeacon Davies almost within a generation declared that Shakespeare "dyed a Papist." Lodge was a Catholic, so was Shirley, but so too was Philip Massinger according to Gifford, the editor of the English *Quarterly Review*, and so surely was Sir Kenelm Digby and Sir William Davenant, "O rare Sir William," and Richard Crashaw, the friend of Cowley, and John Dryden, one of the greatest figures in English literature, and William Wycherley of whom we are not proud though he became a convert in early life, left the Church while he was writing his licentious plays during the Restoration

period and then came back to the Church in his later years. Dryden, surely an excellent judge, said of him:

"The satire, wit and strength of manly Wycherly."

And then there was Sir Samuel Garth, the distinguished physician-poet, another convert to the Church, and Alexander Pope, one of the greatest of our English poets, overestimated in the eighteenth century, underestimated by reaction at the end of the nineteenth, and now coming into his own meed of appreciation as a great poet and literary man.

If the Church had done nothing else except foster devotion to Mary as the Mother of Christ, that would alone have served to put the world of art and poetry under a supreme debt to her. Without the Church's devotion to her, Mary would almost inevitably have disappeared as a subject of reverence and worship in the proper sense of that word and we would have lost the stimulus of one of the most beautiful themes for artist and poet that the world has ever known.

Mary as a theme has meant more for poets than for painters, sculptors and architects put together, and a great many poems written in her honor are among the most beautiful gems of literature. What is most surprising about them is the fact that Protestant poets have been quite as ardent in their poetic praise of the Mother of the Lord as have Catholic poets. This is very well illustrated in English poetry, though nowhere was there more bitter denunciation of the Catholic Church for mariolatry than among the English people.

In spite of this, scarcely a distinguished English poet

of the nineteenth century has failed to pay his tribute to the Mother of God. Wordsworth wrote:

"Mother! whose Virgin bosom was uncrossed
With the least shade of thought to sin allied;
Woman! above all women glorified—
Our tainted nature's solitary boast."

Sir Walter Scott, whose sympathetic studies of the Middle Ages still left him with many anti-Catholic prejudices, often introduced the name of Mary into his poems and in "The Lady of the Lake" gave the world his beautiful "Ave Maria":

"Thou canst save amid despair,
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
Ave Maria; maiden mild—
Listen to a maiden's prayer."

Lord Byron would very probably be almost the last to have been expected to write a tribute to Mary, and yet his "Ave Maria," written the year before his death, is one of the charming tributes to the Blessed Virgin.

Shelley would scarcely have been expected to pay a direct tribute to Mary, and yet as has been pointed out, there are some lines in his "Epipsychidion" that have a meaning only by reference to the Mother of God:

"Seraph of heaven, too gentle to be human,
Veiling beneath that radiant form of Woman
All that is insupportable in Thee
Of light and love and immortality."

Southey, the English poet laureate of the early part of the nineteenth century, in his "Tale of Paraguay," wrote:

"There at her breast the Virgin Mother fed
A Babe divine who was to judge the dead—
Yet always at his Mother's will grew mild,
So well did he obey that maiden undefiled."

Robert Browning wrote:

"There is a vision in the heart of each
Of justice, mercy, wisdom, tenderness,
And these embodied in a woman's form
That best transmits them pure as first received."

Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in "The Lady of the Passion," wrote:

"Oh, Lady of the Passion, dost thou weep?
What help can we then through our tears survey,
If such as thou a cause for wailing keep?"

Similar quotations might be made from Tennyson and from Alfred Austin, Sir Edwin Arnold and Professor Edward Dowden, as well as from John Keble and even Kipling, none of whom was a Catholic.

Our American poets have been equally reverential and ready to express their admiration. Longfellow, in "The Golden Legend," wrote:

"And if our faith had given us nothing more
Than this example of all womanhood,
So mild, so merciful, so strong, loving, pure—
This was enough to prove it higher and truer
Than all the creeds the world has known before."

Edgar Allen Poe wrote his "Ave Maria" and prayed as one in need indeed:

"Nor when the storms of fate o'er cast
Darkly my present and my past,

Let my future radiant shine,
With sweet hopes of thee and thine."

Oliver Wendell Holmes, our New England professor of anatomy and poet, must have rather shocked some of his Puritan neighbors seventy-five years ago when he wrote:

"The sweetest name that mortals bear
Were best befitting thee,
And she to whom it once was given
Was half of earth and half of heaven."

It would be very easy to compile, and indeed it has been done, a volume of tributes to Mary, the Mother of Christ, that have come from those not of the Church. All the deep thinkers would be among the contributors. Goethe, Hawthorne, Ruskin, Frederick Schlegel, Lecky, Lyman Abbott, are only a few of the unexpected names that one finds. One of the most thoughtful of the ministers of our time, Reverend Harry E. Fosdick, urged the spiritual wholesomeness of devotion to her because of all her cult had done for the elevation of her sex and purifying the attitude of men down the ages.

The Church's patronage of the arts and poetry is a striking index of her mission to guide men to happiness, not only in another world than this, but also in this world. For the source of true happiness under present conditions is to be found after faith in the cultivation and enjoyment of the arts of life.

CHAPTER V.

A Catholic Looks at His Brothers in the Faith

HUMANLY speaking, probably the most precious privilege that a Catholic enjoys in life is the recognition of the brotherhood that he has a right to claim with a large number of the most distinguished men who have lived since the beginning of Christianity. In every century there are some of them. Many of them are the glory of the race in the best sense of that expression. Some of them are what are called saints. It has been suggested that probably the best definition of a saint that we have is that he is a man who thinks first of others and only second of himself. The selfishness of the animal that is in us we all share. Yielding to this makes men small and more or less contemptible. In these men it has been reduced to its lowest terms. Man can be mean to a supreme degree in the littlenesses of his life interests or supremely admirable in his more or less successful efforts to realize what is best in human aspirations. The saints forgot about themselves and thought mainly of others, and the world will never willingly forget them. The result is that they live on in their benign influence long after their deaths as mere men. St. Francis of Assisi is more alive now and influencing ever so many more men for what is best

in them than when he walked the narrow, crooked streets of the little hill towns of Umbria more than seven centuries ago.

Besides these men whose wills were trained to follow the dictates of their better natures, or in Huxley's expressive phrase in his address before the South London Workingmen's College on "A Liberal Education and Where to Find It," "whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience," there are many others whom a Catholic has the privilege of looking up to as brothers. They are the men who, to continue the quotation from Huxley have been so "trained in youth that the body is the ready servant of the will" and who with passions under control have the leisure to cultivate their intellects until they have "learned to love all beauty whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness and to respect others as themselves."

Besides these men whose hearts were right, and by the heart we mean with Bertrand Russell "the sum total of kindly impulses," there were many others, men of head or intelligence, the development of whose minds made them never to be forgotten leaders in the history of thought down the ages. Taken altogether there are an immense number of outstanding men, some of them very definite intellectual geniuses, others men of surpassing talent, others writers of distinction, often the greatest of their time, profound thinkers, teachers of philosophy, distinguished organizers of what we now call social service, though they thought of it in terms of charity—the dearness of fellowmen because of the

brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God—original workers in science, artists who were among the greatest painters, sculptors and decorators of all time, architects for whom the world will always have a place in its memory, all of whom were proud to lend their genius to the Church and whose principal source of satisfaction in the supreme moments of life was that they were Catholics.

When the end of life came for them there was one thing in life which more than any other as a rule they looked back on with supreme satisfaction and that stood out more in their minds as a source of gratification with their human existence than anything else. That was that they had enjoyed the privilege of being members of the Catholic Church. Many of them were intensely human and had all the tendencies to the worse, though knowing the better, that human nature carries with it; they were not saints in the sense of being without faults, characters who were splendidly perfect and faultlessly null,—failing to share humanity's weaknesses,—but after they had fallen under the stress of temptation, they had the consolations afforded them by Mother Church and her sacraments to bring them back to filial union with her.

Some few of them in the midst of the trials of life, the allurements of worldly ambition, or the enticements of sensual pleasure, for a time abandoned their faith or at least the practice of their religion, but they were very glad to find peace and consolation in the bosom of their mother, the Church, at the end. Some of them did not know her until maturity or even until late in life, for

there have in every generation been converts to the Church among the great intellectual men of the world, and usually these men have felt that the greatest thing that happened to them during their existence was their reception into the Church. The other chapters of this volume contain the names of a great many men who reached distinction in their special work in life of whom a Catholic might well be proud to think as brothers in the faith. The scientists especially have been mentioned elsewhere. In this chapter the names of a number of great men are brought together who have not been mentioned elsewhere, or who are here introduced because there is some special feature of their work that makes them a particular subject of gratification for the Catholic who is proud to realize their brotherhood in the faith and their quite literal shoulder-to-shoulderness in the practice of religious duties.

I.

Primitive Christianity

THESE distinguished brothers of ours in the faith have lived and accomplished their enduring work in every generation since the beginning of Christianity. I pass over for the moment the great Christian thinkers and scholars of the primitive period of the Church,—men like Paul, Luke the physician who used his scientific medical training to present the miracles of the Lord from a definitely medical standpoint so as to make it clear that they were not mere "cures" of imaginary diseases; men like Polycarp and Ignatius, the early witnesses of the intellectual East to Christianity, as well as the many martyrs, not a few of them scholarly men and women, who laid down their lives in willing testimony to the truth of the Christianity they held though also for the right to hold their religious opinions for themselves without dictation from others. In the religious orders they read in the refectory every day the list of the names of the men and women in those early days of Christianity who either laid down their lives for their faith or lived as witnesses to its truth and its efficacy in making people better men and women.

It is a precious privilege indeed to feel brotherhood in a special way with such men, even though the feeling must be inevitably accompanied by a deep sense of humility and thoroughgoing appreciation of personal

unworthiness of the privilege. It is like being a member of a family one of whom has made achievements that call for the admiration and reverence of those whose opinions are most desirable. Life has an ampler meaning for one who feels that he is justified in claiming brotherhood in any intimate fashion with such men. Catholics experience this feeling with perfect right, because it is not only possible but easy to trace the Catholic Church unchanged from the centuries since the time when these men lived. If they were to come back to earth they would recognize the Catholic Church of our day at once as the representative of the great religious movement in which they played so large a part at the beginning of Christianity. If it were nothing else but the primacy of Peter and of the See of Rome, modern historical research has emphasized more and more the fact that this is a heritage from the very earliest times when Peter established his episcopacy of the Christian world.

Once Christianity was permitted to come out of the catacombs and take part freely and openly in the social and intellectual life of the world, the number of distinguished men whose eminence in their own time is recognized by everyone and whose influence on all subsequent generations is a matter of history grows very materially, and the Church comes to deserve the name of Catholic, or universal, because civilization is so dominated by Church influence. The great Fathers of the Church, Athanasius the fighter for the rights of Christianity as well as the saint; John Chrysostom, "Golden Mouth," who stirred men's souls so deeply;

Basil who organized social service so that Julian whom history calls the Apostate confessed that he could never hope to bring men back to the old Olympian religion unless somehow that could show proofs of service for others equal to those of Christianity; Ambrose, general of armies, governor of cities, author of hymns that still touch men's hearts, the writer of homilies which stir men's souls to thought for others even fifteen hundred years later; Jerome who realized what women's social organizations—clubs we call them—might mean for the development of Christianity and whose fruitful scholarship in Biblical matters put all the subsequent time under the deepest obligations to him; Augustine the philosopher, whose mind was probably clearer and deeper in its reasoning powers than any other who has ever lived except possibly Aristotle—all these represent a group of men quite unequalled in prestige and in what they made of life so far as that can be expressed through the intellect or the will, through teaching or helping, through the giving of good counsel or good example.

How many more from this time might be mentioned, Origen, Tertullian, Eusebius. To feel that one is the brother of such men in the faith, that one enjoys a definite relation to them, cannot fail to bring a thrill of satisfaction. But it does ever so much more than that, it makes one feel sure of one's ground as a member of the Church. Sometimes in the modern time one may be tempted to think that the preponderance of high talent or at least of brilliancy of intellect is on the side of infidelity or of neglect of religion. When it is recalled, however, how small a part of humanity is indicated

when we say the present, it is easy to understand that after all we have a very small base for opinions on a very large subject.

Of course, a great many people are inclined to think that we know ever so much more than folks used to know in the older times and there is no doubt that we do. Newton would have given half a lifetime to know some of the things that a high-school boy can learn in the course of half an hour or surely half a day, out of a textbook of mathematics or of physics in our day. But knowledge does not make the high-school boy's judgment or his power of penetrating intelligence equal to that of Newton. The men of the past knew less but knew truth and recognized it for what it was. We know ever so much more but at the same time we have learned how much more there is for us to know and therefore we feel the truth of the old maxim, "Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers."

We are rather prone to think that our generation is the day of judgment before the bar of whose opinion all preceding generations must be called, and that we are so far ahead of the past in our knowledge that the opinions of our ancestors have scarcely any comparative value when placed beside ours. But we must not forget that each succeeding generation before us has felt the same way and yet we are now ready to laugh more than a little at their conceit of knowledge. After all, while we know a great deal more than our predecessors, the next generation will be ready to laugh a little bit scornfully at our lack of knowledge, and this of itself should take the conceit out of our judgment with regard

to the past. In the course of less than a hundred years, we shall be only one of the outlived generations whose worldly estimation will seem scarcely less than amusing as regards its perception of things as they really are. In the midst of the lack of distractions in the past, if there was one thing that they could do, it was think, while we have any amount of evidence in our day of the lack of anything like thought among ever so many people in our time.

II.

Great Laymen, Great Churchmen

WHAT was true in that first great period of Christianity, freed from the shackles of paganism, the fourth century, when men were left at liberty to pursue their faith and practice of Christianity, has been true to a very great extent in all the centuries of Catholic Church history since. In every century there were men accomplishing wonderfully fine intellectual and social work with whom consciousness of brotherhood cannot but make us feel proud indeed. In the fifth century, for instance, there are such men as Boëthius, the philosopher, the favorite author of King Alfred, the light at the beginning of not the "Dark" but the "Bright" Ages, of whom Dante thought so much seven centuries later and of whose work no scholar in our time would care to confess ignorance. Here was a great-souled man of fine intellectual acumen and of surpassing strength of character, for even dread of death did not affect his love of truth, though cultivation of the intellect is sometimes said to weaken morale. For Boëthius went to Christian martyrdom as simply as did the slaves from the East, whose steadfast adherence to their faith in the face of martyrdom so often surprised their masters and mistresses into examining for themselves this strange new religion which made men of all kinds so bravely face death.

And yet there is another worthy of place beside him whose years run almost parallel with those of the philosopher. This was Benedict, founder of the Monks of the West, whose *Rule,* that is, the basic set of laws for the government of his order, has come to be recognized as one of the great constitutions of the world. Under it many thousands of men have been ruled for fifteen hundred years and found happiness for themselves while creating it for others.

That same century a generation earlier had seen the birth of St. Patrick, the apostle of Ireland, for whom admiration has been growing with the growth of the knowledge of the history of Ireland in recent years. This descendant of the Romans in England, captured by the raiding Irish, was held as a slave during the susceptible years of his youth and learned to know and admire the Irish character, so that after his escape and preparation for his mission, he came back to give this people the precious gift of Christianity. In a brief century, as the result of Patrick's apostolate of Christianity and culture, Ireland became "the Island of Saints and Scholars," a title not given by themselves but by foreigners who had learned to appreciate them from intimate contact. In the next two generations after Patrick's time, those two great Irish apostles, Columba and Columbanus, made themselves felt everywhere throughout the Christian world, and there were foundations by their monks which upheld the intellectual and spiritual life of Europe everywhere from Scotland to Bobbio in Italy. It is something indeed to feel that one has the faith that inspired these men in their great work of Christianiza-

tion and civilization,—of care for others so that there might be peace and happiness on the earth. No wonder their names are remembered in benediction.

There are two great Christian physicians in the sixth century, Ætius of Amida and Alexander of Tralles. Ætius mentions Christian mysteries and appeals to the name of the Savior and the martyrs while Alexander's eldest brother, Anthemios, was the architect of the great church of Santa Sophia in Constantinople. Both of these men seem to have been in rather intimate relations with, if they were not formally physicians to, Justinian, the great emperor of Byzantium, whose code has meant so much in the development of modern jurisprudence. Here are two men thoroughly imbued with Christianity, deeply interested in medicine, who write out their medical experiences with directness and simplicity which serve to show how much they were interested in their profession. Anyone who is inclined to think that men could not think deeply on scientific medical subjects at this time, the beginning of what used to be known by those who knew no better, as the Dark Ages, needs only to read the volumes that have come down to us from either of these men to be convinced that men could think as straightforwardly and effectively at that time as in our own.

To know them is to be sure that here are two really great physicians, worthy of a place beside their colleagues of any period. Cornelius, in the Renaissance time, went so far as to say: "Believe me that whoever is deeply desirous of studying things medical, if he would have the whole of Galen abbreviated and the whole of Oribasius

extended and the whole of Paulus (of Ægina) amplified, if he would have all the special remedies of the old physicians, as well in pharmacy as in surgery, boiled down to a summa for all affections, he will find it in Ætius." No wonder that in recent years, with the growth of interest in the history of medicine, they have come to be looked upon as among the most distinguished representatives of our profession, worthy in every way of the honor and respect of their colleagues even in the long after time. Every physician rejoices at the professional brotherhood, but every Catholic who knows about them cannot fail to feel pride in the association with them as a member of the Church.

Think of men like Pope Gregory the Great, with a heart large enough to embrace the world, seeing the little English boys in the streets of Rome and asking about them and when told they were Angles, *Angli*, he said, "No, rather *angeli*, angels," and sent Augustine to convert their race. And then Venerable Bede and Charlemagne and King Alfred, Boniface the apostle of Germany, and Lanfranc and Anselm, foreigners by birth but least of all foreigners when they were the great archbishops of Canterbury, and Scotus Erigena, the greatest scholar of his century, and Bernard of Clairvaux, the most influential man of his time, and Hugh of Lincoln who built that great cathedral but did so many other things that show his greatness, with Thomas of Canterbury and Edmund of Canterbury as well as ever so many others that we may look upon as brother Catholics down the centuries. They themselves found their supremest (there is need of the double superlative)

satisfaction in the fact that they were members of the Church and that they had the happiness to persevere in adhesion to her until the end. There are literally hundreds of names of men that are forever famous and whose principal personal interest in life was their Catholicity.

Every now and then we Catholics are somewhat startled to find that those who are not of the household of the faith have enthusiastically wakened up to ardent interest in some of these brother Catholics of ours of the older time. We can scarcely help but be more than a little surprised to find how enthusiastic they become. The reason for that surprise of ours is that the subjects of their enthusiasm are so familiar to us as a rule that they have been in a certain sense household friends of ours since our younger years. As a matter of fact, there are so many of them who claim our attention that we can scarcely be ardently enthusiastic over anyone unless he is in some way a special patron.

It has been very interesting to note the growth of interest outside of the Church in recent years in the life of St. Francis of Assisi, but it has been still more interesting to note the air of discovery which our good friends not of the household of the faith have exhibited. They actually seem to think that we have never properly appreciated his greatness and that we needed to be jolted into due consideration so as to recognize what a man among men he was. As a matter of fact, St. Francis has been a favorite subject of admiration and reverence and something very much tenderer that may well be called love all down the centuries since his time.

Sometimes non-Catholics seem inclined to think that they have revealed these saints to us, but that is as much of a joke as it is to hear of certain German scholars who went so far in self-absorption as to think that no one ever quite appreciated Shakespeare until they discovered him in the nineteenth century and that his English compatriots had no proper esteem for their great poet.

Above all what astonishes us is that those outside of the Church do not come to appreciate at anything like their true value the alluring personal qualities of so many others of these saints of ours who forgot about themselves and thought only of others to such an eminent degree that the world will never willingly forget them. St. Francis of Assisi was a very charming character, but then who would say that he is any more appealing in his nature than St. Francis of Sales? It is hard for us, who have to look up so much to these giants in the spiritual life, to make comparisons that will be fair. Those who know even a little intimately the charm of character of the dear gentle bishop of Geneva, whose favorite maxim is said to have been that "it is ever so much easier to catch flies with a drop of honey than a barrel of vinegar," are prone to think of him as one of nature's noblemen refined to the highest degree by the spirit of Christianity. Once, when there was a discussion among friends in his presence as to what they would like to be doing at the moment of death, many of those present said they would like to be on their knees at prayer or just after the reception of the sacraments, or at some other extremely favorable moment of spiritual

exercise, but St. Francis of Sales said he would just as soon be playing the game of chess that he was at at the moment as doing anything else in the world. He did that because it was good for him to take recreation to enable him to do his work better and he had just as pure an intention of accomplishing God's will in that as in anything else.

No wonder that literally thousands of people in the diocese of Geneva became Catholics as a result of his ministrations. He had to hide from enemies often, or he would surely have lost his life, but that did not disturb his tranquillity and his gentleness of mind and heart, nor did it serve in any way to discourage his efforts, or cause him to prefer safety to the exercise of his zeal. Only the other day it seems, though it is now some years ago, Pope Pius XI, himself a bookman and a librarian, picked out St. Francis of Sales as the patron saint of the writers of the world. What a revolution would be worked in the printed word as it is presented to our generation, if St. Francis of Sales' kindly character would become impressed on the guild of writers. He laid the foundation of French classic prose, but felt that life was a poem to be lived beautifully rather than a theme to be written about.

It would be quite impossible to try to list all the names of distinguished men who are forever memorable in the history of the race for what they accomplished and yet whose highest satisfaction in life was that they were members of the Catholic Church. Take a man like Pope Innocent III. Virchow has attributed to him that wonderful development of care for the ailing poor which

took place during the thirteenth century. He came at the very apex of the power of the papacy. Kings held his stirrup when he mounted on horseback, and yet there is attributed to him the authorship of a book on contempt of the world *(De contemptu mundi)*. Over and over again men who have thought that they found in the career of Pope Innocent III the best proof of the unfortunate effect of churchmen having temporal power, have studied the life of Pope Innocent III only to become his most ardent admirers, and one of his biographers who began the study of the life of the great pope with the idea of revealing his unworthiness as a churchman actually was converted to Catholicity by his biographical researches.

Think of the great scholarly brothers that we Catholics feel we have in Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas. Albert is the only man who because of his scholarship has had the adjective "great" so inseparably attached to his name that most people think of it as his patronymic and not a mere epithet. Quite generally the words Albertus and Magnus are regarded as his Christian and family names, but Magnus, in spite of the capital letter with which it is spelled in English, is the Latin adjective "great," which is as inextricably attached to Albert's name as it is to that of the great emperor Charles in Charlemagne. When you know Albert's work you are not surprised. Quite literally every phase of knowledge was interesting to him. A dozen of immense scholarly tomes of more than half a million of words each were written by him. Huge as they were, they were copied over and over again until they became

diffused throughout Europe long before printing came and with it they were published in many editions. He was a profound philosopher and theologian, but he was also a penetrating psychologist. He studied dreams and many queer phases of mental activity, and scientists in these departments in the modern time declare that Albert knew more zoölogy and botany than anyone for the next three hundred years. Here is a great genius yet a lovely gentle character, a teacher devoted to his pupils who recognized very early the genius of Thomas Aquinas and proceeded to foster it very carefully. When those around him dubbed Aquinas, because of his heaviness and his habit of silently pondering over questions that were asked him, "the dumb ox," Albert declared that "the bellowings of that dumb ox would be heard throughout Europe." Here was a teacher with a penetrating acumen that enabled him to recognize under the most unlikely exterior the genius hidden within.

As for Aquinas, three men whose names begin with 'A,' Aristotle, Augustine and Aquinas, are sometimes said to have been possessed of the most penetrating intellects that have appeared in the whole history of humanity. Certainly these three men have more deeply influenced the thinking of mankind after their times than any others—and two of them are Catholics. It has often been said that Dante's Divine Comedy is only the Summa of Aquinas poetized. If the great thirteenth century philosopher had never done anything else except furnish the *materia prima* for Dante's great poem, that would have assured him immortality. It must not be forgotten that Aquinas himself has written three hymns

for the Office of the Blessed Sacrament, one at least of which is counted among the seven greatest hymns of all times. This philosopher and theologian was a poet at heart. No wonder that he could furnish material for such supremely great poetry as that of Dante.

Aquinas has, however, come to be the acknowledged leader in thought of the Christian world since his time. When Pope Leo XIII issued the decree requiring that Catholic philosophy should be taught so far as possible according to the mind of Aquinas, those who did not know the great Dominican were inclined to think that such a papal regulation was reactionary and would surely make the Catholic Church hopelessly backward in all that related to progressive thought about the great problems of life in the modern time.

Since then the storm of modernism has broken and there is better realization at the present time of how much need there was of attaching the religious thought of the world to a firm anchorage of profound reasoning if faith was not to suffer utter shipwreck. Aquinas has proved a magnificent anchor to windward under these circumstances, and while the Church continues to be thoroughly committed to the fundamental mysteries of Christianity, it is also in the position of teaching the reason for the faith that is in us, thus proving a safe harbor of peace of mind for scholars and particularly for scientists who want sincerely to believe in Christianity and who yet recognize how many difficulties there may be in their belief. For the intellectual classes who generation after generation find it hard to digest the new knowledge that is ever coming, Aquinas becomes the

philosophic guide who shows the basic logical significance of modern thought and its place in the order of wisdom better than any other.

There are brother Catholics of all kinds. It is indeed a privilege to feel brotherhood with Thomas à Kempis, whose little book has proved such a precious treasure for people ever since it was written nearly five hundred years ago. On the four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of à Kempis' death, Harvard was glad to spend a large sum of money in order to secure the best collection of books about à Kempis to be found anywhere in the world. That seemed a rather strange thing, for à Kempis was just a man who had lived a dozen of years in the world as a growing boy, whose mother kept a dame's school, and then seven or eight in the school of the monastery until he reached his majority or near it. Then religious vocation called him to become an Augustinian monk and he spent some seventy-one years in the confines of a monastery. He had probably not been outside of the monastery grounds for more than a comparatively brief interval all his life. Some five hundred years later the same sort of call came to Mendel, whose name is so familiar in the annals of modern science, and he too spent his life in an Augustinian monastery.

À Kempis' "Imitation of Christ" has been for these nearly five hundred years the most read book after the Scriptures, and altogether, it is said, that some seven thousand editions of it have been issued. It is an ever-recurring source of wonder that a man whose life was so scant in experience should have written a book with such a profound appeal to human nature. Surely this

man did not see life nor feel life as we think of it in the modern time. Why should his book attain such popularity? But it is not seeing life nor feeling life that counts, but thinking life, and Thomas à Kempis did that and so his little book lives on to be the precious treasure of those who think most about life and face the mystery of it most bravely. Such active practical men as Chinese Gordon, or Lord Russell of Killowen, or Field Marshal Lord Wolseley, such women as Edith Cavell or George Eliot, who belong to the heart of our own time, have found inspiration and consolation in its pages. Only a Catholic can enter into its meaning as it was intended by the dear old Augustinian. Faith is necessary.

But, on the other hand, a couple of centuries later there is another one of these wonderful men. His life was not one of retirement but of the most intense activity, and he did things that saved life and suffering for humanity in his time more than perhaps any other single man has ever done. St. Vincent de Paul was much more than the almoner of his time, though he saved literally many thousands of people from starvation and thousands of babies from mutilation and death. Besides he helped in the reform of the prisons, brought back to France the realization that galley slaves were men and must be treated as such, and wrote literally thousands of letters each year helping people of all kinds in the difficulties of soul so much more poignant than the trials of body. He left behind him a group of organizations that were to continue his work down to our own day. His Vincentians are doing wonderful work on the

missions, but also in colleges and universities, while the Sisters of Charity established by him are to be found all over the world taking care of every need of humanity. If as an infant your mother does not want you or cannot care for you, these Sisters will take you as a foundling. If your parents are dead or incompetent, they will raise you as an orphan. They have hospitals for the young and old, as well as sanatoriums for the tuberculous. There are some of them caring for the lepers in various places, but also guarding the insane in asylums that are models of humanitarian purpose,—all under the inspiration of their wise and provident father and founder, St. Vincent de Paul, some three hundred years after his time.

Not all the distinguished Catholics whom one may well be proud to count among the brothers of the faith have been in honor in their own time. Savonarola is a striking example. After having influenced Florence at a time when it was deeply cultured, more profoundly than any other city has ever been influenced, Savonarola experienced the fickleness of the mob and met with death on the scaffold. Undoubtedly the ecclesiastics of the time had much to do with Savonarola's sad end, and yet one of the most scholarly of the popes since Savonarola's time, the great Pope Benedict XIV, once declared that one of the first people whom he hoped to meet in heaven when he got there was Savonarola and one of the mysteries the unravelment of which would add to his personal happiness there, would be that of the fate of the Florentine Dominican whose story has attracted so much attention from the most intellectual of mankind since his time.

III.

The Church and Genius

IN the early sixteenth century there were two such wonderful men as Sir Thomas More and Erasmus. Sir Thomas More is one of the most genial characters that ever lived. His "Utopia" shows an understanding of human nature that has very seldom been equalled and perhaps never excelled. He was the first of the lay Lord Chancellors of England, but perhaps the greatest of them all though the picked men of England have sat on that woolsack. He was one of the kindliest of men as his relations with his family and friends make very clear. He was one of the most serious of mortals and yet he had an exquisite sense of humor. He went to his death for an idea though he might have lived in comfort and honor by a few words. He forgave his judges and said he hoped to meet them in heaven and went to his martyrdom at their hands with a jest on his lips. He was the only Lord Chancellor to clear the docket of the court of chancery and when he is contrasted with his successors, as Lord Campbell in his "Lives of the Lord Chancellors" has pointed out, he stands so far above them as to be almost unapproachable. Here is one of humanity's most wonderful products, a kindly, intellectual genius, thoughtful of others, forgetful of himself, ready to do duty as he saw it no matter what it cost. Take him all in all, the world has

never quite looked upon his like. He is one of the proud boasts of the Church, one of the men she has proclaimed saints.

Beside him in that great century is his intimate personal friend Erasmus. Indeed it is very doubtful whether most of us would quite forgive Erasmus for some of the bitterness of his deprecation of fellow mortals only that all his life Sir Thomas More continued to be a friend. To have been a friend of the great Lord Chancellor is of itself an *apologia pro vita* that makes even Erasmus acceptable. Erasmus is a modern of the moderns, though he died (1536) only a year or two after Sir Thomas More. He had a biting wit that could almost draw blood. The fact that he and Sir Thomas More got on so well together is the best possible proof of their mutual humanity and depth of character. The recent life of Erasmus by Dr. Mangan is rather hard on him. Cardinal Gasquet, in his sympathetic study of him in his "Eve of the Reformation," represents more nearly what one would expect to find in the life-long friend of Sir Thomas More. St. Ignatius Loyola did not like him, but then that is what one would expect from the high seriousness of that knightly Spanish hidalgo.

Wit and satire seemed to Erasmus the best instruments to arouse the attention of the churchmen of his period to the need for reform. In using these instruments he was careless of their effect. All his life he was a neurotic and had the usual tendency to exaggeration that so commonly exists in such people. This was particularly noticeable in his younger years. Undoubtedly much of what he said must be taken with a good many grains

of salt and he had the unfortunate tendency of the satirist always to make things worse than they were so as to produce effects. In spite of this, Erasmus did not get into serious trouble with the Church authorities. So far was his sometimes unjustifiable satire from bringing down that condign persecution on his head which so many would think almost inevitable at that time, that two years before his death Pope Hadrian VI, who was himself a Hollander and who therefore knew the character and the effect of Erasmus' writings better almost than any other of that day, offered to make him a cardinal. Erasmus did not consider that his health would permit him to accept the dignity. He had always been of rather delicate constitution, or at least he imagined he was, and his health was ever one of the principal sources of his solicitude. Such people often get into trouble because of their jaundiced way of looking at the world from a merely physical standpoint. When death came to him two years after his refusal of the cardinal's hat, Erasmus died in the most admirable sentiments of piety and a firm adhesion to the Church and was buried with all the rites of the Church. The whirligig of time had its revenge on him for his exaggerations at the end. Dr. Mangan, his recent biographer, writes of his death:

"Fate overtook him at Basle whence all the clergy had been banished and he was buried in its cold cathedral, whose very altar had been removed and every single vestige had been eradicated of that Faith which has comforted the hearts and satisfied the spiritual longings of so many countless generations of Christians."

What a contrast he was with Thomas à Kempis,

though they were both students of the Brethren of the Common Life. Thomas à Kempis lived at Zwölle, one of the very monasteries at which Erasmus launched the keen shafts of his scholar's scorn. There could surely be no better index of the exaggeration of Erasmus' satire than à Kempis' presence in the monastery not so long before. "The Imitation of Christ" has been taken as the guide of life by countless thousands who have never heard of Erasmus. The proud scholar is unknown except to the specially educated, while the humble monk who sought in his writings only the service of God without a thought of their literary value, is familiar to the world and is immortal. There was room in the old Church for both of them, and there has always been room for all sorts of contradictory characters of all kinds, provided only they did not take themselves too seriously and provided they did not think that they knew it all and that no one else knew anything worth while talking about. (See chapter "A Catholic Looks at Freedom of the Spirit.")

During the Renaissance there are three men who stand out not alone as scholars and knowers of what men had done but who were doers of great things as almost no others had ever been in the history of humanity. They were Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo. Ordinarily we are accustomed to think of Raphael as just a painter, a supremely great painter it is true, one of the greatest who ever lived, but just a painter of Madonnas and saints and of certain phases of the life of the Lord. But Raphael was much more than this. He was an architect to whom for a time was en-

trusted the direction of the work at St. Peter's in Rome. He was an archeologist thought to know more about the significance of excavations in Rome than anyone else in his day. Above all he was an historical painter. It has been said that his great pictures in the *Camera de la Segnatura* in the Vatican, that is, the supreme court room of the papal curia, represent the finest condensations of the meaning of great human lives ever made. The collection itself is the result of the most serious study and scholarly selection. The faces of the portraits tell the story of the intellectual accomplishment of the men. The men selected, as suggested by Professor Krauss of Munich in his chapter on "Medicean Rome" in the second volume of the "Cambridge Modern History," "represent the aspirations of the soul of man in each of its faculties." Here is man at his best, not merely as a higher animal but as something only a little lower than the angels.

Contemporary with Raphael was Leonardo da Vinci who must be considered as one of the supreme geniuses of all time. His Mona Lisa is one of the world's greatest portraits and has been the subject of devoted study by poets and artists and critics all down the ages. His Last Supper is sometimes said to show the careers of the apostles in their faces. His Madonna of the Rocks is one of the most charming pictures ever made. And yet this man did not think of himself as a painter nor as a sculptor, though he once beat Michelangelo in a competition in sculpture, but as an engineer. He invented locks for canals and coffer dams for the building of masonry under water, cast artillery, studied the prob-

lems of aviation and made a series of sketches that show him as the greatest anatomist of his time and a serious rival of the father of anatomy, Vesalius. When he came to die he left a legacy for Masses for his soul. This was the custom of the time and might very well be considered only a gesture of conventional adhesion to contemporary customs. Besides this, however, he left a sum of money for candles to be burned at the shrine of the Blessed Virgin in the little village where he had been raised as a boy and where he had often prayed. At the end of life, when past seventy, the faith of his childhood was still precious to him and he reverted to something of the boyish tenderness of his devotion to our Lady by having candles burned for his intention. After knowing that, it is easier to understand the marvelously beautiful Madonnas that he painted. They express his faith and devotion.

The third of these great men of the Renaissance time is Michelangelo. Great as was Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo is greater and it is probable that he must be considered one of the half dozen greatest men who ever lived and high among them. He is the greatest of the sculptors since the time of the Greeks, he is perhaps the greatest architect who ever lived, he is the greatest decorative artist of all time and he has written sonnets that have only been equalled by Dante and Shakespeare and have never been excelled by anyone. Sculptor, architect, painter, poet—and supreme in all these. This is the size of a man. We do not have to take anyone's word for his achievement, for between his Moses and the dome of St. Peter's and the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel and his

sonnets, we have the very definite evidence for his greatness before us. He built that dome without any steam or steel or machinery of any kind. He did not, like the modern architect, have contractors to whom he could give orders and they would execute them. When his workmen came to a place where they could go no further he had to step in and show them how to do it. Here is a great practical genius who yet knew the reasons for the art that was in him and could write about it as few men have ever been able to do. To him we owe the great maxim, "Trifles make perfection but perfection is no trifle."

Yet very probably Michelangelo's faith is one of his greatest traits. At the age of seventy-five, writing to his grandnephew, Leonardo, with regard to marriage, this old bachelor wrote: "Recommend thyself to God that He may aid thee." In the midst of the laborious tasks they imposed on him because of his genius, he once said to Pope Paul III, "If these fatigues which I endure do not benefit my soul, I lose both time and labor." In one of his sonnets written to the Crucified Christ, he begs pardon of his crucified God if he has ever gloried too much in his own work, instead of referring the glory of it to the God Who had given him the talent to perform it. When we look around us and see the little whippersnappers who glory over their trifles of accomplishment, and then realize that this greatest of sculptors, architects, painters and poets is begging pardon of his God for any excessive self-satisfaction that he may have had in his talents, it is indeed a joke that has tears in it. When Michelangelo came to die he said, "I give

my soul to God, my body to the earth and my worldly possessions to my nearest of kin charging them through life to remember the sufferings of Jesus Christ." He left the Church as an alternative heir on condition that the "income (of anything that remained) was to be given for the love of God to the modest poor."

These are brothers in the faith indeed of whom one may well be proud. When attention is called to the narrowness of the single-track-mind men with a little play of logic and power of inference, or writers of stories that see only the worse side of humanity, forgetting how much of glorious there is in this man of clay beyond what they see, and then think in contrast of men who had all the precious qualities of the greatest creative intelligence and with it all retained their faith, the petty rationalist of the modern time who thinks he knows it all because he knows a little of modern science that may be all contradicted by some chance discoveries made next year, is seen in his true light, and we get the proper background on which to see the meaning of faith and the practice of religion. What was good enough for men like Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo surely must be good enough for anyone who wants to have the feeling that he is looking at life not from some narrow viewpoint, but with the breadth of vision, so far as he can borrow it, of the men who were real seers in art and poetry because they saw so much more than the rest of us. It is the creative geniuses among mankind who can tell us most and best about the worship of the Creator.

It is something indeed to be able to feel brotherhood

with men of this kind, and yet any Catholic surely has that privilege, for these men were Catholics to the very heart of them. There were plenty more of them about this same time. Take two such great poets as Tasso and Camoens. They died within a dozen years of each other almost at the extremities of the Western Mediterranean littoral, but one had written the most read poem for two centuries in Europe, probably indeed the most read book, "Jerusalem Delivered," and the other had written what German and French critics have hailed as the greatest epic of modern times. Both of them found in the midst of trial and misfortune their supreme consolation in their religion and their last resource in a religious order. Camoens was almost dying of starvation when he was cared for by the monks at St. Anne's during his last days, and it was they who erected the tablet to his memory in the church of the monastery bearing the memorable inscription, "he was poor and neglected and died so." Some twenty years later the French ambassador to Spain, instructed by his government to inquire about another man well worthy of a place between these two great poets, reported that Cervantes, the author of Don Quixote, was "poor and in need but a gentleman." At the end the Franciscans cared for him, too, and at his own request he was buried in their habit. Tasso found a refuge in the monastery of St. Onofrio at Rome and had his consolation looking out over the Eternal City from beneath the oak called by his name whence he could see those seven hills of Rome on which so much of the world's activities had been concentrated.

There was a group of wonderful men alive in that

classical period in France, and all of them were Catholics and most of them eminently devoted in their attachment to the Church. It is fairly astounding to go over a list of the printed material that appeared in that period in connection with Bossuet's work. The catalogue of books and articles published in comment on or in opposition to Bossuet's writings makes a huge volume of bibliography by itself. The man was a leader in thought for his time and provocative to the last degree, but this great thinker, writer and orator was a great Catholic churchman and a magnificent bishop. Those who are inclined to blame him for something very like harshness in relation to Fenelon need to know more about the conditions that had developed. Many scholars have come to realize after further study of that situation that though Fenelon still must be looked up to as the lovable character that he ever was, Bossuet was rather thoroughly justified in the position that he took. The eagle of Meaux remains for all time one of the supreme intelligences of humanity, yet an ardent faithful Catholic withal.

Fenelon has been the favorite reading of ever so many men not in France alone but wherever there is real culture. He is one of the favorite characters of history, loved as well as admired. There is no doubt at all about his literary genius, and one of the striking summary critiques of Voltaire that doubtless will endure so long as this stage of civilization lasts is that "Telemachus is a great Greek poem in French prose." The task of trying to teach a prospective king his duty was not easy, but surely no one has ever accomplished it better than

Fenelon. And in doing it he gave as a free gift to the world the delightful history of Telemachus which so many young men without any prospect of kingship ahead of them have read with pleasure and profit. While writing it, Fenelon long anticipated many ideas that we in the modern time have reached with the feeling that only in our stage of civilization could they have come to overt expression. He made it very clear to the young prince that kings were not made for subjects but subjects were made for kings. He did not hesitate to denounce war as always an evil, and he preached the doctrine of pacifism and the fraternity of nations when such ideas must have seemed idealistic to the last degree. When there was question of the heretical tendency of some of his teaching with regard to prayer, Pope Innocent said of him that his only fault was that he loved God too much. He was an eminently lovable character, and down the centuries since, men who did not know him personally have learned to admire him cordially. He was a broad yet deeply educated scholar. D'Aguesseau, the distinguished French lawyer, said of his scholarship, "It rested so easily on him that he seemed to have invented the sciences rather than learned them." With all this he was an exemplary bishop and his relations to his flock and his priests were ideal in many ways, and yet he was an eminently practical man and successful prelate so far as the management of his diocese was concerned.

Above all in this classical period in France there was that original genius of the highest order, Pascal. He had some of the aberrations of genius, but few intellects in mankind have been so penetrating or have been so finely

capable of going beyond the known into the realm of the unknown as this French mathematician and physicist. His studies in conic sections and in the infinitesimal calculus brought new and distinct developments to mathematics. His quadrature of the cycloid curve gave a new impetus to the solution of mathematical problems. His studies in the theory of probabilities opened up a new field in mathematics. If he had done nothing else in physics except point out that the column of mercury decreased when it was carried up to a height and therefore demonstrated the weight of the air and furnished a means of measuring heights, that, would have been a notable discovery. The principle was to have its most useful application only after the most modern of developments, aviation, came into being. Our aviators would be lost without the barograph which owed its initial invention to Pascal. More even than what he did, however, is what was suggested by Pascal. As Professor Chrystal, professor of mathematics at Edinburgh, said, "We can still point to much in exact science that is absolutely his; and we can indicate infinitely more which is due to his inspiration."

Pascal saw, if anyone, the opposition that there might be conjured up between faith and science, for he had been intensely interested in the religious discussions in France at that time. All the difficulties must have been clearly before him yet the doubts were overcome by faith. He found a satisfactory compromise possible between the warring elements in the intellectual understanding of the universe. Mysteries inevitably remained. If even a genius human intelligence could understand

all about God, then God would not be God but something ever so much less. Pascal's research work placed him so clearly in the presence of how little we know and how much there is that we would like to know even with regard to merely natural things, that the acceptance of divine mysteries became easy for him. He was not only able to make a concordat with himself that kept him in the Church, but after all the discussion we have had with regard to his *Pensées*, it now seems very clear that he was devoting himself during his later years to the task of working out the reconciliation of science and faith from the high plane of a great mathematical genius with a wonderful power of reasoning and a still more interesting faculty of penetrating the meaning of things and seeing through the dark problems that surround us. Unfortunately illness did not permit him to finish the work that he planned and even impaired seriously not a little of what he committed to paper while carrying out at least the preliminaries of his task, but he left a monument of philosophic apologetics. And he did all this though he died when he was but thirty-nine.

The Catholic Church is often said to be narrow, but surely only by those who do not know her ways from intimate association. I wonder if it would be possible to think of any three men in the history of the race with talent or even genius of the highest order who are so different from one another as Bossuet, Fenelon and Pascal. And yet all three of them not only remained in the bosom of the Church but made it their principal duty in life to help others to the understanding of her.

For none of them was life in the Church just one long sweet song. There were difficulties and trials, but then that was what was promised to the disciples because it had come to their Master. Would any of them have wished to be different from the Master? Life was not easy for them, but then what they looked to was not happiness here below but such sacrifice as would tone personality and bring out for them the place of the supernatural in life. A Church that is broad enough to hold in its fold men like these cannot but have an appeal to what is highest and most profound in human nature. Surely it would not have served to be the nursing mother of faith to intellectuals of this calibre if it had been merely man-made and man-directed.

The author of a recent popular novel dealing mainly with religious conditions in this country puts this expression among the notes of one of his ministerial characters who has been wandering from pillar to post in his search for religious truth:

"The Roman Catholic Church is superior to the militant Protestant Church. It does not compel you to give up your sense of beauty, your sense of humor or your pleasant vices. It merely requires you to give up your honesty, your reason, your heart and soul."

It is rather interesting to place this paragraph at the end of this chapter "A Catholic Looks at His Brothers in the Faith" and to go over the list of men from the great Fathers of the Church down to our own time who have found their consolation and their satisfaction in the Roman Catholic Church.

Think of Michelangelo or Cervantes or Camoens or

Montaigne or our own Dryden, with the towering intellects and the knowledge of men and of human nature that they possessed, feeling that they had to give up their honesty and their reason, their heart and their soul, in order to belong to the Catholic Church. These are but five out of scores of geniuses in literature and science who might be mentioned as others have been in various chapters of this book.

It is this story of the brothers, and I may also say the sisters, that a Catholic can look at with pride down the ages that constitutes one of the surest sources of confirmation in the faith that a man can have. In comparison with these our intellects are so small that there is literally no comparison that can be made and yet these men found satisfaction in the Church for their hearts and their souls, for their minds and above all for their wills.

If it would seem as though these men of the older time, without our knowledge of science and the magnificent developments that have come in connection with our advance in science, might very well have continued in their faith though that would be quite impossible to any thinking man of the modern time, we might remind our modern popular novelist of some of the great scientists of our generation who have found no difficulty in their adhesion to the Church. Indeed, some of them have found that adhesion their greatest source of consolation in life. Think of the penetrating genius of Abbot Mendel who made his ten thousand observations on pea plants and then worked out the laws of heredity a full generation before the rest of the world got around

to appreciate in any way the productive ideas that he was occupied with. Think of using the expression with regard to him that his Church required him to give up his honesty, his reason, his heart and his soul. Think of something of the same thing being said of Pasteur, whose discoveries saved more lives than those of any other who ever lived. When they chose him a member of the French Academy, in his address of initiation he made his confession of faith. He lies buried beside his wife in a little chapel underneath the main door of the Pasteur Institute where by his request Mass is said regularly for their souls.

But a dozen other names might be mentioned of men who accomplished great work for us in science and who manifestly had intellectual faculties of the highest order and yet found solace in their submission to Catholicity and the practice of their religion. Two of the most distinguished surgeons in the English speaking world have declared that Dr. John B. Murphy of Chicago was probably the greatest teacher of surgery and the greatest surgeon of the last three hundred years. In certain ways he did more for surgery than any other in all that time, and yet presumedly his attachment to Catholicity would mean that he had to give up his intelligence, that is of course if our popular novelist were to be taken at anything like the literal value of his words. The Catholic can retain not only his sense of humor but his reasoning powers to the last degree. All that he is asked to do is to suppress his conceit of knowledge some and wait until he is absolutely sure that what he has is truth and not one of the many guesses at truth. If he does this, he can

be quite certain of no interference from his Church, but on the contrary he will be hailed as a worthy son of the Church for the successful research work that he has accomplished.

It would be easy to think that while the Church had an appeal to intellectual men in the older time, this was no longer true because things had changed very much and the gradual diffusion of the knowledge of science had made it impossible for thinking men to submit to it. Anyone who will look around at the men of distinction of the twentieth century where they have had opportunities for reasonable freedom of mind with regard to the Church, is not likely to think so. Over in France such distinguished thinkers as Ferdinand Brunetière, the editor of *La Revue de Deux Mondes* for many years and that most distinctive of French literary men, François Coppée, after having been out of the Church for a while during their middle years, in the maturity of their intellectual powers came back to the Church. There is at the present time a very distinguished group of members of the French Academy who are faithful Catholics not only by conviction but by the devoted practice of their religion. Such men as Péguy during the war and Paul Claudel are striking examples of men for whom the Church at the present day has the highest possible appeal. During the war, when tried in the fire of suffering and sympathy, the intellectual classes in France who had been neglectful of religion came back to the Church in large numbers.

It is doubtful if there are any more distinguished thinkers in the England of our day than Gilbert Chester-

ton and Hilaire Belloc. Chesterton until his conversion was looked upon by all the highly educated reading public in England as the most stimulating of present day writers. Since his conversion to Catholicity some of his former enthusiastic readers and admirers have proceeded to develop the feeling that there was not so much behind his paradoxes after all, since otherwise he would not let himself be taken in by what they in their prejudice are very likely to think of as the impossible Catholic Church. Anglican clergymen particularly are prone to regret former praise of Chesterton, but then that is part of their daily work. Belloc is probably the most logical thinker of wide reading and abounding information to be found anywhere in the world at the present day. He has recently "made a hare" of H. G. Wells, to use the Irish expression, in the sense of having driven him to cover, and he has convicted the late president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science of not reading the latest editions of scientific works and therefore leaving himself open to the imputation of being behind the times in his scientific information.

The conversion of Papini and his open-hearted endeavor to expiate some of his former lapses from rectitude by writing the life of Christ, is a typical example of the refuge that the Church proves to be to men of genius when once their hearts get into the right path. It would remind one of the conversion of Huysmans at the end of the nineteenth century and his endeavor to expiate some of his literary faults by books like "*La Cathedral*" or his descriptions of monastic life. He re-

tired to a monastery and found peace and satisfaction. When everything is rosy in life then the Catholic Church may fail in its appeal, but when trials come into life, when money and health and friends fail, then the Church is a very alluring mother to come to in order to find consolation. There would be no need of religion if life were one long sweet song and if there were no such thing as suffering and disappointment. But the only solution for the mystery of suffering is that there is another life than this and that the Church must guide us along the path that leads to that other life.

CHAPTER VI.

A Catholic Looks at His Sisters in the Faith

FROM a social standpoint very probably the most heartening chapter in the account of a Catholic's outlook upon life is that which concerns women and the place which they came to occupy in history under Catholic influences. From the earliest days of primitive Christianity women have been looked up to as having a very special function and exerting a very special influence in Church affairs. While Christ was dying on the cross He said to His disciple John, the only one of His followers besides His Mother who had dared to bear his Master company to the foot of the cross and who therefore at the moment represented the Church, "Son, Behold thy Mother," and to Mary, "Behold thy son." From that moment only second to Christ Himself in the estimation of Christ's disciples was His Mother. Through her, women came to occupy a place in life very different from that which they occupied before.

I.

Women in Early Christianity

CHRISTIANITY, it must not be forgotten, had its origin in the East and very naturally came under Oriental influences and the women of the Orient at this time, I need scarcely say, did not enjoy many privileges; nor was there much thought of providing an opportunity for the development of their intelligence as a rule nor for the employment of their faculties to such advantage as would afford them satisfaction in life and at the same time enable them to do good to those around them. They had been practically limited to the exertion of their influence in the home circle, but now a great change came over the scene, and women came to occupy an important place not only in the good works but in the counsels of Christianity. If Christianity had accomplished nothing else but this, it would have represented a revolution in things as they were in the East.

Deaconesses became important instruments in the service of the Church, pious widows were recruited for the accomplishment of works of all kinds, anticipating ever so much of what we now call social service, and in general women rose to a level of equality with men in opportunity in many ways so far as the social conditions of the time would permit. The influence of Christianity was all engaged in the direction of affording

women intellectual, spiritual and social opportunities. St. Paul may have expressed many ideas emphasizing the necessity for women occupying a subordinate place in the Church, but even he employed Phoebe in social service and has expressed his gratitude to pious Christian women on a number of occasions.

Opportunities for women were sadly hampered by the persecutions of the Christians, but just as soon as the Church came out of the catacombs after Constantine's edict afforded the opportunity for free development, things became very different. The relations of the Fathers of the Church, both Greek and Latin, to the women of the time afford the best possible evidence of the opportunities that women had for their development at this period. Augustine's reference to his mother, Basil's to his sister, and also to a number of others among his female relatives, Jerome's well-known expressions with regard to the education of women and his employment of Paula and Eustochium to help him in the translation of the Scriptures that we know as the Vulgate, as well as his high praise of Fabiola for her hospital work and care of the ailing poor, make it very clear that women were now occupying very different positions from that which had been accorded to them under paganism, even when the comparison is made bearing in mind all the freedom that was granted to Roman women.

The organization of the Church of the Household in the home of Marcella, that descendant of the old Roman patricians, shows that the Church was already anticipating the idea of a woman's club as an auxiliary

in its work. When the great Greek father of the Church, Athanasius, was banished from his Oriental diocese and lived for a time at Rome in exile, he found in this Catholic woman's club on the Aventine a solace and an opportunity. He and St. Jerome seem to have given lectures on various Christian subjects very much in the same way that women's clubs have them at the present time. That may seem a far-fetched comparison, but anyone who will read the account of this group of Christian women who under the influence of Marcella met at her house, will realize that here indeed was an institution that would not have been possible under any circumstances except those which had developed as a consequence of the presence of Christian influence in the world. It is easy to understand that these women who were social leaders and descendants of the oldest Roman families must have added greatly to the prestige of the Church and attracted a great deal of attention to it.

And yet it is this Church of the Household, as Marcella's house, with its assemblage of women for attendance at church ceremonies but also for the discussion of the social and philosophic problems of Christianity, was called, that gave birth to the first convent. Amelia Geer Mason in her volume, "Woman in the Golden Age,"* pointed out the close connection that there was between Marcella's work in Rome and that of Paula and Eustochium who founded the first convent for women in Bethlehem. The more one knows of Marcella's work, the more one recognizes its sim-

*New York, The Century Company, 1901.

ilarity to what is called a club for women, and ordinarily women's clubs are not expected to be the developers of convents or the inspirers of vocations to the religious life. And yet this is what Marcella's home as a great centre of Christian influence in Rome among women of the highest social rank proved to be. It attracted descendants not only of the old Marcellus family but also of the Fabii, of the Gracchi, relatives of the Caesars, descendants of the Brutuses and the Catos. They were deeply intent on caring for the poor and the ailing, and yet still more intent on making themselves as far as possible perfect Christians.

II.

Medieval Nunneries

ROME was doomed, however, to fulfill the destiny of being overrun by the barbarians and the old order had to change to the new. The first sign of that new order was the foundation as we have said of the monks of the west by St. Benedict. It is interesting to realize then that when St. Benedict was engaged in this work that was to mean so much for the future of Europe, his sister, St. Scholastica, was doing for the women what her brother was doing for the men. Benedict found that there were a great many men who wanted to find a place of peace where they could seek their own souls and live an intellectual and spiritual life not obsessed by the things of the body. The result was the foundation of a monastic order that accomplished so much for the saving of European civilization and the preservation of the classics for us.

St. Scholastica's Benedictine nunneries became just as potent institutions as her brother's Benedictine monasteries in all that made for the intellectual and spiritual life for women. It is only in recent years that the real significance of these Benedictine nunneries has come to be recognized, but it is interesting to realize that some modern women like Miss Lena Eckenstein, or Mrs. Emily James Putnam, after devoting themselves to the study of medieval nunneries, came to the conclusion

that they represented magnificent opportunities for women to develop mind and heart for their own benefit and that of the world around them.

After all it must not be forgotten that a certain number of women do not feel the call to become wives and mothers. What St. Teresa of Spain, the great St. Teresa as she is called in contradistinction to the little St. Therese of France, said, has a strong appeal to a certain number of women. The Spanish foundress of the discalced Carmelites declared, "I do not mind obedience but I would not like to have to obey one man all my life." Some women inevitably feel the narrow circle of the household confining for them. For these women the Catholic Church found a place in which they could attain the satisfaction of their aspirations or even in a certain very definite way the opportunity to fulfill their ambition apart from matrimony. Most of these women would have found the bonds of matrimony rather galling and they had talents that enabled them to accomplish higher things than would be possible in household conditions. As the superiors and directing influences of religious houses they had opportunities that were ample. At the same time a certain number of men who might have been tempted into marrying them, for they were often attractive, were saved from the managing feminine talents which would have made their husbands such eminently secondary factors in family life. While the chances for happiness in marriage were increased, feminine opportunities for development were greatly multiplied.

Under the monastic system there were a whole series

of women who reached distinction. Shortly before St. Benedict founded his monastery and St. Scholastica her nunnery, St. Patrick began the conversion of Ireland and when he founded his great school at Armagh and encouraged the foundation of others in various parts of Ireland, St. Bridget with his coöperation and patronage proceeded to afford opportunities for women at Kildare such as their brothers might procure elsewhere. Anyone who reads the account, by Gerald Barry, the Welshman, —who does not readily find it in his heart to say anything laudatory of the Irish,—of the beautiful things he saw at Kildare, will easily appreciate how much was accomplished in this great centre for feminine education. The attitude of the Church toward the subject of education for women was very well illustrated by the fact that the medieval abbesses of Kildare, though they had nothing to say directly in the election of the bishop of Kildare, had the right of veto if a candidate should be nominated for the position who might possibly be out of sympathy with the fine work for feminine education and development of mind and heart that was being carried on in connection with Bridget's foundation. Archbishop Healy, himself rather jealous of episcopal rights in our day, has after faithful research, confirmed this tradition with regard to the right of veto possessed by the abbesses of Kildare. These women were granted a place in the life of the time that was worthy of the genius that distinctive women possessed.

The most interesting phase of feminine education in Ireland was that, in connection with the nunnery at Kildare, there was a monastery for the housing of a few

priests who said Mass and officiated sacerdotally for the community. Probably they did some of the teaching in the nunnery as so many chaplains do at the present time in connection with academies and colleges. The priests, who were religious bound in some way by special ties, were under the obedience of the abbess. This seems a particularly strange arrangement in Ireland, but it has been suggested that it was above all under Irish traditions that the possibility of this state of monastic affairs could be actualized.

There were other examples of this same arrangement. When the Irish monks converted Northumbria and spread their missions farther down into England until they became the apostles of Christianity in England, a nunnery was founded at what is now known as Whitby —though that was the Danish name and at the time of its foundation the place was called Stroenshalh—and the abbess, Hilda, was the superior not only of the nuns but also of a group of monks who were attached to the nunnery. This was in accordance with the Irish tradition and it is the Irish monastic customs that led to such a foundation. After all, while Augustine is, or rather used to be hailed as the apostle of England, it is now well known that he is the apostle only of Kent and most of the rest of England was converted to Christianity by the Irish monks under St. Aidan. It is not surprising then that the customs of the Irish Church were brought over across the seas and found a home in England.

St. Hilda herself, the head of this nunnery and monastery, was one of these wonderful women who

developed under the monastic system of the Christian Church. It was she to whom Cædmon, the well-known English poet of Creation, was brought the morning after he had dreamed that on being invited to sing he had sung the song of creation and remembered some of the verses that came to him in his dream. Hilda recognized at once that this was great poetry, though it might have been very easy to fail to recognize it since it could have seemed scarcely more than a paraphrase of the Scriptures. It was she that afforded Cædmon the opportunity to learn to read and write, for up to this time, in spite of his flight into poetry, though only in his dream, he was not literate—but then neither was Homer, which is an interesting reflection on literacy. That too might have told seriously against the possibility of his poem having any significance in the mind of a woman less broad and less capable of critical judgment than was Hilda. Cædmon's great poem was to influence Milton later on and prove a stimulus to the production of "Paradise Lost," and we owe to a woman's intuitive critical faculty the first great contribution to English literature.

One of the distinguished women of these medieval convents came in the tenth century, which is usually considered to have been the darkest of the centuries. It is sometimes said that the educated folk of the world had about made up their minds that the world was coming to an end in the year 1,000 and therefore they neglected worldly accomplishments. It was during this period, however, that a nun named Hroswitha in one of the convents along the Rhine wrote a series of what she

called comedies. She thought she was writing them more or less in imitation of Terence and says so in her preface, and she thought that the reading of the works of Terence had been a source of disedification and she hoped to supply material for monastic reading that would be less dangerous. While her plays are called comedies, the reason for that was that they all end happily because they end in martyrdom. It can be expected that everyone will live happily after that because life is in heaven. The plays were evidently meant to be read rather than acted though there are some portions of them that would seem to have been meant for acting since they contain farcical elements that would be comparatively little appreciated on mere reading.

Only that Hroswitha's comedies have been preserved for us, no one would have believed it possible for a Benedictine nun of a thousand years ago to have written anything like this. The comedies were discovered early in the history of printing because there were a number of manuscripts of them, and were published by Conrad Celtes, the great German Renaissance scholar, and very appropriately dedicated five hundred years after their writing to another great Benedictine nun, Charitas Perkheimer, abbess of Nuremburg, the friend of so many of the great classical scholars of the German Quatrocento through her brother Willibald. Hroswitha's comedies furnish a revelation of the interest of these Benedictine nuns and the cultivation of the intellectual life that there must have been in the nunneries and monasteries of this time, though sometimes this same century is considered to be almost the darkest of the dark ages. Many of the

members of these nunneries were thoroughly respected by the ecclesiastical and secular rulers, their opinions were often asked on important problems, and they were consulted with regard to the tendencies of the times.

One of these great women of the nunneries in the Middle Ages was St. Hildegarde. She belonged to the nobility and was educated from the age of eight at the Benedictine cloister of Disibodenberg and entered the order there remaining until she was nearly fifty. She had been elected the abbess of the community and her rule attracted so much attention that the convent became overcrowded. With eighteen of her nuns Hildegarde withdrew to a new convent at Ruprechtsberg. American travelers along the Rhine will remember the place because it is not far from Bingen on the Rhine, famous because of Mrs. Hemans' sentimental poem. For the next thirty years Hildegarde continued to be one of the most influential women in Europe. St. Bernard of Clairvaux, who probably exerted more influence than any other on the men of his time, came to know Hildegarde personally about the time she became abbess and he continued to correspond with her for years afterwards. Four popes, including Eugenius III, Bernard's distinguished pupil, to whose attention Bernard had recommended her, Adrian IV, the only Englishman who ever sat on the papal throne and Alexander III, one of the great popes of this great time, corresponded with her. She was also in correspondence with the Emperors Conrad and Frederick I. Any number of distinguished men and women of her time, cardinals, archbishops, scholarly religious from all over Europe, wrote

to Hildegarde asking her advice and placing their difficulties before her.

She wrote two books that give her a place in the history of science and she discussed a great many of the questions in physiology and medicine that have attracted attention since. Reuss, the editor of Hildegarde's works, in Migne's *"Patrologia,"* for she has been accorded a place in this great collection of the writings of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, said: "It is certain that St. Hildegarde knew many things that were unknown to physicians of her time." One might be inclined to think that this was just the partial expression of an enthusiastic admirer of Hildegarde and her time, but the leading article in the volume, "Studies in the History and Method of Science," published by the Clarendon Press, Oxford (1917), has for subject "The Scientific Views and Visions of St. Hildegarde." Dr. Charles Singer, the writer of it, devoted nearly sixty pages of a large quarto volume to the consideration of St. Hildegarde and her place in science which he feels had been largely neglected up to this time. Writers with regard to her have as a rule devoted themselves to the other phases of Hildegarde's interests and her influential place in the world of her time.

How broad were the interests of these medieval nuns, is illustrated very well by the Catalog of the Library of Syon Monastery, Isleworth, England, which was edited by Mary Bateson, associate and lecturer in Newnham College, Cambridge, about twenty years ago. The latest entries in that catalog are 1526, but it includes nearly 250 commentaries on the Old and New Testament,

some 58 dictionaries, 50 works on philosophy with over 100 commentaries on the Sentences,—that would be scholasticism; 77 volumes of the classics, 55 on medicine and astrology, 65 on history, 121 lives of the saints, 88 Fathers and other devotional books up to nearly 1500 altogether in number. Even this does not include all the works, because in many cases two or more authors were bound together. This was the convent of the Bridgettines founded by St. Bridget of Sweden and introduced into England when a Swedish princess married an English prince and wanted to have a house of this religious congregation, with which she had been very intimately associated in her girlhood, near her in her new home in England. This monastery of Syon is the one where they made the beautiful cope which is usually considered to be the handsomest piece of needlework ever made in England, and which is one of the treasures of the British Museum. While they were interested in reading and study and the collection of books, they could do handwork so beautifully that it was to be a source of admiration for all succeeding centuries.

What wonderful sisters a Catholic can look back at in practically every century. There is St. Clare for instance in the thirteenth century. She was only seventeen when she insisted on following St. Francis of Assisi. He very prudently placed her in a convent because thus she could exert her influence for good. Those who know her life the best declare that she is quite as important for the revival of religious feeling that came at that time as is St. Francis himself. She lived long after him and she did a great deal to preserve the spirit and the purpose of the

founder of the Franciscans. The traditions with regard to St. Francis often include her and the revival of interest in Francis in our time has brought a revival also as regards St. Clare. Once, when the Saracens invaded that part of Italy, she appeared on the walls of her convent and before the stern majesty of this dignified woman they faded away. After her death they found the original rules of St. Francis wrapped in her robe. She had asked that they should be buried with her, and dispute over the rules came to an end in the presence of this authentic document. Many thousands of women in the years since have found happiness and peace and the opportunity for the spiritual and religious life in that second order of St. Francis, the Poor Clares, and there are thousands of them all over the world at the present time nearly seven centuries after Clare ran away from home to follow St. Francis. Her mother and sister tried to get her to come back home and when they could not persuade her stayed with her in her convent and found their happiness beside her.

The more one knows about these nuns and nunneries of the Middle Ages the easier it becomes to understand the enthusiastic expressions of modern devoted students of the medieval nunneries, Miss Lena Eckenstein in her scholarly work, "Women Under Monasticism," (p. 479) goes so far as to say with regard to the studies pursued in the convents in the Middle Ages that they were fully equal to those pursued by the monks at the time, even in the period when monasticism was at its height of interest in the intellectual and spiritual life. She said:

"The contributions of nuns to literature, as well as incidental remarks, show that the curriculum of study in the nunnery was as liberal as that accepted by the monks, and embraced all available writing whether by Christian or profane authors. While Scripture and the writings of the Fathers of the Church at all times formed the groundwork of monastic studies, Cicero at this period was read by the side of Boethius, Virgil by the side of Martianus Capella, Terence by the side of Isidore of Seville. From remarks made by Hroswitha we see that the coarseness of the Latin dramatists made no reason for their being forbidden to nuns, though she would have seen it otherwise; and, Herrad was so far impressed by the wisdom of the heathen philosophers of antiquity that she pronounced this wisdom to be the 'product of the Holy Spirit also.' Throughout the literary world, as represented by convents, the use of Latin was general, and made possible the even spread of culture in districts that were widely remote from each other and practically without intercourse."

Mrs. Emily James Putnam, in her chapter on "The Lady Abbess" in her volume "The Lady," (New York, 1910), went even farther than Miss Eckenstein in her commendation of what was accomplished for the lady by the medieval nunneries. It is astounding to most people who know nothing about the nunneries to have her say that they were above modern colleges for women in what they accomplished for feminine development and influence. Mrs. Putnam has a definite right to an opinion in this matter, for as Miss Emily James she had been for fifteen years the dean of Barnard College, the women's department of Columbia University, New York, and she was one of our ardent progressive pioneers for the education of women in this country. She said:

"No institution of Europe has ever won for the lady the freedom and development that she enjoyed in the convent in early days. The modern college for women only feebly reproduces it, since the college for women has arisen at a time when colleges in general are under a cloud. The Lady Abbess, on the other hand, was part of the two great social forces of her time, feudalism and the Church. Great spiritual rewards and great worldly prizes were alike within her grasp. She was treated as an equal by the men of her class, as is witnessed by the letters we still have from popes and emperors to abbesses. She had the stimulus of competition with men in executive capacity, in scholarship, and in artistic production, since her work was freely set before the general public; but she was relieved by the circumstances of her environment from the ceaseless competition in common life of woman with woman for the favor of the individual man. In the cloister of the great days, as on a small scale in the college for women today, women were judged by each other as men are everywhere judged by each other, for sterling qualities of head and heart and character."

The fourteenth century saw the career of that wonderful woman, St. Catherine of Siena. At the age of twelve she asked and obtained permission to work in the hospital caring for the suffering poor. At the age of sixteen she was looked upon as one of the great social powers for good in her Tuscan city. This is the century of Romeo and Juliet, so that it is easy to understand that the feuds which in Verona brought the death of the lovers and others with them, affected also Siena. Catherine, the dyer's daughter, did so much to conciliate feuds that when there was friction between the cities of Italy she was asked to be the ambassadress of peace among them. She did not learn to read until she was twenty-

four nor to write until she was twenty-seven, though before that she had dictated many letters that bear the imprint of her genius. She became the most important woman and very probably the most important personage in the Europe of her day. It was through her influence that the pope was brought back from Avignon where the years of Babylonian captivity, as they are called, caused such serious detriment to the Church. The pope consented to return to Rome only on condition that Catherine should take up her residence in the city and help him in conciliating all the factions that rent the peace of the old Roman metropolis.

She died at the age of thirty-two and her body, quite incorrupt, though no embalming process was used, may still be seen in the Church of the Minerva at Rome. She was her mother's twenty-fourth child, and in her early years she had devoted herself to family cares of many kinds, even at one time taking up most of the domestic duties, when she was only eleven years of age, because the family wanted to try her call to hospital work and found how determined in her purpose to be helpful to others this little daughter was. She wrote Italian so well that any word used in her writings is at once adopted into the dictionary of the Italian Academy as a Catherinian word. Many an educated woman in the modern time has found great consolation in studying the life and work of this poor dyer's daughter of Siena. Our own Vida Scudder has been an apostle of knowledge of St. Catherine for those outside of the Church here in America and throughout the English speaking world. St. Catherine's organization of friendly visiting for the

ailing poor, her care for the most loathsome diseases, her readiness to appear on the scaffold with condemned murderers, when beheading was the custom and though she in earlier years used to faint at the sight or the smell of blood, give some idea of the way that she practised self-control and forgot herself, so that the world will never willingly forget her.

III.

The Church and Married Women

BUT the Church afforded opportunities for self-development and self-expression not only for the women who became members of religious orders but also for a large number of married women. At least there were a great many of these women who exercised wonderful influence in their time and who after their deaths were proclaimed saints by the Church, who all their lives felt that their adhesion to the Catholic Church was the most important factor for enabling them to influence others around them toward what was best in life. There are a score of these women whose names will never be forgotten and who had a veritable genius for doing good to those with whom they came in contact and yet who, if asked at the end of life what they considered to be the most significant element in their lives, would surely have said, "the Catholic Church."

Take the stories, for instance, of the queens famous forever in history for their influence for good, whose titles have been consecrated by the addition of the designation saint granted them by the enthusiastic reverence of their people or by the Church. Take the striking example of St. Margaret of Scotland. What a varied career she had, and yet what a world of influence for good she exercised everywhere. She was the granddaughter of the famous English king, Edmund Ironsides,

slain in battle by Canute, the Dane, of whom most of us remember only his unsuccessful command to the waves. Edmund's sons who escaped from England were raised at the court of their relative, King Stephen of Hungary, to whom the title of saint has been accorded. Edward, the younger of these, married the queen of Hungary's niece and became the father of Margaret, destined to be the queen of Scotland. At the age of ten Margaret went back to the court of her uncle, St. Edward the Confessor, who was king of England. When St. Edward died, Margaret's brother, Edgar Atheling, was the rightful heir to the throne of England, but he was young and weak, and so Harold, Earl Godwin, usurped the crown. William of Normandy came over to assert his claim and Harold was killed at the Battle of Hastings. Almost needless to say, William the Conqueror did not care to have royal heirs to the throne, who had a better claim to the title than he had, abide near him, so Edgar and Margaret attempted to get across the channel so as to reach Hungary, but they were driven by contrary winds on the Scottish coast. Malcolm, the son of Duncan who was murdered by Macbeth, fled after the murder of his father to England, where St. Edward the Confessor gave him a home. While there he met Margaret and was attracted by her charming ways, so when she was driven on the shore of his kingdom after Siward of Northumberland slew Macbeth and placed him again on his father's throne, he pleaded with Margaret to become his queen. The Macbeth story gives some idea of the barbarism of Scotland, but Malcolm proved no better and it was Mar-

garet's task to influence him toward what was best. Every phase of Scottish life was deeply influenced by her. Her greatest care was for the poor and above all for justice for them. A stone between Edinburgh and Queensferry long was known as St. Margaret's Stone for on it she used to sit and listen to all those who claimed that they had suffered injustice. She had eight children. Of her two daughters, the eldest, Mathilda, is known in history as Good Queen Maud, the wife of Henry I of England, one of the most beautiful characters of history whose influence for good in England was scarcely less than her mother's in Scotland. Margaret's eldest son, who was to succeed to the throne, came more under the influence of his father. Her second son, Ethelred, became a monk and nothing gave his mother more pleasure than the fact that her own longing for the peace and happy prayerfulness of the religious life should be reëchoed in the heart of one of her sons. Her youngest son, David, who was always very near to her, is known in history as St. David and Scotchmen look back on him as one of the greatest of their kings. He himself attributed whatever was good in his life to the influence of his mother.

There are many others like St. Margaret, some of them better known than she. There is, for instance, Blanche of Castile, the mother of Louis IX, of France, whom his people with Church approval call St. Louis, who must be considered one of the great women of all times. She said to her son that she would rather see him dead at her feet than know that he had committed a deliberate wrong. The way she put it in good old-

fashioned Catholic phrase was, than know that he had committed a mortal sin. When his father died he was a boy of ten and she conserved the kingdom for him and ruled the jealous nobles with a genius that makes her one of the great rulers of France. To her, more than to any other, must be attributed the prestige of France which developed under her son. She has not been given the name of saint (though she would seem so amply to have deserved it for her sublime mother love) because good as she was she did not get on well with her daughter-in-law. Apparently she could not quite overcome the jealousy of having anyone else occupy the place in her son's heart that had been hers for so long.

Blanche's sister, Berengaria of Castile, is another of these wonderful wives and mothers. Her son is known because of his devotion to duty and thoughtfulness for others as St. Ferdinand. He did for Castile what his cousin St. Louis (Louis IX) did for France. The great charter of laws on which Spanish jurisprudence is based comes from him. Like St. Louis he took as one of the principal tasks of his life to assure justice for the poor. He too confessed cordially how much he owed to his mother's influence. It might be thought that these sisters were the representatives in their generation of a family naturally good and to whom there came by heredity as well as environment characters and dispositions that made self-control and unselfishness and thoughtfulness for others easy for them. But it must not be forgotten that the grandmother of these two sisters was the notorious Eleanor of Aquitaine who has a distinct place in history for anything except sanctity.

Contemporary with these, or very nearly so, was St. Elizabeth of Hungary. All the world knows her story and how she cared for the poor and made it the main duty of her life to see not only that their necessities were met but that also some happiness came into their lives. She was a favorite heroine of Charles Kingsley, who has written a dramatic poem about her in which the courtiers are represented as resentful over the fact that she did not devote herself to the routs and parties and festivals of the court. They insisted that it was a certain lack of refinement in her nature that caused her to prefer to associate with the needy and the wretched. They practically said that birds of a feather flock together and the reason why Elizabeth preferred to associate with the poor was that there was a certain vulgarity in her character that made the poor have an appeal to her. As a result of this she chose rather to spend the time and money that might so well have been given to court dances and pageants, caring for the poor. She was not the first nor least of all the last of whom this was said, and probably nothing is harder to bear than when women say this sort of thing, but the saints go on with their work nevertheless.

Elizabeth was only twenty-four when she died and her people, grateful for her example, erected at Marburg in her honor that wonderful Gothic church which was destined more than seven centuries later to catch Montalembert's eye, when as a young man, with the failure of a great movement of which he had been a leader, life seemed to hold nothing further. The interest aroused in St. Elizabeth led to his writing that life of her the

Introduction to which is such a panegyric of that great century, the thirteenth, and brought him eventually to write his great work, "The Monks of the West." Others of us, who have wandered into Marburg bent on such secular interests as consulting the distinguished inventor of diphtheria serum, Behring, whose clinic was there, have had our minds and hearts lifted up by the sight of the Elizabethan Kirche. It is probably the most beautiful monument to a women ever erected, and did anyone ever deserve it more? The Germans call her *die heilige Frau Elizabeth,* which I suppose might be translated into English, the holy Mrs. Elizabeth, or perhaps St. Mrs. Elizabeth. They were emphasizing the fact that she was just a good wife and mother who accomplished her duties toward all those round her so well that they felt that she deserved a special title, for a saint is a person who forgets himself or herself and thinks of others.

It might possibly be thought that these women of the older time represented chance examples of feminine characters who stood out above those around them at a time when the general status of woman was so low that any such prominence was not a difficult matter. Recent studies in the social history of the Middle Ages make it very clear, however, how much more women did and were expected to do during that misunderstood time than is usually thought. Miss Eileen Power, in the volume, "The Legacy of the Middle Ages," has an illuminating article on the position of women. She is the Reader in Medieval Economic History, that is, the professor in this department, at the University of Lon-

don. It is very interesting to find that she points out that some thoughtful writers at this time inveigh against the "modern" habit of marrying for money and counsels other considerations. Langland, for instance, suggests that women "look that love be more the cause than land" or nobility or other material considerations.

The women of the Middle Ages were expected to do all sorts of things that ordinarily would be presumed to be quite beyond their ken. In their lord's absence on the Crusades or in wars, and these were only more frequent than wars are in our time, the wife was expected to rule the household and her children, stand siege in her lord's castle if necessary, and represent him in matters of law. She was supposed to direct the budget of the household, and we have abundant evidence of how well the women did all these things. The writings of Christine de Pisan and the Paston Letters afford abundant evidence of the administrative ability of wives and how much they accomplished under very difficult circumstances. Besides, a lady was expected to know something of medicine and a little of dressing wounds for the treatment especially of her husband, her children and her servants, for a doctor could not be found around the corner. Women were expected to know a great deal about their own diseases and how to keep themselves in good condition.

It was from among these women, their daughters, their sisters, their nieces, that the women of the nunneries came. It is not surprising then to find that the nuns had administrative ability and that they were able to manage the great estates so often connected with

their convents, nor that they should be consulted about ever so many practical affairs. The more we know about this hitherto misunderstood period, the more we realize that both men and women had ever so much greater opportunities, mainly under the ægis of the Church, for the development of their minds and for life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness than has been supposed. There are some of us who have the feeling that this was perhaps the happiest time of human existence and satisfied women mean very much for the happiness of a generation.

One of the greatest of our sisters of the faith is Isabella of Castile. She must probably be considered one of the greatest rulers who ever lived and the greatest of women monarchs. Prescott, in his "Ferdinand and Isabella," compares her with Elizabeth of England but sets the Spanish woman on a pinnacle far above her English colleague. He sums them up:

"Elizabeth was desperately selfish; she was incapable of forgiving not merely a real injury but the slightest affront to her vanity; and she was merciless in exacting retribution. Isabella on the other hand lived only for others,—was ready at all times to sacrifice self to considerations of public duty; and far from personal resentments showed the greatest condescension and kindness to those who had most sensibly injured her; while her benevolent heart sought every means to mitigate the authorized severities of the law even toward the guilty . . ."

Prescott even defends her establishment of the Inquisition and the exile of the Jews and did not hesitate to say: "It would be difficult to condemn her indeed with-

out condemning her age; for these acts are not only excused but extolled by her contemporaries as constituting her constant claims to renown and to the gratitude of her country." Spaniards of much more modern time have not scrupled to pronounce the Inquisition "the great evidence of her prudence and piety; whose uncommon utility not only Spain but all Christendom freely acknowledged." Undoubtedly it saved Spain from some of the troubles which devastated Germany during the Hundred Years War that followed the Reformation. Religious divisions in many countries in Europe about this time so embittered the people as to make it impossible for national affairs to prosper or for men to be brought to any common understanding for the good of the Commonwealth, so that anything like progress was delayed for a century. Isabella's firm rule, however, ushered in the great period which has been known as Spain's Golden Century during which Spain was the leader of the world of the time in all the æsthetic modes of expression, painting, architecture, sculpture, the arts and crafts and literature.

Isabella found Spain anarchic. She left it peaceful and prosperous, and when she died she was the ruler of a greater domain than the Roman Empire ever possessed. In spite of serious disadvantages when she was young, she thoroughly educated herself so that her Castilian has been ranked as the standard of the language by the Spanish Royal Academy. She was intensely devoted to the Church, and many a church in Spain is proud to display an altar cloth worked by her hand and the historical traditions that trace them to her are well authen-

ticated. She herself would have been the first to say that the Church was the very breath of life for her and that without it existence would have been empty.

Many other mothers of families might be mentioned for whom their intimate relations with the Church brought not only personal satisfaction but the opportunity to accomplish great good work. One of the most striking of these is that distinguished daughter of the Renaissance, Vittoria Colonna. Few women have ever been so much admired for goodness of heart. So great a man as Michelangelo almost worshipped her. When her husband, the Marchese di Pescara, was offered the throne of Naples if he would transfer his allegiance from the German emperor to the French king, the temptation must have been great. The Marchese was in command at the battle of Pavia when Francis I, the French king, was taken prisoner, and for a time Francis was confined in the famous monastery of the Carthusians, the Certosa near Pavia. He was too precious a prisoner to be allowed to remain in Italy and accordingly Charles V had him transported to Spain. The Marchese might easily have been piqued at this apparent distrust of his custody of the French king, and then came the French offer. Vittoria herself had been brought up at the court of Naples and here was the chance to shine as a queen where she had only been a maid of honor. The transfer of allegiance might easily have been justified as such things go in war and politics. Under these circumstances Vittoria wrote the famous letter which settled the matter:

"I ask that you consider well what you are doing, mindful of the fame and estimation which you have

always enjoyed; and in truth, for my part, I care not to be the wife of a king, but rather to be joined to a faithful and loyal man; for it is not riches, titles and kingdoms which can give true glory, infinite praise and perpetual renown to noble spirits desirous of eternal fame, but faith, sincerity and other virtues of the soul; and with these man may rise higher than the highest kings, not only in war, but in peace."

With a queenship dangling before her, Vittoria Colonna was not tempted, though excuses for treason without calling it by such an ugly name were plenty, and the thing was not so uncommon in the Italy of that day. Her husband died the same year from wounds received in the battle of Pavia. She was inconsolable. Most of the first year of her widowhood she spent in a convent devoting herself to prayer. She even thought of becoming a nun herself, but the ecclesiastical authorities considered that she could do more good in the world, and accordingly she was not permitted to take the vows. During the next ten years she wrote her *Rime Spirituali*, or Spiritual Poems, and some part of each year was spent in a convent. Later in life she took up her residence permanently in Rome and influenced deeply the men and women of her time. She has well been called "the saint of the Renaissance." Her friendship with Michelangelo and its effect on him, as his sonnet on her death shows, was a striking feature of her career. Toward the end of her life most of her time was passed at a convent of the Benedictine Sisters at Rome. She asked to be buried in the little cemetery of the convent without any stone to mark the place where her body was laid.

Her wish was fulfilled and so we have no trace of her earthly remains.

There are other women of the world who deserve to be mentioned because of all that their Catholicity meant, though sometimes the modern world has misunderstood them or has accepted curious notions with regard to them. Marguerite of Navarre, for instance, is a striking instance of a devoted Catholic mother. Most people in our time know her only as the author of the "Heptameron." As a matter of fact, Marguerite was trying to stem the license of her time by telling these stories frankly and attaching morals to them, but people read the stories and forgot about the morals or failed to read them entirely. Marguerite is another of these women of the Renaissance whom her own generation called a saint. At Alençon the great hospital owed its foundation to her. The king, her brother, Francis I, gave her a grant for a foundling school in Paris. This was known as *La Maison des Enfants Rouges,* the House of the Red Children, because of the scarlet dresses which were the uniform. When her own son died, Marguerite forbade the court to wear black but she herself went into mourning and never changed it. Another of these misunderstood women of the Renaissance is Lucretia Borgia whom the modern world has agreed to think of as the most vicious of women, though her own generation in Ferrara, after having known her and her good works for twenty years, followed her body to the tomb at the early age of forty as that of a saint. Gregorovius declares that "Lucretia had won universal esteem and affection. She had become the mother of her people. She

lent a ready ear to the suffering and helped all who were in need." She was famous particularly for her foundations of hospitals. Bayard, the famous French Chevalier, *sans peur et sans reproche,* said, "I venture to say that neither in her time nor for many years before has there been such a glorious person, for she is beautiful and good, gentle and amiable to everyone."

Nor is it only in the long ago that the Church's influence has been thus felt. Many examples might be quoted in later times.

The Church has often proved her Christlike quality by her power to bring back to a position of influence for good in the world, women who have wandered away to be unfortunate influences for evil. The latest striking example of that is to be seen in the life of Madeleine Semer, written by Abbé Felix Klein, which has gone through a large number of editions in French and I believe has been crowned by the French academy. The American translation by Foster Stearns* has brought the work to the attention of American readers. Madeleine Semer ran the gamut of a pious child life, followed by utter infidelity in her early adult years and then found that consolation in the Church which about the same time had come to François Coppée, Huysmans and others during this twentieth century. How many others like her might be mentioned in the course of history, for the story of the Magdalen is not merely a parable but a symbol and a type that was to be exemplified often down the ages.

*New York, Macmillan Company, 1927.

IV.

The Church and Celibate Women in the Modern Time

IT might be thought that the Church's influence for good over the lives and careers of women was a thing of the past and that in recent centuries other influences had been at work for the attainment of whatever opportunity they may have had to secure happiness in life and to develop their personalities. It is undoubtedly true that the religious revolt initiated by Luther in Germany in the sixteenth century, did much to prevent the Church from affording women such occasions for satisfaction in life as they had enjoyed before. In the "reformed" countries, the nunneries were closed, the religious congregations suppressed, and women were no longer provided with the opportunity to live the intellectual and spiritual life for themselves which had been possible in a convent and which, as we have seen, secured so much more for women than the modern world has been accustomed to realize, and indeed has quite ignored until recent studies in the medieval period have forced them to our attention.

Virchow has told the story that practically every town in Germany of more than five thousand inhabitants had a hospital in the thirteenth century.* The great

*Virchow, *Gesammelte Abhandlungen aus dem Gebiete der Oeffentlichen Medicin und der Seuchenlehre, Berlin,* August Hirschwald, 1879.

majority of these hospitals were in charge of the Sisters, mainly of the Congregation of the Holy Spirit, who found their vocation in life in the opportunity thus afforded them of caring for others and secured genuine happiness in existence through the forgetfulness of self that comes from this preoccupation with others, especially when they are sorely in need. As a consequence of the suppression of the religious orders, the spinster, or old maid, became an extremely common feature of life, an almost pitiable institution in the Protestant countries, and these poor things without any definite aim in life had to eke out an existence as best they could. The best they could hope for as a rule was the position of "maiden aunt" in some household, where their care for the children of a sister or a brother gave them an occupation in life in which they were tolerated but seldom really appreciated.

It must not be forgotten that, though more men than women are born about to the extent of one in twenty, by the age of twenty the sexes are equal in number, and after that the supernumerary woman increases, for women live almost ten years longer than men on the average. There must be some definitely satisfying provision for the surplus women who, properly employed, so far from being superfluous can be precious auxiliaries for the race. Where no proper provision is made for them and no real appeal to their hearts and minds and souls is provided in their occupations, they may readily become one of the problems of a generation. In the oriental countries they dispose of them by exposing the superfluous female children under circumstances that will as-

sure their death. Christianity has made that forever impossible, but Catholic Christianity has provided a vocation for the supernumerary women. This not only gives them an opportunity for their own happiness but enables them to add greatly to the happiness of others or at least soothe the hours of affliction that inevitably come into human life, that is yet lived in what may be called, in old-fashioned phrase, a vale of tears. For the chronic diseases of mankind, cancer, heart, artery and Bright's disease, are multiplying and there is more of suffering than ever in life and more need of consolers for the afflicted.

To meet these growing needs of mankind, the Church has developed and extended its religious congregations of women. We are lengthening human life by saving the lives of the children under one year particularly and during the early years of life generally, but as the result of this we are increasing the needs of humanity for a great many of the children who were mercifully taken out of life in their younger years, grow up as weaklings, victims of chronic diseases, imbeciles, insane, incorrigibles. Instead of making humanity happier we are making the problems of life more complex, and there is more and more need of noble-hearted women to devote themselves to the care of suffering humanity. Women find their highest happiness and satisfaction in life in this. They are so constituted by nature that their hearts, that is the summary of their kindly impulses, mean ever so much more to them than their heads, and the race requires their kindly natures and motherly attention. The names of sister and mother accorded to these members of

religious congregations are the indexes of the feeling of humanity toward them. Some people think of them as a sort of vanishing remainder, a temporary hold-over from the Middle Ages, but instead of that they are great living, growing institutions absorbing every year thousands of our young women in a career that gives satisfaction and happiness in life.

The close of the Middle Ages and the beginning of modern history, instead of seeing the end of the foundation of congregations for women, represented instead a new starting point. The first of these was the Ursulines, founded by Angela Merici down in Italy in the first half of the sixteenth century. The foundation occurred almost exactly at the same time as that of the Jesuits. Pope Paul III had decided that he would not permit further increase in the number of religious orders, and yet felt compelled to approve the Jesuits after reading their Constitution because, as he said, "the finger of God is here." He also found himself forced to approve those written by Angela, saying as he did so to Ignatius, the founder of the Jesuits, "I have given you sisters." What the Jesuits did for the education of young men during the next two centuries, the Ursulines did for young girls. Their foundress, Angela Merici, was a daughter of the lesser Italian nobility, who became convinced that the great need of that time was the better instruction of young girls under religious auspices. She converted her home into a school into which she gathered all the little girls of her native town of Desenzano on Lago Garda in Lombardy. Before long she was invited to the neighboring city of Brescia and then to Rome. Young women

gathered round her and wanted to help her in her great work, and the numbers constantly increased so that now her congregation has houses all over the world with probably twenty thousand members.

The surprise is to see how an institution of this kind diffuses itself. It might be expected that it would spread very slowly and that young women would be not at all anxious to take up a life of this kind, the principal feature of which is forgetfulness of self and thoughtfulness for others. In the course of a generation there were hundreds of them and in the course of a century thousands. By the end of the sixteenth century they had communities in all the Catholic countries in Europe and had spread even to the Spanish American countries in the western hemisphere. Mother Incarnation came to Quebec in the seventeenth century and is one of the most wonderful women in the early history of the continent. She has often been spoken of as "the Mother of Canada." At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Ursulines established a house in New Orleans which used to be considered the first religious foundation for women anywhere in the territory that is now the United States until we learned that very probably some Sisters had come into our Spanish American southwest before that.

When persecutions came the Ursulines were, as a rule, picked out as an object of special enmity by those who sought to injure the Church. During the French Revolution they were the special butt of the intolerance of the French Republic and gave many martyrs to the cause of religion. When the *Kulturkampf* came in Germany they were as specifically selected for banishment as the Jesuits,

and indeed they have nearly always shared the fate of the Jesuits in times of trial. They have not been without special distinction by persecution even here in America. Their convent was burned down at Charlestown in Massachusetts during the bitter wave of feelings against the religious orders that had been aroused among Protestants in 1833. Their house was the very centre of danger in the "Know Nothing" riots in Philadelphia some twenty years later.

Today, four centuries after its foundation, the institute is still actively alive and doing its work in every part of the world. When the first sisters elected Angela as their superior they asked that the name of the institute should be the Angelines, after her own name. She was shocked and insisted that, as their superior, she would require them to take the name of Ursulines in honor of St. Ursula. With all this humility, her personality was so pervasive that it still lives in all her houses.

The Ursulines have schools for young women in many of the States of the Union and in many parts of Canada. They have mission schools among our American Indians, in the Rocky Mountain regions, and they are to be found in distant Alaska teaching within the Arctic circle. There are Ursulines under the equator both on this continent in Brazil and in Africa. They have the largest Catholic college for women in the United States at New Rochelle just outside of New York City, and they have a number of other colleges and academies. This is only a striking example of the sort of work that the wonderful women of the post-Reformation time accomplished as founders of religious congregations. Whatever

they did, though with very small humble beginnings, had a vital force in it that made it live and prove a stimulus and an example to the generations and the centuries down to our own time. Angela of Merici, though almost unknown outside of the Catholic Church, was one of the very great women of the Renaissance. Probably no woman of the time, not even St. Teresa, has had so wide and deep an influence over succeeding generations as the retiring little Italian woman of Desenzano who wanted to organize religious education for the young women of her time.

In the sixteenth century came Teresa of Spain for whom has sometimes been suggested the title "greatest of intellectual women." Such an attribution may seem to many an utterly exaggerated superlative, but it is surely justified by the position which St. Teresa has occupied in the world of thought since her day. Ruskin declared that Dante is "the central man of all the world possessing in the highest degree the intellectual and moral qualities of the race," and St. Teresa would seem to be the corresponding personality in her sex. "More books have been written about Dante than any other man who ever lived except Him Who died upon the cross for us and was more than man." More books have been written about St. Teresa than any other woman that ever lived except the Mother of the Lord. More editions of her works have been published than of any other woman. At all times since her death her works have been issued and reissued because of interest in them. Various editions are being published in most of the cultural languages at the present time. German mystical writers agree with the

French in declaring that this Spanish woman of the sixteenth century is the queen of mystical theology. Whenever the Germans and French are agreed about anything it is probable that there is something in it.

The Spaniards call her their doctor of the Church and the University of Salamanca only five years ago, on the 300th anniversary of her canonization, conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity on her *in absentia*. That was nearly 350 years after her death. She is more alive at the present time than when she actually walked the corridors of her convents in Spain. Down in Rome, where they have a group of statues of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, there is one woman among them, St. Teresa, and beneath her statue are the words, *Mater spiritualium* "mother of spiritual things." Crashaw, the English poet, of whom his friend Cowley said,

"Poet and saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and heaven,"

said of St. Teresa, "'Tis not Spanish, 'tis heaven that she speaks." He added,

"What soul so e'er, in any language can
Speak heaven like hers, is my soul's countryman."

In the modern time, with the revival of interest in mysticism, there has been a great renewal of devotion to St. Teresa's writings. Several editions of them have appeared in English during the twentieth century and there have been besides reprints of various special books of hers.

Anyone who goes back and studies the period in which St. Teresa lived will probably agree with those

who have declared that St. Teresa was the principal factor in keeping out of Spain the tide of the "reform" which caused so much disturbance in other countries. Poor Germany was sadly rent with civil dissensions of all kinds as the result of religious squabbles, but so was France, and Italy, too, suffered to a considerable degree. Spain was left almost entirely free from religious troubles to pursue her national aims, and the result was the great sixteenth century which has come to be known as Spain's Golden Century. In literature, in architecture, in arts and the arts and crafts, in education, Spain was the great leader of the world during this period. Men like Lope de Vega, Velasquez, Cervantes, Murillo, Calderon, accomplished work that will always continue to be looked up to so long as this stage of human civilization lasts. Some of these men achieved the greatest triumphs in their lines that have ever been made. They were practically contemporary with St. Teresa and owed much of the opportunity to express their genius to the influence for religious unity which St. Teresa had exerted over the minds of her countrymen. St. Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Jesuits, shared that glory with her, but his work was accomplished from Rome while St. Teresa's was done down in the Spanish peninsula.

Just as Angela Merici founded the Ursulines in Italy, Jeanne Fontbonne in the eighteenth century founded the Sisters of St. Joseph in France. She was only the daughter of simple French people born at Basset-Basset, a little town of Velay, shortly after the middle of the eighteenth century. She wanted to devote herself to the teaching of young women and the

care of those who were in need and it was not long before others expressed the desire to join her in these works, and so there came the foundation and spread of the religious of St. Joseph. They have houses now in many parts of the world. There are literally thousands of the Sisters of St. Joseph to be found here in America and they are in charge of colleges and academies as well as hospitals. There are more than twenty-five thousand of them in the world. During the French Revolution many of them went to public execution rather than give up their affiliation with the Church and cease their organized efforts to help other people. There is nothing that the modern Sisters of St. Joseph are prouder of than the fact that so many of their number calmly walked up the steps of the guillotine to their death confident that somehow all would be for the best. It is an ever ending source of surprise how much the Sisters do and how they are able to do it on their limited means, but anyone who knows them, knows that no group of people were ever happier in the accomplishment of their work. It is all the result under heaven of a little French country girl wanting to spend herself in the service of others.

After the French Revolution, when the French religious communities of women had been dispersed and so many of them put to death, there was so much need for social service in France that there came the foundation of another great religious congregation in the Church, that of the Sacred Heart. Madeleine Sophie Barat, having been given by her brother, a young priest, an education that included Latin and Greek, was anx-

ious to help other women to an education. She founded what has since come to be known as the Congregation of the Sacred Heart. Perhaps the tribute paid to them that will mean most for most people is what was said of them by Florence Nightingale. She was pleading with Cardinal Manning to obtain permission for her to be trained by the Sisters of Charity or Mercy in Dublin. She wanted to receive that training not as a visitor nor a postulant nor a novice, but as a sister, though without becoming a Catholic. Of course the fulfilment of her wish was impossible, but she felt that she could receive no training equal to that which was given to the Catholic Sisters.

In June, 1852, she wrote to Father Manning (later to be cardinal archbishop), "For what training is there compared with that of a Catholic nun? Those ladies who are not sisters have not the chastened temper, the Christian grace, the accomplished loveliness and energy of the regular nun. I have seen something of different kinds of nuns and am no longer young and do not speak from enthusiasm but from experience. There is nothing like the training (in these days) which the Sacred Heart or the order of St. Vincent gives to women." Almost needless to say, the sequel showed that Florence Nightingale was probably the best judge of character and training alive in her day, for what she did for the organization of nurses made it very clear that she knew exactly what was needed for a great vocation in life of this kind.

Within half a century after their foundation, as is clear from this expression of Florence Nightingale, the

Ladies of the Sacred Heart had impressed themselves deeply on their generation and had even attracted the attention of those not of the household of the faith. Their foundress was a woman of marvelously deep penetration of mind and of lofty personal character. Her recent canonization shows very clearly what the Church thinks of her. She organized an institution that has houses now all over the world in practically all of the great cities and that has accomplished an immense amount of good by the conservative teaching of young women. There are nearly seven thousand Madames of the Sacred Heart, as they are called, in the world. Their name was chosen to avoid persecution as religious, as would surely have happened during the revolutionary persecutions in France. It has been retained as a precious memory of the lofty courage of the women who dared persecution in the early days in the accomplishment of their work. There is probably no more faithful set of alumnæ in the world than the young women who have attended the schools of the Sacred Heart and remain loyally devoted to their teachers during their life time. All this is accomplished with a quietness and efficiency that is of itself remarkable and withal the members of the congregation are themselves among the happiest people in the world.

I remember meeting a young woman, the daughter of a distinguished jurist in this country, who at the age of not quite eighteen was "entering" the convent of the Sacred Heart. The future looked very bright for her and it seemed as though she was making too great a sacrifice thus to give up the world and all the prospects of life

to enter a convent before reaching her majority, even if that is to be taken as eighteen. It seemed as though she ought to be allowed to know something more of the world before giving up all and devoting herself to what the great majority of people would seem to think must be the gloomy life of a nun for all the rest of her earthly existence. I met her again a dozen of years later engaged in work in a western city. I told her that some of those who had been with me when I met her just before her entrance to the convent had ventured to say that she ought to have waited a while so as to be sure that she would be happy, and she said while one of the pleasantest smiles wreathed her face, and there was a look in her eyes that bespoke her utter sincerity,—"Well! I know now that I did the right thing, and I am just as happy over it as I can be and not only am I perfectly willing to look forward to all the rest of my life in the convent, but I am quite sure that no other mode of life could possibly have brought me anything like the same satisfaction that has come to me in this."

How many more of these congregations for women founded in the modern time might be mentioned. The various sisterhoods of Notre Dame, the Sisters of the Visitation, of the Holy Cross, of Divine Providence—to mention only the more important congregations—all doing excellent work in education.

The Church in the past century has inspired foundresses of various religious congregations whose work for others as well as for their members represents wonderful opportunities for women who feel the call to what has been termed social service, though they think of it as

charity. When hospitals were at so low an ebb in the English speaking countries that they were quite literally a disgrace, when nursing was represented by the unspeakable Sairey Gamp, who is not a caricature created by Dickens but a literal picture of the nurses they had, when here in New York we were recruiting the "ten-day" women who after being drunk and disorderly had been sent to the workhouse, as the nurses for our city hospital, the Irish Sisters of Charity and of Mercy were founded by two women whose names are forever memorable in the history of social endeavor. These were Mother Mary Aikenhead, who founded the Irish Sisters of Charity, and Mother McAuley, who founded the Sisters of Mercy. The Sisters of Charity have hospitals and institutions of various kinds for the care of the poor everywhere throughout Great Britain and Ireland. The Sisters of Mercy are all over the world. By 1931, the centenary of their foundation, they will probably have twenty-five thousand Sisters in charge of hospitals and teaching institutions not only in Ireland and the British Empire, but also in North and South America.

Modern people who do not know anything about them, are inclined to think that it was all right for a young woman in the Middle Ages, when there was almost nothing else to do and little to look forward to except marriage and when life was not very interesting anyhow, to betake herself to a convent for the sake of the assurance that life would run along smoothly and there would never be too much to do and there would be no serious crises in life and above all there would be peace and support at the end of it. But they would be very

much inclined to think that in the modern time, when life is so full of so many things, surely the convent and the religious life are out of date and can present no attractions except for a few more or less abnormal women, whose hearts and heads do not fit them for the ordinary life of human beings. As a matter of fact, there never was a time when the religious life had so strong an attraction for so many young people as at the present time, and there never was a time when the religious life meant so much for happiness as in our strenuous time when the hurry and bustle of existence is so disturbing. Hence the immense number, literally thousands, of young women who every year here in the United States give up all, as it is said, in order to enter the convent, but who find, according to the Lord's promise, that the return that is made to them is a hundredfold, and that they have life full to the brim and overflowing.

V.

The Church's Inspiration of Women in America

IN the Catholic portions of this continent, in Mexico and in South America, but also in New Orleans under the French and in Canada under French influence, young women had the opportunity during the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, for a vocation in life, a real profession as teachers or nurses of the ailing such as was almost entirely lacking to women in the English speaking parts of this hemisphere. Hospitals in Mexico under the management of religious women were doing excellent work for the ailing while our hospitals here in what is now the United States were a disgrace even for nearly a century after we secured our independence. The poor used to be very loath to go to hospitals in our country even fifty years ago, and no wonder, because the death rate was so high and the care so miserable. Our hospitals were housed in buildings little better than jails, ugly and dirty. Some of the hospitals in Mexico and Peru were among the most beautiful buildings in cities that were noted for their beautiful buildings. It seems almost impossible that there should be this difference between the Spaniards and the English, but it requires only a little consultation of historical authorities on the history of nursing and hos-

pitals to be definitely assured, that this contrast in favor of the Spanish is neither a mistake nor a bit of enthusiasm but a veritable reality.

All that was changed when the Church began to exert some of her old influence in the organization of religious orders of women. It could very readily be imagined that in a liberty loving country like ours there would be very little readiness and above all no enthusiasm to give up the free life of those who live in the world for the restrictions of the cloister. As a matter of fact, however, nowhere has the religious life for women flourished more abundantly than it has here in the United States. Our first religious congregations are scarcely more than a century old, and the development of the religious organizations for women did not really come until well on in the second quarter of the nineteenth century, and yet there are probably nearly a hundred thousand women in the religious congregations of the United States at the present time. I think that I know personally some members of nearly all of these congregations. There are over a hundred of them. I have been in intimate personal touch with many thousands of the Sisters. I am quite sure that they are the happiest people in this country and I say that after very serious reflection on the matter. The Sisters not only laugh easily but they are the readiest to face death and danger for the benefit of others; they have proved it in many epidemics down to the last epidemic of influenza, and they suffer less from the dreads of life which make so many people miserable than any other class of people I know.

The beginning of our congregations for women with all that they meant for happiness for the individual woman and benefit for those around them, came a little more than a hundred years ago. A young society matron of New York, a descendant of the Bayleys and the Charltons, the ministerial and medical aristocracy of the city (Dr. Charlton, her uncle, was the first "to set up a gig" to take him around to his practice in New York City), left a widow, proceeded to organize a group of young women for educational and charitable purposes, that is, to devote themselves to what we call social service. We know her as Mother Seton because she was married to William Seton and nursed him faithfully until he succumbed to tuberculosis. She had lost her mother when very young and was brought up by her father, Professor Richard Bayley, professor of anatomy at the College of Physicians and Surgeons and very probably the most distinguished physician in the New York of his day. He came to his death as the result of caring for poor Irish immigrants who were suffering from typhus, or ship fever as it was called in those days, because it so often developed among the immigrants who were crowded into the ships that came from Ireland. They were a pitiable sight when they landed and there was the most serious danger of catching the disease from them, but Dr. Bayley had devoted himself to them without a thought for himself.

His daughter, Elizabeth, had been very much impressed by her father's tender care for the poor, so when she lost her beloved husband after a few all too short years of marriage, she resolved to devote herself to this

kind of work. Her father had sometimes permitted her to share his labors among the poor, so that she had an early training that was an incentive to give herself to service. She and her husband had gone down to Italy in the hope that the milder climate would benefit his health, but to no avail. While down there Mrs. Seton, who all her life had been a very fervent and devoted member of the Episcopal Church, came to know Catholics intimately. The intimacy proved sufficient to change all her ideas with regard to them. She not only became a Catholic, but she felt a special call to devote herself to the care of others in the hope to benefit them in both mind and body. She wanted to be a teacher, but she also wanted to be a caretaker of those in need, and her family experience with her husband and her children had given her opportunities for the exercise of her sympathies, which so far from impairing them in any way or lessening her readiness to do good to others, chastened her spirit and made her all the readier to devote herself entirely to this work.

After becoming a convert, though herself the mother of a group of children, she founded the Sisters of Charity at Emmitsburg a little more than a hundred years ago and now members of her order are to be found throughout most of the United States. There are probably altogether some ten thousand of them in this country. They are doing work of every kind that is helpful for the poor and ailing among mankind. They have hospitals for accidents and emergency cases as well as for the ordinary care of the ailing. They have foundling asylums for those whose fathers and mothers do not or

cannot care for them. They have orphan asylums for those who have lost their parents. They were the first in this country to have institutions for the care of those suffering from advanced tuberculosis and we know now how much this meant for preventing the spread of the disease because chronic cases were foci of infection. When insane asylums in this country were so bad as to be a disgrace, they founded institutions for the insane where the young women insane at least could be cared for decently. Anyone who knows what awful tales there were, well authenticated, of the indecent treatment of the young women insane, will have some idea what a blessing this was. They have homes for the aged and for incurable cases. Any and every need of mankind has a response from them, and yet there are thousands of them who are devoted to education and they have some half a dozen women's colleges as well as training schools for nurses.

In our day, when material considerations of all kinds weigh so much with people and when the idea of taking vows of chastity, poverty and obedience seems to so many such a foolish thing, there are hundreds of young women every year who offer themselves to the Sisters of Charity and after a proper trial for two years are given the opportunity to take their places alongside these daughters of Mother Seton and do this great good work. There is the feeling among a great many people that nuns cannot be happy and that many of them have gone into the convent as the result of a disappointment in love and that there are all sorts of sordid reasons besides the highest Christian motives for keeping them in a

convent, but anyone who knows them well is thoroughly aware that they are the happiest people in the country. I think I know some 10,000 Sisters more or less personally, and very probably over a thousand of them quite intimately, and it is a never ending source of surprise to note, considering how hard they devote themselves to work, how happy they are. They are the easiest people in the world to make laugh and they are the heartiest laughers that I know. It would be quite impossible for people who were unhappy to laugh as easily and as heartily as they do.

Occasionally one finds that there is a Sister here and there who does not laugh easily. Usually there is something serious the matter with her mind or body. The experienced Mother Superior knows that when a Sister stops laughing she must be taken particular care of. People who do not know them well and get to see them only occasionally are very much inclined to think that they pull long faces all the time and wear a serious countenance. A very clever seamstress who comes to our house was injured by an automobile a year ago and taken to a Sisters' hospital. Fortunately she was hurt but slightly, but when she recovered and returned to us, she said to me one day, as if she had learned something that was very wonderful, and she said it in a whisper almost as if she felt that it was something that should not be generally talked about, "You know, those Sisters laugh," and then as convincing evidence of the fact, "I heard them!" Of course they do. I found more lessons for my book "Laughter and Health" among the Sisters than anywhere else. They laugh and do not grow

fat because they have so much to do and comparatively so little to eat, though their diet is very well selected and very few of them suffer from lack of nutrition. They live at least several years longer than women of the world on the average, and as women live on the average much longer than men, their longevity is notable. In some of the orders their length of life is so much longer than the average as to be almost incredible. The Carmelites, for instance, who are extremely abstemious in their eating and who lead a contemplative life, that is, one largely devoted to meditation and contemplation and prayer, actually live to be seventy-four years of age on the average. One would be tempted to think that they have so much chance for introspection and solicitude with regard to themselves that they would suffer from various neurotic conditions, but on the contrary they are the steadiest, sanest of mortals, among the very happiest we have in this country.

But Mother Seton is only one of a dozen or a score of women who have done wonderful things under the ægis of the Church here in America. A very dear personal friend, though no relative in spite of the name, was Mother Mary Walsh who founded the Dominican Sisters of the Sick Poor. She came to America at the age of twenty and soon was swallowed up in the tenement district of New York's East Side. With little education and no money except what she earned by her own hard work she managed to find her way to the hearts of the poor by her ardent faith and charity. Her tender heart was touched by the sad conditions of the sick poor and she resolved to make their relief her life

work. For a time she and her companions conducted a laundry in which a dozen or more poor women found employment. The proceeds were all devoted to the needs of the poor around them. After many vicissitudes, during which it seemed as though her work must surely perish, her institute of the Dominican Sisters of the Sick Poor came into existence and now there is a second foundation in New York City, a third at Columbus, Ohio, a fourth at Denver, Colorado and they have a farm at Lakewood, New Jersey, where sickly children and convalescent mothers are taken for summer outings. Now there are nearly a hundred young women joined together in the little community who go out every day to the tenements and nurse the sick poor. Their patroness is St. Catherine of Siena, that great organizer of help for the poor six centuries ago, who also belonged to the Third Order of St. Dominic. Some of these young women have very little education. St. Catherine of Siena did not know how to read until she was nearly twenty-five nor to write until she was twenty-seven, but she became the most deeply influential woman of her time. Mother Mary had the same indomitable spirit and great heart, and in her humble way she represents the same power that ever emanates from that combination of magnanimity, forgetfulness of self and the devotion of spirit which can accomplish so much more for mankind than any mere intellectual talents.

A very different sort of woman and yet another of these wonderful workers under the influence of the Church is Mother Cabrini, the founder of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart. She is a daughter of the

Italian nobility. At the age of thirty she organized a congregation to devote itself to teaching especially the children of the poor and to the training of school teachers. She attracted the attention of Pope Leo XIII and was invited to open a pontifical school at Rome. Mother Cabrini dreamt of going to the Orient for the conversion of the infidels. Pope Leo XIII said to her, "No, daughter, your mission is to the West, to the Italians in the two Americas." In New York she opened a school for Italian children. A few years later she founded Columbus hospital. This was in 1892, just as the World's Fair was attracting our attention to Columbus and the Italians. Now they have a dozen of hospitals. They have some three thousand members of the community and they are doing simply wonderful work for the Italians of the first and second generation here in America.

A favorite expression of Mother Cabrini's was, "I can do all things in Him that strengthens me." Her constant confession was that she was but "a poor little nun." Bankers used to wonder how she dared acquire property with so little resources. It was the same thing in Spain 350 years ago. When they asked St. Teresa about her funds for an enterprise she had in mind, she said that she had three ducats. When they looked surprised she added, "Teresa and three ducats can do nothing, but Teresa and three ducats and God can accomplish anything." Was it not she also who said, "A minority of one with God makes a majority"? Teresa made her long journeys either on foot or in an ox cart. Mother Cabrini made hers in Pullmans, but the length of them made

them at least as trying and tiresome as those of the Spanish saint. She wrote in a letter to a friend, "I came a month ago from South America, am just setting out for Chicago. After a fortnight there I expect to go to Los Angeles. Probably not long after I shall return to the East and then I must go back to Italy for a time. Before I leave New York, however, I must try to make it clear to the Commissioner of Immigration that our Columbus Hospital is giving aid directly to the Italians." At that time the statistics of the hospital showed that over 100,000 Italians had been discharged from it cured.

South America was not forgotten. Schools were founded for the A. B. C. nations, Argentina, Brazil, Chile, and then for Peru and Bolivia. She made the journey over the Cordilleras on mule back. Many a precipice's edge had to be passed on her sure-footed little beast. Once the animal disappeared with her over a precipice and she was saved apparently only by a miraculous intervention. On her return to the United States there came the call for her sisters to go to Central America. They tell the story of her sending to New York for one of her Sisters whom she had chosen to be the head of her foundation in Central America to come to her in Los Angeles. The good Sister's train was delayed and Mother met her almost at the door telling her she must set out at once for Nicaragua. Everywhere that the Italians have gone in America, Mother Cabrini's good sisters have gone after them, to teach their children to care for their sick, to encourage their home life, to keep them in touch with the faith of their fathers. There are thousands of them in America and literally hundreds

of young women join the congregation every year for the chance to do the good work they see the Sisters accomplishing. She herself was the dearest, sweetest, kindliest of Italian gentlewomen, a lady every inch of her, and yet a dynamo of energy that won the hearts of young women who came near her and brought them all to do wonderful things, forgetting themselves and thinking of others.

The Church still offers the opportunity to all classes of women to make their lives sublime. About the middle of the nineteenth century the Congregation of the Holy Cross caught the eye of a young woman who was related to the Ewings, the Shermans, the Gillespies and the Blaines, who gave so many members to the higher official positions in the United States government. Eliza Maria Gillespie had beauty, talents, wit and learning and many accomplishments that made her the centre of attraction in Washington society. It was thought that she would surely make a brilliant marriage and there was no question but that she could have done so had she been so inclined. Washington society was very much surprised when it heard that this brilliant and beautiful young woman had given up all her worldly prospects and gone to devote herself to the care of others. It was she who organized the first care for the soldiers during the Civil War and she occupied a very prominent place among "the nuns of the battlefield" of whom Lincoln spoke so feelingly. She did fifty years of wonderful organizing and executive work for the Sisters of the Holy Cross, founding some two score schools and hospitals. At the end of her long life she expressed supreme satisfaction

over the choice which she had made and the fact that she had tried to spend her life for the benefit of others rather than any self gratification.

Here in New York we had Mother Alphonsa Hawthorne Lathrop who had been Rose Hawthorne, "the rose of all the Hawthornes." She married while trying to make a literary career for herself, George Parsons Lathrop the author, and they both became converts to the Church. When she became a widow she looked around for something to do that would be worthy of the Hawthorne spirit and she found a great cause to devote herself to. The cancer poor in New York City represented a pitiable class of people indeed, particularly thirty years ago. After having been operated on in the hospital, they could not be kept there because hospitals are places not to die in but for the treatment of people who may be cured. There was nothing but lingering death then, either in the poorhouse or alone in their tenement quarters, for usually their friends had to go out and work for a living.

Mother Alphonsa organized for the care of half a dozen of these cancer cases in an apartment and then for a dozen of them in two adjoining apartments. After a while, but only after the severest kind of struggle that threatened to wreck her plans, people came to her assistance and a hospital for the incurable cancer cases was founded and then a country home was secured. As a result of her work for thirty years before her death, literally thousands of cancer patients had died happier than would have been possible without Mother Alphonsa's thoughtfulness and there were some fifty young

women who had devoted themselves to the work for life, ready to take it up where she had left it. It is a self-perpetuating community, the Servants of Relief, for the care of cancer, and they will continue to grow as so many other congregations of women have grown, to care for the constantly increasing numbers of cancer patients.

When Mother Alphonsa's original foundation was made some thirty years ago, the secret of the causation of cancer was supposed to be just on the verge of solution. We think that we know less about it now than we did at that time. More than a hundred thousand died of cancer in this country last year, and more than a million in the civilized world, so that it is easy to see what a fountain of charity was needed to care for these poor patients. Mother Alphonsa struck the rock and the living water of charity bubbled forth, only a little stream at the beginning but destined to be a great river of charity as time goes on for the sake of these poor people who need so much the help that is extended them in this way. It is bad enough to have to die of cancer without dying as a pauper or a solitary. But at Mother Alphonsa's homes they are happy and cheerful until almost the end comes.

But there are other founders here in America doing their work very quietly, organizing their communities, some of them destined to accomplish wonderful work. There is for instance the little congregation of the Sisters of the Christian Doctrine whose home is down on the lower East Side of New York. They take care of the children of the Italians and Greeks and other nationali-

ties who have come to this country and who are so likely at the beginning to take the vices of our civilization rather than its virtues, for this is what nearly always takes place whenever two civilizations of different order come in contact. They are doing wonderful work, as those of us know who have been even a little in touch with them. They have a country home to which the children may go in the summer for their breath of fresh air and during the winter they represent a centre that is a real focus of charity.

And then there are the Parish Visitors, organized only half a dozen years ago, and yet accomplishing fine work visiting the homes of the poor, helping them with their problems, enabling the families to face properly some of their difficulties. The more one knows of them the more one feels that they represent the answer to a real need in the crowded city quarters of our day, when the bonds of home are loosened and old-fashioned reverence for parents is a thing of the past and when the old folks themselves are almost in despair over their failure to bring up their children properly.

Everywhere the old Church is making manifest how much of life there is in her and how much she is able to accomplish by inspiring individuals of high aspiration and lofty ideals for the accomplishment of great good work. What is most interesting is the happiness of the members of these religious orders. Most people in our time would think them anything but happy, but happiness according to the Ostwald formula equals what you have got divided by what you want $h=\frac{g}{w}$. No wonder.

then, that Sisters are happy because they have so much and they want so little.

We hear much in our day of the evil effects of self-repression and of the almost inevitable reactions which occur in connection with it. Above all this is thought to apply to sex repression and there are a great many who think they know something about the matter who are quite convinced that sexual repression is almost certain to be followed by nervous troubles of various kinds. A distinguished German authority who is not a follower of this modern psychology with regard to sex repression suggested not long since that there never was so little sex repression as in our time yet it is probable that there never were so many functional nervous troubles of one kind or another, neuroses or psychoneuroses, which had to be treated. The Sisterhoods in the Catholic Church present some excellent evidence in this matter, for they have provided material for valuable observations. Sex repression is complete among them, and yet, so far from nervous troubles being common among Sisters, few groups of women of similar size, indeed I doubt if any, suffer as little from nervous troubles as they do. They represent the demonstration, that self-repression and self-control and confident dependence on a Higher Power and the thoroughgoing trust in prayer, above all the daily saying, "Thy Will be done," and meaning it, are milestones on the road to health and happiness.

CHAPTER VII.

A Catholic Looks at Freedom of Spirit

FREEDOM of spirit is usually supposed to be about the last thing that a Catholic can look at with any satisfaction. He is supposed to have none of it. With regard to this, however, as with regard to ever so many other things, a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, while what Francis Bacon called large drafts of knowledge may lead to quite different ideas. The Church and the spirit of worship it fosters probably does more to lift the spirit of man above the dreads of existence than anything else in the world. What surprised the pagan world when Christianity was introduced, was the gaiety of heart and light-heartedness of disposition even in the face of the hard things of life, or it might even be death itself, that characterized these Christians. Their faith made them believe that they were in the hands of God and that His will would be done, and as they prayed every day in the prayer the Lord Himself gave them, "Thy Will be done," they were ready to accept whatever happened as coming from His hand. No wonder they had the freedom of spirit of the children of God.

A great many people have a distinct attraction toward the Catholic Church because of the satisfaction which

they see that it affords to worshippers within its fold. They feel that its cult of worship makes it a wonderful refuge for mankind in a world that still remains, in spite of all the advance in medicine and sanitary science, a vale of tears. Unfortunately, as it seems to them, the absolute authority of the Church in the matter of what must be believed, makes it impossible for educated men, who must have the feeling of freedom of spirit if they are to have any satisfaction in life, to stay within the fold. If a man really thinks for himself he cannot be bound down in the fetters of authority.

If our thinking apparatus were in any sense of the word infallible, if we did not see that men around us differ completely on subjects that look comparatively simple; if we did not have the experience of the Supreme Court of the United States, all of its members learned in the law, all of them men above the possibility of any but intellectual motives influencing them, dividing five to four on questions that the man in the street would solve off-hand after a moment's consideration; if we did not appreciate very thoroughly that man's intelligence is a very limited power indeed, influenced by all sorts of considerations besides the recognition of truth, then it might be important to insist on a man's right always to think for himself. But knowing the fallibility and weakness of human mentality, we get to recognize the importance of a guide and director in the difficult problems of the meaning of life and its relationship to another world than this.

With regard to the freedom of spirit that is perfectly compatible with traditions of authority, it has always

seemed surprising to me, that men who object to authority because their limited intelligence must have the right of the road, should not have taken into consideration how many distinguished thinkers whom the world will never willingly forget, all down the centuries have had the deepest feeling for true freedom of the spirit and have exhibited that freedom in most decided fashion, yet have found it perfectly possible to stay within the fold of the Catholic Church. Or if perhaps they have strayed away from it, they have come back to find consolation and satisfaction in it. Genius is particularly prone to jump over the traces, no matter how loosely they may be fastened, and is very much inclined to find itself intolerably bound by fetters of any kind, and yet supreme geniuses have found not only the possibility of attachment to the Church but have actually confessed the consolation and satisfaction they experienced in the practice of religion in union with the Church.

This is true not only in the long ago before our time but can be just as well exemplified in our own generation. A great many people are inclined to think that in our day we know so much more than they did even a few generations ago that old-fashioned religion has become almost impossible for our scholarly time, and above all the fundamentalist character of Christianity as expressed in Catholic doctrines makes it entirely out of the question for educated men to continue their allegiance. Unfortunately there is a great tendency on the part of those outside the Church to consider that the Church's attractions are mainly for the ignorant, or at least for those who have some special narrowness of

intellectual viewpoint which keeps them from seeing life whole as it should be seen. Not a few non-Catholics are quite convinced that no Catholic is permitted to think for himself and that he is expected to have the priests do his thinking for him, and if he does not submit to that, it is very soon made so uncomfortable for him that it will not be long before he finds himself compelled to secure some resting place outside the fold.

Like nearly all of these confident presumptions with regard to Catholicity, this is founded entirely on ignorance. As a matter of fact, some of the most distinguished scholars and leaders of thought of not only the last three or four centuries but also the last three or four generations have been devout Catholics. As we have seen, some of the deepest thinking scientists of the nineteenth century have been not only Catholics but Catholic priests. There proves to be plenty of room for educated men of very different temperaments and quite disparate characters within the fold of the Church. A great scientist in the flush of his enthusiasm over recent scientific discoveries which promise to explain ever so much more than they really do, for an unexpected discovery may seemingly illuminate a number of things that are really left as much in the dark as before, may in mid-life leave the Church, or at least cease from the practice of his religion, and yet toward the end of his life come back to find great satisfaction and consolation in the rites of the Church and in her mission as a mother to men. For that is what she is, Mother Church ready like a true mother to welcome back erring sons, without much ado about their errors, provided only

they are humbly willing to confess their faults and ask her forgiveness and provided of course they are not going to take themselves too seriously.

Men rather readily get delusions of grandeur, that is, they think that they are ever so much more important than they really are. After all, something like sixty per cent of the people who go into insane asylums suffer from delusions of grandeur. Conceit is the commonest fault among men. Modern psychologists have been inclined to call it the superiority complex. We have heard a great deal more in recent years about the inferiority complex, but the superiority complex, by which men think that their thinking is more important than that of anyone else or even than the whole experience of mankind up to this time, is extremely common. It is for that particularly that motherly authority is needed, so that men's hearts and heads may be guided properly.

Under due guidance it is surprising how much men may differ and yet remain good Catholics. History is just full of supremely great personalities, outstanding figures in the intellectual life of the race, who have apparently differed from one another as far as heaven from earth and yet have somehow maintained a foothold within the Church. It is not hard to find striking examples because they occur nearly everywhere as regards both time and place in the history of the Church.

Surely there can be no trouble about lack of intellectual freedom or the shackling of the intelligence in the Church which has been liberal enough to hold three such minds as Rabelais, Montaigne and Pascal. In spite of all his coarseness which has deterred so many Eng-

lish people from reading him, though it is more the reflection of his time than of his character, Rabelais was a genius, one of the great original thinkers of that sixteenth century which provided an arena for so many striking personalities. There is no doubt at all about his intellectual talent, his breadth of view and comprehensive grasp of the knowledge of his time nor of his ability as a vigorous writer, though his crudities of style and frequent indulgences in vulgarity have made him a writer largely for men. Even many of those outside of France have been deterred from anything more than superficial familiarity with his writings because of the glaringness of his faults in the matter of what is called Gallic wit and humor. They were accustomed to call a spade a spade in his day. It was not because of looseness in his own life that his crudities of style are so manifest. Careful investigation in our time have made it very clear that there are many misunderstandings with regard to his personal character which need to be removed for a proper comprehension of the great genius that he was.

Rabelais ran the whole gamut of life. He began his studies with the Benedictines and finished them with the Franciscans and then joined that order remaining with them for fifteen years and being ordained a priest. He left the convent of the Franciscans, but through the mediation of a bishop his pardon for this infraction of the rule was secured from Pope Clement VII who authorized him to enter the Benedictines. Not being satisfied here, he next turns up as a medical student at Montpellier and then became professor of anatomy at Lyons

and head physician at the great hospital of the Pont-du-Rhone. He coquetted with the "reform" doctrines for a while at this period and became something of a loose liver but was brought to Rome as his physician by Cardinal DuBellay, who obtained from Pope Paul III an indult which absolved Rabelais from his infractions of conventual discipline and allowed him to practice medicine. He seems to have tired of this after a time and received an appointment as the canon of a cathedral. Once more the *Wanderlust* took him and he practiced medicine at Metz as the city physician, but Cardinal DuBellay took him to Rome once more, obtained pardon for his breaking of rules and secured him certain benefices, the obligations of which he fulfilled very regularly and seriously.

Professor Saintsbury's estimate of Rabelais is probably the best we have in English and on the background of his knowledge of earlier and later Renaissance literature, the most authoritative. He did not hesitate to say that "On the pure credit side Rabelais' assets are so great that one can only marvel at the undervaluation of them by any competent auditor." He says in conclusion, "You may say some things against him and some of these things truly, but three things will remain: he is (let the competent gainsay if they dare) one of the greatest writers of the world; he is one of the great satirists of the world; and he is—as not all great writers and very few great satirists have been—one who sincerely and strenuously loved his fellow men."

With regard to Rabelais' religion, Professor Saintsbury says in his article on Rabelais in the Encyclopedia

Britannica, "He has been claimed as a freethinker of all shades, from undogmatic theism to atheism and as a concealed Protestant. The last of these claims has now very generally been given up and indeed Erasmus might as easily have been claimed for the Reformation as Rabelais. Rabelais in his own way held off from the Reformation even more distinctly than Erasmus did," and it must not be forgotten that Erasmus was offered the cardinal's hat before his death and refused it only because of ill health.

Saintsbury says that the accusation of freethinker, if not of directly anti-Christian thinking, has recently found much favor but it is remarkable that those who hold this opinion never give chapter and verse for it and it may be said confidently that chapter and verse cannot be given. The sayings attributed to Rabelais which have given color to the idea of his freethinking, such as the famous "I am going in search of the great Perhaps" said to have been uttered on his deathbed, are purely apocryphal. In his writings nothing of the kind can be found. On the contrary, as Professor Saintsbury has said, there are several passages relating to Pantagruel "which either signify sincere and unfeigned piety of a simple kind or else are inventions of the most detestable hypocrisy." Nowhere ever in Rabelais' writings is to be found any trace of the tongue in the cheek. He is vulgar to a degree that makes him almost impossible to prudish Anglo-Saxons, but there is "none of the calculated and cold-blooded indecency in him which is sometimes so nauseous in Voltaire and Sterne," and there is no sign of the hypocrite about him. Rabelais

continued to the end of his life on good terms with his ecclesiastical superiors and manifestly his genius was supposed to be quite sufficient excuse for some of the many expressions which he used that were dubious enough and yet never overstepped the actual bounds of religious belief.

An even more striking illustration of freedom within the Church so long as a man does not take himself too seriously and insist that his opinions are right and those of everyone else are wrong, and only those who see eye to eye with him can possibly be considered as thinking rightly, is afforded by the life of Montaigne. He is usually set down as a skeptic, and undoubtedly many of his expressions are skeptical to the last degree. It is because of the skepticism in his essays that they have continued to be reprinted ever since and that practically no one who pretends to any liberal education would be willing to confess that he had not read them.

For this reason, since Montaigne was born and baptized and married and buried and died in the Church with the last Sacraments, his life story is very interesting. He began to write his skeptical essays when he was comparatively young. When he went for a visit to Rome and had some of them in his baggage with him, he tells that he was summoned before a committee of the Roman authorities to explain just what he meant by certain passages. Montaigne explained that these were just lucubrations of his and that he was not particularly attached to them and would be perfectly willing to make whatever corrections or take whatever suggestions

should be required. Montaigne's own words with regard to this experience are very interesting:

"The *Maestro del Sacro Palazzo* could only pronounce judgment on it (Montaigne's manuscript) from the report of a certain French monk, for he himself was ignorant of our language; but he was so fully satisfied with the explanation I gave him of all those passages to which exception had been taken by the Frenchman, that he left to me the task of correcting, according to my conscience, everything which might appear wanting in good taste."

The master of the sacred palace and Montaigne got on very well together. He seems to have liked the Frenchman very much, and while he asked Montaigne to make the corrections suggested, manifestly he did not set very much emphasis on the necessity for that. As Montaigne himself said, "The maestro who was a man of parts completely exonerated me and was anxious to let me see that he set small value on these emendations." When the essays appeared in print, very little attention was paid to the question of emendations and yet nothing further was done with regard to the matter. Montaigne was evidently trusted as a Catholic man of parts as he himself said of the maestro, not intent on his opinion and who might very well be allowed to go on and talk interestingly about a number of subjects, since he did not insist on others sharing his notions.

Montaigne enjoyed his Roman stay very much. As he himself says, there were sermons to be listened to at all seasons and disputes in theology. By this of course he does not mean theological controversies, but disputations with regard to knotty points in theology which

were constantly held, between young men particularly, in order to sharpen their intelligence and make them capable of answering objections to theological truth and solving difficulties with regard to religious principles and their application. Montaigne liked the play of intellect as he saw it on such occasions.

But he tells us also of attending the Church ceremonials. He was present at the Mass on Christmas in St. Peter's. He witnessed a great papal procession and he had a special audience with Pope Gregory XIII who graciously extended his scarlet slipper with its white cross slightly upwards so that Montaigne might the more easily fulfill the ceremony of kissing it. Pope Gregory XIII is the pope to whom we owe the correction of the calendar and the setting of chronology in order by having the year begin with January 1st. He was a scholarly man deeply interested in education, and more than a score of Jesuit colleges owe their existence to his munificence. He refounded the German college at Rome and was the founder of the Greek and the English college as well as that for the Maronites. At more than a dozen of places in Germany he founded or endowed schools, so that he must be considered one of the great patrons of education. It is easy to understand that such a man would be extremely interesting to Montaigne and he seems to have been deeply impressed by him.

Montaigne's most interesting experience in Rome, however, was his visit to the Vatican Library. Not everyone was allowed to go into the library, because it was not organized for consultation purposes and its precious treasures had been disturbed by some of those

who succeeded in obtaining permission to go in. Montaigne was delighted with the early editions of Virgil, Plutarch and Seneca that he found there, but what particularly pleased him was to find that the handwriting of St. Thomas Aquinas was even worse than his own, (one might very well add, if possible).

Montaigne mentions that he witnessed a miracle of exorcism in a small chapel that he chanced to enter while in Rome, and it is very evident from what he has to say about it that he was a thorough believer in the idea of possession by evil spirits as well as the relief of the patient by the exorcism. Montaigne's intimate association with miracles, however, came during his visit to Loretto, where it is believed by many that the Holy House in which our Lord lived at Nazareth with His mother and St. Joseph was transported by angels when the Mohammedans obtained possession of the Holy Land. There are a great many Catholics who do not believe the legend and a whole series of books have been written throwing doubt on it, but Montaigne thoroughly accepted it and during his stay at Loretto he deposited within the walls of its great shrine three silver statues of himself, of his wife and his daughter, Lenor, manifestly firm in the belief that this ceremonial observance would bring good luck and very special blessings upon himself and those who were nearest and dearest to him.

While at Loretto, Montaigne saw a miracle of healing and does not hesitate to tell the story of it and his thoroughgoing acceptance of the event as representing a direct intervention from on High. Montaigne is a

supremely interesting skeptic, but what we are interested in here is that his skepticism did not get him into trouble with the Church authorities but that, on the contrary, they were thoroughly ready to appreciate him and to consider that nothing that so practical a Catholic would say in his own quaint way was likely to do any harm. They knew he meant well and was not committed to his own opinions, but was ready to listen to reason and had none of that superiority complex which so many of the skeptics are inclined to have, and so they let him go his own way in peace and they have done that with ever so many others. As a friend of mine once said, "You must go looking for trouble to get into it with the Church authorities."

Montaigne himself seems to have felt that his writing constituted, as his biographer, Miss Edith Sichel,* says "a safety valve for his experiences of life, an outlet for his need of expression." He himself had said, "No pleasure hath any savour for me unless I can communicate it. And if it be no more than a gay thought the which hath come into my head, I feel vexed to produce it all alone and to have no one to whom to offer it. Had I found someone to talk to I would gladly, had I been able, have chosen the form of conversation as a means of setting forth my notions." "I am not setting up a statue," as he said, "to stand in the chief square of the town or in a church or in any public place. . . . It is rather for the corner of a library and the amusement of the neighbors, a relation, a friend, who will enjoy recovering my acquaintance."

*New York, 1911, p. 147.

The story of his death is very interesting. He himself had said in his essay on "That We Must Not Judge of Life Till After Death": "In this last piece played between death and you, there is no more pretending; you must speak French; you must show what you really have of good and clean at the bottom of the pot." Toward the end of his life, suffering from heart trouble, he was unable to go to Mass, so as he was the Mayor of Bordeaux permission was given him to have Mass in his room. He felt his end approaching one morning before Mass, so he summoned his servants and others and himself distributed his bequests. The priest, seeing that he was almost *in extremis,* administered the last sacraments and then went on to say Mass. Montaigne followed the Mass faithfully and at the consecration and the elevation of the host he raised himself slightly in order to make a pious sign of recognition of the miracle of transubstantiation which he believed had taken place, and that effort was his last and his spirit passed away. This is a very interesting death for the man to whom has become attached so irrevocably the name of skeptic that it will never again be separated.

The faith of this typical skeptic is indeed the most surprising trait in his character and the most astonishing commentary on his writings. He illustrates very well the difference between faith and understanding. Faith is what supplies for what we cannot know through reasoning. Without faith life is a muddle, or worse, a hideous tragedy. There is no meaning to it that human reason can achieve, but faith makes it not only comprehensible but satisfying. A skeptic in the order of intel-

lect may be a devout believer in the order of faith. Such seems to have been the case with Montaigne.

And yet it is not more strange that the Church should have been broad enough to hold both Rabelais and Montaigne than that it should have, in that same century of reformation and renaissance, held Erasmus and Sir Thomas More, the great bitterly satiric scholar and the still greater charming English Lord Chancellor. In that same generation with Rabelais, More, and Erasmus, was Copernicus, who revolutionized human thinking as to the universe more than any other man that ever lived. They died within a decade or so of each other. Copernicus' mind reached out farther into the universe than any other who had ever lived up to that time, and yet he continued to be a devout and faithful Catholic, a canon of the cathedral of Frauenberg, helping his bishop until the end to keep his diocese in the Roman Catholic fold, though the dioceses all around had fallen away into Lutheranism.

That same generation contains such men as Vesalius, the father of anatomy, who all his life was a faithful Catholic and is represented in his pictures as doing his dissection with the crucifix before his eyes. He died on a shipwreck returning from the Holy Land to which he had gone for the expiation of the inadvertent homicide of a man apparently dead on whom he did an autopsy. A little bit later Steno, the Dane, came down to Italy and while studying anatomy there, for the best facilities in the world for anatomical study were to be found at the Italian universities, became a convert to the Church, and was ordained priest and ultimately a bishop in order

to devote himself to the service of the Church. And then there came Paracelsus, who revolutionized medicine and wandered away from the Church in his middle years but came back at the end, and the great French surgeon, Ambroise Paré, who used to say so humbly, "I treated them but God cured them," and who is often claimed for the Huguenots but was a faithful Catholic all his long life.

Men have been sure on general principles that the Church was not broad enough for such minds, but careful investigation of the documents that have accumulated in our day has shown that they were all glad to receive the sacraments of the Church at the end of their lives. Scientists, philosophers, literary skeptics, revolutionary astronomers, pessimistic scholars, the Church was broad enough to hold them all and be a mother to them all at the end of life.

Strangest of all, perhaps, is that the Church should have been broad enough in the next century to hold a group of men comprising such eminently different characters as Fenelon and Bossuet as well as Pascal. Did any two men ever differ more than Fenelon and Bossuet, in their way of looking at the meaning of life and its relation to another world than this? Does anyone think for a moment that they were not guided by motives of the highest character? They were both geniuses. Perhaps modern criticism has reversed the decision as to the palm of greatness of intellect in favor of Fenelon, who in Telemachus wrote a Greek epic in French, rather than the great orator and controversialist Bossuet. The passage of the years for centuries now has made it clear

beyond all doubt that they were geniuses whose work the world will not willingly let die. Whatever may have been their differences of opinion with regard to the most important subjects, their attitude toward the Church as devoted sons cannot be doubted. Fenelon's charm of character was at the very opposite pole from that of the impetuous Bossuet, and yet they were held until the end on the common ground of their Church filiation.

Their contemporary, Pascal, was surely a genius if ever there was one, with all of the eccentricities and tendencies to divagation that great genius has. His environment led him to attack the Jesuits very bitterly in his *Lettres Provinciales* at a time when they were looked up to as the most important religious order in the Church and as the pope's special militia. As a result of the antiseptic quality of style so characteristic of Pascal's writing, this work which seemed merely local and merely passing in interest has lived on to be almost a classic in French.

Almost innumerable books were issued with regard to Pascal's work, above all in science, toward the end of the nineteenth century. We probably know more about him than about anyone else in his time. As Paul Bourget said, "He is not only one of the princes of style but he represents the religious soul in its most tragic and terrified aspect." The problems he discusses are just those which occupy us at the present time, so that it is easy to understand the interest in him.

His famous wager with regard to the existence of God, while not new in any sense of the word, for after all this was about the conclusion that Cicero came

to in his treatise on immortality, and Cicero was only quoting the Greeks, is worth while repeating because it represents the pragmatic answer to the problem of the existence of God. Pascal put it this way:

"God exists or He does not exist and we must of necessity lay odds for or against Him.

If I wager for { and God is—infinite gain;
and God is not—I suffer no loss.

If I wager against { and God is—infinite loss;
and God is not—I suffer neither loss nor gain.

To wager against the existence of God then I am exposed to the loss of everything. Practical wisdom therefore counsels me to make the wager which insures my winning all or at worst losing nothing."

In spite of the fact that Pascal's works have proved an armamentarium for those opposed to the Church and have been a treasure house of quotations for infidels, he himself was a deep believer and his good faith cannot seriously be doubted. He died at the age of thirty-nine after having received in an ecstasy of joy Holy Communion as a viaticum. He had asked for it several times because he was living among those who were inclined to put off the reception of the sacraments, and as the Sacred Host was brought to him he half rose from his couch very much as Montaigne did at the adoration of the Host and exclaimed, "May God never abandon me." It would seem almost inevitable that Pascal's tendencies could have taken him outside of the Church, and yet they did not, and he continued to consider that the greatest privilege that he had enjoyed in life was that of being a member of the Church.

But the breadth of the Church and her power to hold men of genius or of the highest talent is just as strikingly illustrated in the past hundred years or in our own generation, as in the older time. Did any two men ever differ more than Cardinals Newman and Manning? And yet the Church found room for them both and used their great talents to the best advantage for mankind. Take two such strikingly different characters as that of the gentle Frederick Ozanam, whose great foundation of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul for social work remains to perpetuate his memory, and Cardinal Lavigerie, the impetuous soldier of the cross, the ardent missionary, who did so much for Africa. The Church may have to part with aberrant geniuses like Lamennais or Loisy, determined in their own opinions, but it retains their more distinguished co-workers, Lacordaire and Montalembert and attracts back to the fold such men as François Coppée, Frederic Brunetière of *La Revue de Deux Mondes,* Paul Bourget, and Papini.

And we do not have to go to foreign countries for examples of this breadth of the Church for even among the English speaking people we have had some very striking examples.

Could any two men be more different from each other and more different in their opinions as to what constitutes a faithful Catholic than Lord Acton and Baron von Huegel in England? And yet both of these men were profoundly loyal to the Church until the end of their lives and found their supreme consolation in the reception of the Church's sacraments. Lord Acton

was undoubtedly one of the most scholarly men in the world. When he was appointed to the Regius Professorship of history at Cambridge in 1895, *The Times* (London) called him "the most learned man in Europe." He probably knew more about history than any man alive. He had specialized in the history of liberty. He had collected a great library on this subject unsurpassed in its completeness. Liberty is one of the subjects that a Catholic is supposed to be little interested in, because presumably he is allowed so little of it at least so far as intellectual freedom is concerned. And yet the Church not only held Lord Acton all during his life but he always looked upon her as a loving mother and he was one of the most faithful observants of Church obligations.

The surprise, of course, is that a man who knew so much did not write some great historical work worthy of his genius. It has even been suggested that it was his anxiety lest he should publish something that might not prove orthodox in the eyes of ecclesiastical authorities that kept him from productive authorship. Anyone who knows the expression of Pope Leo XIII is not likely to think that there was any such idea in Lord Acton's mind. When Pope Leo XIII threw open the Vatican Library under appropriate conditions to the historians of the world, one of the librarians is said to have remarked, "But Holy Father, there are many documents in the Vatican archives that tell strongly against certain of the popes," and Leo XIII replied, "Let us be sure that they see those documents. What we want is the truth. I am quite sure that if some of the

cautious Catholics of our time had been alive in our Lord's day, they would have concealed the fact that Peter denied and Judas betrayed."

Lord Acton's reason for not writing was entirely personal. He had an exacting critical sense that made him realize the inadequacy of anything that might be written in the field of history at the time, for we are not yet in a position to write ultimate history. He preferred to forego the satisfaction of authorship rather than write something that would prove insignificant, not so much because critics might pick flaws in it as that he would be compelled to pick flaws in it himself not long after its publication. His position as Regius Professor at Cambridge gave him a place of great prestige in the world of history of his day and he used that to excellent advantage. More than any other he is responsible for the publication of that great contribution to history, the "Cambridge Modern History," and it was he that arranged its content and had most to do with the selection of its authors. At Cambridge he succeeded a very distinguished predecessor, Sir John Seeley, but after years of professorship there was practically universal agreement among his contemporaries that Acton outshone him.

Acton had had some very interesting experiences. As a mere stripling some forty years before he came back to Cambridge as Regius Professor of history,—as he took occasion to remind his auditors at his introductory lecture,—he had been denied admission to Cambridge University because he could not as a Catholic conscientiously sign the Thirty-nine Articles. He refused to do so

though signature to them was then required in the test for matriculation in order to prevent Catholics from getting a university education. A Scotch priest, who learned of the dilemma in which the boy was, wanting an education and thus debarred from it, succeeded in obtaining for young Acton the privilege of being a resident pupil in the household of Doellinger who was at that time acknowledged as the greatest church historian in the world. As a young man he acquired an exaggerated regard for Doellinger, and as the great German professor refused to abide by the decision of the Vatican Council with regard to papal infallibility, for a time it seemed as though Lord Acton might follow his great master, whom he admired so much, out of the Church. His orthodoxy for a brief time before and after the Vatican Council was suspect in the minds of the literalists. Almost needless to say, he was sorely tried and it must have been rather hard for him to bear "the innuendoes of fools and Pharisees," but he continued his adhesion to the Catholic Church and I have been told by one who knew him in England that his last years were beautiful in their piety and the practice of his faith. He was as devout as any of those in whom lack of knowledge is supposed to foster personal devotion.

There were many who said during his lifetime that he was dangerously near the outer boundaries of Catholic belief and many others who felt that surely his very breadth of knowledge must make it impossible for him to stay in the Church. Not a few were ready to declare that he had studied himself, so to say, out of the Church but was not as yet aware of it and would probably be

brought up with a sudden halt, challenged by some declaration of faith that he could not accept. No such thing happened, though he continued to be the most learned man in England, and Lord Acton went into eternal life as a good Catholic. The story of his reception of the Holy Communion in his last hours, as the Holy Viaticum, is as edifying as anything we have in the annals of the latter day Church.

Baron von Huegel was, as we have said, a very different sort of man. He was a scholar, too, but had not that wide breadth of knowledge that the great professor of history at Cambridge possessed. During his life he seemed to cultivate with equanimity many curious religious tolerances that assuredly needed more than footnote explanations. Not a few even of his friends were quite convinced that sometime or other because of these tolerances he would find himself outside the visible pale of the Church. He was a mystic, deeply interested in God's direct dealing with souls, and in the possibilities of uncovenanted salvation on a scale not contemplated by the plain man. He seemed to feel the presence of the Holy Ghost in all systems of religious thought. And yet in spite of these dire prophecies in his regard, he continued to be a faithful member of the Church down to the end of his life and died as happy as a child in the reception of the last sacraments. After all, this is the supreme test of faith, when one is ready to face eternity with the prayer of faith on one's lips representing a profound recognition of the claims of the Church and her sacraments as intermediaries between this and the next world.

If two such men as these, Lord Acton and Baron von Huegel, could remain in active fellowship with the Church, living long lives without finding any insuperable arguments against the Church or her doctrines, feeling no imperative need to dislocate the machinery of ecclesiasticism (as a friend of mine says, "without throwing a monkey-wrench into the works"), it does seem as though ordinary people whose intelligence does not mean nearly so much for them in life, and whose acquisition of knowledge has lagged far behind these widely read scholarly men, ought to be satisfied and not take whatever little difficulties they may have in their understanding of Church teaching or their relations with the Church quite so seriously as they do. Was it not Cardinal Newman who said, once upon a time, "Difficulties, of course there are difficulties, but a thousand difficulties do not make *one* doubt." If there were no mysteries in the Church's teaching, if everything could be made perfectly clear even to the most profound of human intellects, then we could be quite sure that the religion that pretended to enable us to do this was not from heaven; for if one thing is quite certain it is that there must be mysteries in God entirely incomprehensible to us and that there must be difficulties that we cannot hope to solve completely in this stage of our intellectual life.

POSTWORD

Personal Acquaintance with Catholics

THE one thing above all that has brought those outside of the Catholic Church around to the view that Catholicism is not "a baptized paganism" and that the Church is not Anti-Christ nor the pope the Scarlet Woman of Babylon, has been some intimate personal knowledge of Catholics. Charles Lamb once said quaintly, as was his wont, "The man I don't like is the man I don't know." All that has been necessary to enable non-Catholics to appreciate the Church or at least its members at something like real value, is to have even a little personal acquaintance with Catholics. The bigoted Protestant is the man who has never known Catholics and knows nothing at all about the Church except what he has learned at second hand, usually from those who are deeply intent on saying the worst possible things with regard to her.

It is easy for those who do not know Catholics to accept all sorts of exaggerated and erroneous ideas with regard to them. Even a little first-hand information serves to dispel these unfounded notions. To know something about Catholics brings people to the recognition of the fact that members of the Catholic Church are just human beings who with a reasonable amount of good will are trying to follow the precepts of Christianity. The imitation of Christ is their ideal, but almost needless to say ideals are seldom fulfilled. Catholics do not always succeed as well as they would like to

in following the footsteps of the Lord, and of course there are as many hypocrites among them as are sure to be present whenever human nature is tempted to seek its own advantage while in pursuit of higher ideals. If one of Christ's chosen apostles betrayed Him and another denied Him at a critical moment, it must not be expected that there would be a much better proportion than this of sincerity and perseverance among His latter day followers, even among those who are leaders, nor that there would be less backsliding than this proportionately among Church members.

Nothing that I know is more interesting than to note the change which comes over minds that have been up to this utterly intolerant of the idea of any good among Catholics, when they are actually brought in personal contact with worthy members of the Church. Generations of bigotry have made the formulation of favorable views toward the Church extremely difficult, but the difficulty vanishes in the light of the realities of personal acquaintance. There is a typical example of this in an article in the *North American Review* for 1856. Reverend Ephraim Peabody, of the well-known Massachusetts family of that name, spent some months in Italy and was very much impressed by all that he saw. Above all he became very much interested in the Catholic Church as he was first brought in personal contact with it there.

His son biographer says that "On his return he gathered up these impressions and wrote them out for the benefit of his countrymen." He was very well aware that the great majority of those around him in New England were quite convinced that Catholicity represented such a deterioration from true Christianity and such a far departure from Christ's teaching, that it was scarcely to be considered religion in anything like the true sense of the word. With this in mind it becomes easier to understand why he is so ample in his description of his feelings

and why he emphasizes the deep impression that Catholic churches and above all Catholic devotions produced on him. Here is a typical passage, very surprising from a descendant of the Puritans, himself a Unitarian minister, even in our more liberal times, but almost astounding when it is recalled how utterly misunderstood the Catholic Church was seventy-five years ago:

Reverend Dr. Peabody wrote: "As one sits in the dim twilight of the arches—the soft strains of the distant organ and the scarcely-heard chanting of the priests in a remote chapel floating through the shadows and mingling with one's musings,—the vast church seems to dilate above,—solemn, magnificent, an abode of the Most High, detached from the fretted and fevered human life without its walls. Beneath such a pile, all men are reduced to an equal level; and while one watches the worshippers of every class scattered over the great space, and kneeling at the different altars, each apart and by himself uttering his devotions, it is impossible not to sympathize with them and with the spirit of the place. *You want no words. A sermon, in which man addresses man, would be an offence. It is a temple, not for man's teaching, but for God's worship.* One cares not even to hear any distinct utterance of prayer, and is glad that the human expression of the sentiment of devotion is in a foreign tongue. The true language is found in the architecture, and in the solemn cadences of the music; and devotion falls back so much upon its simplest, sublimest, and universal emotions, that no other language is needed. As among great mountains, which alternately oppress you with a sense of sadness and humility, and inspire you with their grandeur, but admit no intermediate feelings, so the natural utterance of the cathedral seems to be either that of weakness and humble trust, or, while one forgets himself and thinks of God, that of loud thanksgivings, of majestic anthems, and exultant adoration. And the place grows more sacred to

you. These walls have stood a thousand years, and in all that time perhaps no day has passed in which desponding hearts have not here sought strength, and sinful hearts implored God for pardon. The atmosphere is throbbing with the profoundest emotions of human souls. You would trifle with yourself,—it would be trifling with humanity no less than with God,—not to regard such a place as holy."

As the result of impressions of this kind produced by direct and personal contact with Catholics and things Catholic, the old prejudices against the Church began to die out. They died very hard. People who had been nurtured on the most intolerant misunderstandings of Catholicity and who for generations had found it as hard to believe that anything good could be in the Church or come out of it, as the Jews of old with regard to Nazareth, made such admissions as they were perforce compelled to make in her favor unwillingly and with many an extenuation. They continued to feel that there must be many other phases of the Church's doctrine and practice which had justified the opinions that their forefathers had held, and that they themselves had cherished until they began to know better. Even the Reverend Mr. Peabody found things to condemn, though if he had only known more about them and thought of them sympathetically, as he did of the cathedrals, he would probably have found them as admirable as he did Catholic devotion when he shared in it. Some of his ancestors would have thought of the devotion that appealed to him so profoundly, as little better than, if not actually, idolatrous worship.

There were other experiences of that kind with Catholics and things Catholic in Europe by which Protestants came to realize how much of good there was in the Church when once they did not permit their eyes to be held by old time prejudices. In 1888 Reverend Henry M. Field, D.D., published a volume on "Old Spain and

New Spain,"* in which (Chapter XVI) is a eulogy of the Archbishop of Granada for his heroic courage in the face of an awful epidemic of Asiatic cholera and the immense amount of good that he accomplished among his flock, while the pestilence raged all around him carrying off an untold number of people. The Reverend Dr. Field had gone to Spain feeling sure, as he confesses himself, that he would not be able to find much if anything to admire in that benighted country. This was particularly true as regards the Church and churchmen. Fortunately he was given a letter to the archbishop of Granada who had distinguished himself in the time of the cholera. He had the privilege of coming to know the archbishop rather well and of finding him one of the most charming of men, modest as he could be and yet manifestly with the temper of a saint. When Father Moreno, who had been private chaplain to the king, was promoted to the archbishopric of Granada, cholera was raging in the city and his friends advised him to remain in Madrid until the danger was over. Reverend Dr. Field says, "They little knew the temper of the man who found in this only a reason for hastening to the post of duty. . . . In a few weeks ten thousand died, one-seventh of the whole population. On some days over five hundred died, a rate which if continued for a few months would have left in the city not a single human being." "Such appalling mortality struck everybody with terror. The demoralization was almost worse than death." As in the plagues of Egypt, "there was not a house in which there was not one dead." The living fled in terror from people as soon as they became ill. "The bodies were carried to some dumping ground and thrown in heaps from which the stench was too horrible for anyone to approach. The police were powerless to enforce the common decencies of sepulture. It was only when the prisoners were taken out of

*New York, *Scribners.*

the jails and soldiers stood over them with loaded muskets that pits were dug in which the putrefying mass of humanity was buried out of sight."

This was the state of affairs that greeted the new archbishop. His friends begged him to save himself. His reply was, "It is not my own safety that I am to consider; I do not belong to myself but to my poor people and if they ever need me they need me now." "He did not shut himself up in his palace and send out his priests to meet dangers he did not dare to face." "He had been a student at the University of Granada and he knew its streets and byways so he needed no guide to the plague spots of the city. He went everywhere. In the silence and the darkness he went from street to street, from door to door, entering the dwellings of the poor, listening to their pitiful stories of misery, holding the hands of those in their last agony and whispering consolation to the departing soul. If anything could take away the bitterness of death, it must have been the benevolent countenance of that man of God bending over one's pillow and breathing into his ear the words of immortal faith and hope." And the good archbishop continued to do this as long as the cholera lasted. When he was asked, "How did you guard yourself against cholera?" his reply was, "By not fearing it. My constant effort was to calm myself and others." He confessed, "It was not I that did it but a power far above me. Mere courage is not enough at such a moment, any more than mere physical strength. It is from no feigned humility, but from the deepest conviction of my heart that I say, it was God alone who carried me through." So spake the good archbishop.

Dr. Field admired him almost to reverence but feels he must apologize for loving a Spanish Catholic(!) prelate. "How could I help loving such a man? Could I love him the less because he was a Catholic Archbishop, instead of being a Protestant like myself? There are

moments in which all differences disappear in the presence of moral greatness. I saw before me, not the bishop nor the priest, but only an illustrious example of courage in the midst of appalling dangers; of calmness in the midst of universal agitation, and of supreme devotion to duty. In the presence of such heroism, devoted to the relief of human suffering, mere differences of creed sink out of sight. I looked at him with a feeling of affectionate veneration; and when at parting he followed me through the corridor and gave me (with a patriarchal embrace) his blessing, I was glad to receive it from one who had proved himself a hero in the cause of humanity as well as a true Christian Bishop, and shall always have a more kindly feeling for the old Church of Spain (proud and haughty though she may be) when I remember that she has given such a splendid example of courage and devotion." (Which shall one admire the more in this passage, the utterly unconscious self-complacency of the American Puritan, or the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin?)

It matters not with what feelings of bigotry people may come in intimate contact with Catholics, provided only they get to know them reasonably well, there will inevitably be a change of heart. "To know all is to forgive all," is an old and very true saw, but to know even reasonably well those of the Church is surely to be brought to respect and often admiration for their Faith. I know ever so many people who have told me how much their attitude of mind toward the Church changed as the result of even a little close acquaintance with Sisters or with members of male religious orders. A scholarly man of my acquaintance crossed the ocean twenty-five years ago and was brought in rather close relations with a pair of Jesuits who were going over to the general congregation that is held at intervals. In spite of his education up to this time, he had been very much inclined to think of the Jesuits as almost per-

sonal representatives of the devil. They were on the passenger list with the letters S.J. after their names and he was a little shy of meeting them. He was too well-bred to think of them, as some of his less cultured Protestant brethren would, as perhaps ill concealing their horns and tail, but he undoubtedly had the feeling that they were very different from ordinary mortals and had given themselves to the pursuit of a way of life which brought out all that was worst and most hypocritical if not meanest that there was in life. To his surprise he found them cultured gentlemen of broad information on all ordinary topics and manifestly deeply intent on doing just as much good in the world as they could. They were tolerant, sympathetic, humane, lacking in bitterness even when talking on subjects where some bitterness might have been expected, as for instance when intolerant misrepresentations of their order came up for consideration.

This association for eight days, for it was a rather slow steamer, completely changed the point of view of my acquaintance as regards the Catholic Church. He began to realize how little he knew about Catholics, and to recognize the fact that if you want to know anything about them you must learn it from themselves and not from those who know very little about them, and above all, not from their enemies who are intent on making everything out for the worst. If there is any place in the world where a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, it is in what concerns the Catholic Church. To have any knowledge worth while you must have the intimate knowledge that comes from personal touch with Catholics.

This is very well illustrated by some experiences in Ireland. Just about the famine time (1844-45) a dear New England lady bearing the very Biblical name Asenath and whose husband's name was Nicholson, went over to Ireland because she wanted to know more about

the Irish people. Her maiden name was Hatch and among her ancestors in Vermont were some people who have found places in our biographic dictionaries. In her childhood she had been interested in Ireland because she had found the Irish so happy hearted in the midst of hardships. "While in New York she visited them in their garrets and cellars, and their misfortunes, their cheerfulness, their blundering haphazard wit fascinated her." Her father had often said to his family, "Remember, my children, the Irish are a suffering people; when they come to your doors never drive them empty away." She wanted to find out what sort of country this people so full of contradictions and yet so lovable at bottom came from. She was impatient of the superficial popular narratives of Ireland seen only from coach tops and hotels and she wanted to meet the people for herself and find out why they were so poor and so uneducated and what it was that kept them in these conditions.

She spent many months among the Irish and then came back and wrote a book in the middle forties called "Ireland's Welcome to the Stranger or Excursions Through Ireland in 1844 and 1845 for the Purpose of Personally Investigating the Conditions of the Poor." That book, after being long out of print, has recently been somewhat boiled down and reprinted under the title "The Bible in Ireland" (in reminiscence of Borrow in Spain). *The Irish Times* says of it: "Never was there an ambitious title better justified. The book is not merely a document of great value to every student of Irish social history, it is a volume of intense interest and vividness, humorous, picturesque and not without beauty." *The London Times' Literary Supplement* said: "Mrs. Nicholson is an astonishing figure. Mr. Sheppard (the editor of the condensed reprint) is to be congratulated on his resuscitation and editing of a work that deserves not to be forgotten."

Mrs. Nicholson's experience can probably be best

summed up in some words from her own concluding chapter. She said: "Had my reception among the higher and middle ranks been as Christian like and as civil as among the poor, it would have been one monotonous tissue and Ireland's true character would have been hidden. . . . To the Roman Catholics, both duty and inclination require that I should acknowledge a deep debt of gratitude. They have opened the doors of convents, or schools, of mansions, and cabins, without demanding letters, or distrusting those that were presented. They have sheltered me from storm and tempest; they have warmed and fed me without fee or reward, when my Protestant brethren and sisters frowned me away. God will remember this, and I will remember it."

Over and over again Mrs. Nicholson found that the poor were ready to share their last potato almost with her and to give her the best place in their own poor cabins to sleep. Even when they knew she was a Protestant and tried to convert her in their own quiet way, they were always kind. She says, for instance, "I stayed in Thurles with a Catholic family and the husband had endeavored to induce me to become one also, fearing I should lose my soul out of the true Church; but his zeal was tempered with the greatest kindness." And of course dear Mrs. Nicholson's own object in being there in Ireland was if possible to lead these poor Irish out of the error of their ways in Catholicism into the glorious light of her own Puritanism. But even she came to a change of heart after a while and felt that somehow these people had found the secret of faith and of hope and of worship that was at least equal to if not beyond her own. She said: "I would not join in all the ridicule and censure which the world has ever been ready to heap on suffering Connaught" (so many of the Connaught people could talk only Irish and were without English that a great many people thought they must be dumb). Mrs. Nicholson found that "there is good sense in Con-

naught, there is wit, there is benevolence and there is intelligence too. Even in many a smoky hut have I sat down and been profited as well as amused by the knowledge they had acquired and their manner of communicating it."

Repeatedly Mrs. Nicholson tells of the kindness that she met with, especially among the poor Irish Catholics. The Protestants were not so ready to welcome her and she met with many a rebuff from them. After a while she came to realize that to disturb the faith of these good people would be almost a sacrilege. She had come over prepared to lead the souls and hearts of the Irish to conversion, but she was quite ready after her experience to take the advice of Irish friends and let well enough alone. She said, for instance, "A young Roman Catholic lady examined a bundle of tracts which the Hibernian Society had just sent me for distribution, and found some on controversial subjects. She begged me not to offer these. 'You have,' said she, 'done good here, by showing to the people that you did not come to quarrel with them about their religion; but if you circulate these, it will be said you are like all others and the good you have done will be lost.' This was sterling advice, and I followed it."

No matter how great may be the prejudice against Catholics, only knowledge is needed to modify it materially or even cause it to disappear entirely. A striking example of this was afforded by the reaction produced on a correspondent for an English newspaper by intimate contact with the Irish Catholics of the poor districts of Ireland not long before the Great War. His contacts were with the very poorest classes in the country districts where ignorance prevailed to a great extent owing to conditions over which the people had no control. The effect produced on him must be told in his own words to be appreciated properly. Mr. Harold Begbie, a well-known English writer, was sent over to Ireland

just before the war by *The London Chronicle* in connection with the agitation for Home Rule for the Irish. He was to see for himself and to tell the story of the Irish situation. Above all he was expected to note the differences between the peoples of the north and south of Ireland, so far as personal qualities were concerned.

He found the Irish of the south of Ireland so different from the English people of the slums of the English cities or even of the country places of England, people of the same economic status, as to be almost incomparable. The Irish were living a higher life that enabled them to get at something of the real meaning of existence while the others were living a sordid day-to-day life that raised them scarcely above mere animal existence.

Mr. Begbie's testimony to the marvelous effect that the Church has upon the character of the Irish people is of itself the best exemplification of what happened to the Irish when St. Patrick brought Christianity to them. He himself is a Presbyterian and he confesses that his surprising experience has not changed his religious views in any way but that he has learned to admire and almost reverence the beauty of the Irish character as influenced by Catholicity. He did not hesitate to say:

"In the south, where Catholic influence is supreme, the people are almost enchanting in their sweetness of disposition, entirely admirable in the beauty and contentment of their domestic life, wonderful beyond all other nations in the wholesomeness and sanctity of their chastity. Instead of a lazy, thriftless, discontented, and squalid people—as I had imagined them to be—the Irish of the south won my sympathy and compelled my admiration by qualities the very opposite. It seemed to me that these hard-working, simple-living, family-loving, and most warm-hearted people had done what we in England have largely failed to do, even in our villages, to wit, solved the problem of life. The charm

which every traveller feels in the south of Ireland is the character of the Irish people; and my investigation forced me to the judgment that this character is the culture of Irish Catholicism. My problem lay, therefore, in squaring the admiration I felt for these gracious people with my detestation of the Church which has guarded Irish character from the dawn of its history."

These four tributes to the Church show what happens to men's prejudices when they come in intimate personal contact with Catholics. The people of these three countries have been more misunderstood than any others mainly because the prejudice against them was founded on their religion. Here is the strongest kind of evidence for the necessity of knowing personally something about the Church and Catholics before conclusions are reached with regard to them. There is no doubt at all that the great change that has come over the attitude of educated people outside the Church as to Catholics is due entirely to increase in knowledge. To know Catholics is to understand them. There is no other way.

This is very well illustrated by some incidents at the South. When Sisters have opened schools, especially in Alabama, there has been the bitterest kind of bigotry. "Prejudice was so great that one night the flagpole was torn down and the American flag torn in pieces. The soldiers at Fort ——, hearing of the incident, erected a new pole and flag and served notice on the people that if the flag was again interfered with they would have to deal with the soldiers. A flu epidemic then came and the Sisters closed the school and the Sisters nursed the sick without losing one patient. After this epidemic all prejudice was removed and now when the Sisters walk on the streets the children crowd round to hold the Sisters' hands."

Just in proportion as Catholics are better known and especially the Church itself and the religious orders and its other distinctive features, men have come to realize the

real significance as opposed to the fancied meaning of its various details of worship of God and charity to neighbor.

In recent years some even more striking expressions have been used as the result of more complete knowledge of the Church. Even professors at Protestant theological seminaries have not hesitated to express themselves enthusiastically with regard to the beauty and the human appeal of the services of the Catholic Church, though it was exactly these that used to call for the most bitter denunciation because they were considered so palpably idolatrous. But see what a change has taken place! Last year Reverend Johnson Ross in the Merrick lectures at Ohio Wesleyan University, said: "Only rarely it would appear does public prayer as at present conducted arrest or satisfy; very frequently it shocks rather than assists to expression and to reverence. Less pronounced perhaps but very real is the disappointment with public worship as loosely hung, desultory, inchoate, lacking in dramatic construction, in climax and denouement."

He went on to say: "Protestants when traveling steal into cathedrals and beautiful churches, not always to sightsee, but often for devotional refreshment and then they return comforted to their own repellent churches." He continues: "I said they 'steal' into cathedrals; the word is significant. Protestants have been surreptitious in their quest of emotional stimuli." Note that he does not use the word Catholic, though there would seem to be call for it, but apparently he is afraid that he might shock his hearers too much.

He goes on to say: "With all my heart I trust the worship of the future will return to the gladness of early Christian worship and to the use of everything that wisely ministers to Christian joy." He reminds his hearers that Eucharist means happy and the word hilarious is actually applied in primitive Christian times to the grace of the Holy Ghost. Almost needless to say,

anything like hilarity is as far as possible from Protestant services and Eucharistic joy is to be found as he more than hints, only in Catholic services.

Reverend Herbert Parrish in his article in *Harper's*, (November, 1927,) "The Chimera of Church Unity," has some striking words of appreciation for Catholic worship. He says, "At its best, Roman Catholicism presents a form of worship beautiful, symbolic, dramatic, rich in color and in meaning, hallowed by ages of use in devotion, supremely simple and dignified." Compare his expressions with those of Rev. Mr. Ross and it will be seen how close are the Anglican and the Wesleyan in what they ask of worship and how both of them find it in the Catholic Church. Reverend Mr. Parrish agrees with Dr. Ross in his estimate of "Protestant worship at its best, cold, colorless, dull, without inspiration."*

A great many people—and this is particularly true in the English-speaking countries—still harbor the most intolerant notions as to the Catholic Church, but this is altogether because they do not know the Church. They have all sorts of objections to the Church, but most of these even a very little knowledge would serve to dispel. "The Cambridge Modern History" declared twenty-five years ago that the "long conspiracy against the revelation of truth has gradually given way." In this they repeated nearly word for word the expression of the Comte de Maistre almost exactly a hundred years before when he said, "History for the last three hundred years has been a conspiracy against the truth." The preface of "The Cambridge Modern History" said, "It has become impossible for the historical writer of the pres-

*Mr. Parrish thus describes Protestant worship: "Why should it be expected in an age when even the manufacturers of automobiles are compelled to include beauty in the structure of their machines, that people should be content to sit for an hour or more staring at the vapid pipes of a large organ, three impossible plush chairs and an enormous open bible on a commonplace stand while a man in a frock coat tells God the events of the past week and preaches a sermon? Yet this is what the Protestant churches provide at the chief act of worship and the jazzy, hearty type is even worse. It pushes vulgarity to the very extreme. Architecturally too the difference is all in favor of the Roman Catholic."

ent age to trust without reserve even the most respected secondary authorities. The honest student finds himself continually deserted, retarded, misled by the classics of historic literature." In no department of history is all that more true than in what concerns the Catholic Church. It is in this department particularly that the concluding words of that preface to "The Cambridge Modern History" apply: "Ultimate history cannot be obtained in this generation; but so far as documentary evidence is at command, conventional history can be discarded and the point can be shown that has been reached on the road from one to the other."

Very probably the weightiest evidence for the utter lack of anything like fairness in the immense literature that accumulated with regard to the Catholic Church from the pens of those who wrote in bitterness is that most of the writers never knew a Catholic. Some of them actually shrank from meeting Catholics because they were sure they would be contaminated by any sort of contact with them. They had a prejudgment in that matter that makes the meaning of the word prejudice stand out. As we have seen in this chapter, whenever these intolerant non-Catholics came to know Catholics even a little intimately their whole attitude of mind changed and they became admirers of things Catholic.

All the problems relating to the Church are best solved in this way. Some years ago a non-Catholic friend came to me and asked, "What book shall I read so as to know the fundamental realities of the controversy about the Jesuits?" He was an educator, rather well known in educational circles throughout the country. I knew how sincere he was in his quest for explanation. My answer to him was, "If you really want to know the Jesuits you must meet them personally. They are still, nearly 400 years after their foundation, a great living institution. It is only from them that you can get first hand information about them." I added, "If you wanted to

know the human body not merely superficially nor from what other people said of it but wanted to get at realities, I should ask you to come up to the dissecting room at Fordham (in those far off days it was still there) and learn something about it for yourself. In our day particularly laboratory knowledge is all important. In our day the only way to know the Jesuits is to dissect a few of them, not corporeally but mentally and spiritually."

In the same way I say, come and get first hand knowledge about the Church. Read some Catholic books. Stop reading books about the Catholic Church written by Protestants who have already made up their minds before they begin their writing that the Church is an unfortunate human institution that has deceived mankind for some nineteen hundred years. If there is anything in Christianity we have it. A recent renewal of intolerance with regard to the Church is due to the fact that a number of educated people outside the Church, who were quite satisfied to think that Catholicity must not be considered Christianity at all, accepting the diluted heritage of these ideas from their ancestors' beliefs as to the Church of Rome as Anti-Christ and the pope as the Scarlet Woman of Babylon, have suddenly wakened up to realize that the Church has become the protagonist of Christianity. Her scholars are the most valiant defenders of the Bible, her people carry on the Christian tradition, her children above all have the spirit of worship and of devotion that was so characteristic of the early Christians. It is the looming of this spectre above the horizon for them, that has disturbed many of the bigots who still refuse to go to first hand sources for information. Do not go to dead books. Learn about Catholics from Catholics just as in these scientific days we learn about living things—and the Catholic Church is a great living institution—by examining the living things. Do not think above all that you can learn

anything about us from our enemies. That has been the trouble in the past. The loosening of the bonds of Protestantism on the minds of a great many educated people has made them more fair-minded and now we can look for real results of recognition and appreciation.

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